HORACE's

SATIRES,

EPISTLES,

AND

ART of POETRY,

Done into ENGLISH,

WITH NOTES.

By *S. DUNSTER*, D. D.
PREBENDARY of *SARUM.*

Sermoni propiora.
Lib. I. Sat. IV. v. 42.

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MDCCXXXIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE,

Earl and Baron of *Macclesfield*,

Viſcount *Parker* of *Ewelme*,

Fellow of the ROYAL SOCIETY, *&c.*

MY LORD,

AS this Tranſlation now appears in a fifth Impreſſion, and is therefore more likely to live than ever; I

know no better Way of continuing my Regard to the Memory of the late Lord Your Father, who thought it not unworthy of his Acceptance, than by inſcribing it to You;

Primo avulſo, non deficit alter
Aureus, & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. VI. v. 143.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient, and

Humble Servant,

S. DUNSTER.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Criticks *conſider* HORACE *in a double Capacity, as a Writer of* Odes, *and a* Satiriſt; *they divide the* Odes *into* Panegyrical, Moral, *and* Bacchanalian: *The Deſign of which, being rather to raiſe the Fancy than inform the Judgment, they accordingly conſiſt of Pompous Numbers, Sublime Thoughts, bold and daring Figures and Expreſſions. This is the Reaſon that they will hardly admit of a Proſe Tranſlation; but this does not hold good as to his* Satires *and* Epiſtles; *which were written, as*

he himſelf aſſures us, for the Inſtruction of Mankind; they abound with many excellent Rules and Precepts, the Knowledge of which contributes very much to the Improvement of Life, by imprinting in our Minds juſt and true and lively Sentiments of Moral Honeſty and Vertue.

Æque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.
Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula, quæ Te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator,

Nemo

Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non mi-
teſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commo-
det aurem.
LIB. I. EPIST. I. v. 25.

THIS being the principal Deſign of our Poet, it was neceſſary for him to change his Stile; here are none of thoſe daring inimitable Flights, for which his Odes *are ſo juſtly admir'd; he is more a* Philoſopher *and* Critick *than a* Poet, *his* Satires *and* Epiſtles *being, as he himſelf profeſſes,* ſermoni propiora, *nearer Proſe than Verſe.*

THIS was the Motive which induc'd me to attempt the following Tranſlation. I am very ſenſible that the Grace and Delicacy of the Latin can't be turn'd into Engliſh; but our Language is not without its Beauties, which perhaps are no leſs Pleaſing and Delightful.

I HAVE carefully endeavour'd, throughout the Work, to obſerve a due Medium *between a* Paraphraſe *and a* Verbal Tranſlation; *I have kept my ſelf cloſe to my Author's Senſe, and have had ſome Regard to the* Genius *and* Spirit *of every particular* Satire *and* Epiſtle. *This I thought the moſt likely Way to make him intelligible, which is much better done in Proſe than Verſe. The Reſtraint of Rhime is no ordinary Difficulty, it too often forces the ingenious Tranſlator to abandon the true Senſe of the* Poet, *and for the ſake of a ſounding Word, put in ſomething of his own. This is too apparent in Mr.* Creech's *Performance; in Mr.* Oldham's *Verſion of* Horace's Impertinent, *and* Art of Poetry; *but more eſpecially in our Modern Imitations, in which the* Poets, *to make their Compoſitions the more pleaſing and agreeable, have given themſelves ſo great a Liberty, that* Horace *is little or nothing concern'd in Attempts of that Nature.*

'TIS

'TIS beyond all queſtion the Buſineſs of a Tranſlator to have his Author always in his eye, that the Picture he draws may reſemble the Original. If in this Particular he diſcharges his Duty, tho' the Soil he manures be Barren and Unfruitful in ſome few Places, let him not fear that his Verſion will ſuffer on that account. He is to conſider himſelf as a Labourer in another Man's Vineyard. An Author can command his Thoughts and Expreſſions; he can change and vary both as he pleaſes: But he who Tranſlates has no ſuch Privilege, he is confin'd to his Author's Thoughts, and is conſequently under an indiſpenſable Obligation to render his Meaning in a happy, eaſy, natural Manner.

HAVING given this Account of the following Verſion, I muſt adver-tiſe the Reader *of one thing more, which is, that I have tranſlated nothing which was contrary to the Rules of Decency and good Manners; inſo-much*

much that the moſt modeſt Perſon may now ſafely read theſe Satires *and* Epiſtles, *and not run the Riſque of endangering his Virtue.*

Torquet ab obſcænis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem.

LIB. II. EPIST. I. V. 127.

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Q. HORATII
FLACCI SATIRARUM
LIBER PRIMUS.

SATIRA I.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem,
Seu ratio dederit ſeu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat; laudet diverſa ſequentis?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis armis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
Contra mercator, navem jactantibus Auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento aut cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

Agricolam

HORACE's

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

WHENCE comes it to paſs, * *Mæcænas*, that no Man is contented with his Condition, whether his own Reaſon led him into it, or Fortune threw it in his Way; but is ever commending the Happineſs of thoſe who are engag'd in ſome different Courſe of Life?

Men generally diſcontented with their preſent Circumſtances.

How bleſt is the *Merchant!* cries the fainting *Soldier* oppreſs'd and overloaded with his Arms and Baggage, and fatigued with a long and tireſome March. The *Merchant*, on the other hand, in a Storm at Sea, thinks the *Soldier* happy; and why? the Battle's fought, and he either ſoon meets with a ſpeedy Death, or a happy Victory.

* *Mæcenas*, a *Roman* Gentleman, deſcended from the antient Kings of *Etruria*, of extraordinary Wit and Eloquence; he encouraged Learning and learned Men, which gave Occaſion to *Virgil* and *Horace* to dedicate a conſiderable Part of their Poems to him. He was in great Favour with *Auguſtus*.

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventis clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. ſi quis Deus, En ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator; tu conſultus modo, ruſticus: hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis diſcedite partibus. eia,
Quid ſtatis? nolint. atque licet eſſe beatis.
Quid cauſæ eſt, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
Prætereo; (ne ſic, ut qui jocularia ridens,
Percurram; quamquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant cruſtula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut diſcere prima:
Sed tamen amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.)
Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne

Audaces

THE *Lawyer*, being diſturb'd with the early Viſits of his troubleſome Clients, admires the *Peaſant*'s quiet Life; the *Peaſant* again, who, being Surety for ſome Acquaintance, is forc'd to leave the Country and come up to Town, cries out, that none are happy but the *Citizens*.

So many are the Inſtances of this kind, that to relate all the reſt of them would tire even the long-winded *Fabius*.

IF any God ſhould ſay, Well, I'll grant what ye deſire; you *Soldier* ſhall be a *Merchant*, you *Lawyer* ſhall be a *Farmer*; be gone, haſte away to your new Stations: Heyday! what, do ye ſtand ſtock ſtill? They won't be happy, tho' they have it in their power. What Reaſon can be given, why *Jupiter*, whom they have thus abus'd, ſhou'd not revenge himſelf upon them, and for the future, be deaf to their Prayers, ſince they know not what they would be at? * I do not care to aſſign the Cauſe. But (to lay aſide Mirth and be ſerious, tho' Truth and Mirth are not inconſiſtent, it being uſual with Maſters to encourage their *Scholars* with Cakes and Sweet-meats, the better to prepare them to receive Inſtruction,) if you aſk the *Peaſant*, the Retailer of *Law* †, and *Soldier*, or even the daring *Mer-*

* *Acron* obſerves, that *Horace* having diſcours'd on Mens Inconſtancy or Diſcontentedneſs with their Conditions, begins here another Head of Diſcourſe, *Avarice*.

† *Caupo* ſeems to ſignify here a *Retailer of the Law*, one who gives his Advice for Money; and is the ſame with him whom the Poet in *ver.* 9. calls *juris legumque peritus*. If *Horace* does not mean this, he does not repeat his four different Conditions of Life with any Exactneſs: And *Caupo* is here metaphorically apply'd to ſuch a Retailer of the Law in the ſame Manner as *Ennius* ſpeaks, *in Cic. de Off. Lib.* i. *Non cauponantes bellum, ſed belligerantes*. And in the ſame Book *Cicero* ſays, That the Practice of the Law is only then honourable, *gratuitò defendentis*, if a Lawyer defends his Client without Fee or Reward.

Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria: ſicut
Parvula, nam exemplo eſt, magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcumque poteſt, atque addit acervo
Quem ſtruit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, & illis utitur ante
Quæſitis ſapiens: cum te neque fervidus æſtus
Demoveat lucro, nec hiems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
Nil obſtet tibi, dum ne ſit te ditior alter.
Quid juvat immenſum te argenti pondus & auri
Furtim defoſſa timidum deponere terra?
Quod, ſi conminuas, vilem redigatur ad aſſem:
At, ni id fit, quid habet pulchri conſtructus acervus?
Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum:
Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus: ut ſi
Reticulum panis venalis inter onuſto
Forte vehas humero; nihilo plus accipias quam
Qui nil portarit. vel dic, quid referat intra

Naturæ

chant himſelf, who bids defiance to the Storms and Tempeſts, to what End or Purpoſe they undergo theſe ſevere Fatigues? They will all tell you, 'tis only to provide themſelves a Competency, that in the declining Part of Life they may peaceably and comfortably enjoy themſelves. In this they pretend to imitate the laborious Ant, (whom to be ſure they always bring in for an Example) who being careful and provident of the Day of Neceſſity, adds all ſhe can gather to her encreaſing Store.

THUS far indeed the Example holds good; but herein is the Difference: The Ant in the Winter ceaſes from her Labour; ſhe ſtays at home, and wiſely enjoys what ſhe had laid up before; but neither Heat nor Cold, Fire nor Sword, Storms nor Tempeſts, can allay your Thirſt of amaſſing Riches; and all this you do that no other Men may be wealthier than your ſelf. Where is the Pleaſure or Satisfaction of hoarding up privately a Maſs of Treaſure in the Earth, which cannot be done without ſome Fears of its being diſcover'd? Where is the Advantage of ſuch a Proceeding, when you think if you ſpend but a ſmall Part of it, that the whole will ſoon, very ſoon have an end; and unleſs you do ſo, what Charms can you ſee in a Heap of Money, which is utterly uſeleſs. Tho' your Barns and Granaries are ſtor'd with Wheat, yet your Appetite is much the ſame as mine, the ſame Quantity of Bread will ſatisfie us both. Suppoſe you were one among other Slaves, who was pitch'd upon by your Maſter to carry the Baſket of Proviſions for the reſt, could you therefore eat more than your Companions? Of what Importance is it to a temperate Man, who obſerves the Bounds which Nature hath preſcrib'd him, to have a

Covetouſneſs, the ill Effects of it.

Naturæ fines viventis, jugera centum, an
Mille aret? At ſuave eſt ex magno tollere acervo.
Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquas,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria noſtris?
Ut, tibi ſi ſit opus liquidi non amplius urna,
Vel cyatho; & dicas, Magno de flumine malim,
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem ſumere. Eo fit,
Plenior ut ſi quos delectet copia juſto,
Cum ripa ſimul avolſos ferat Aufidus acer.
At qui tantuli eget, quantum eſt opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis.
At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falſo,
Nil ſatis eſt, inquit: quia tanti, quantum habeas, ſis.
Quid facias illi? jubeas miſeram eſſe libenter,
Quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
Sic ſolitus: Populus me ſibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipſe domi, ſimul ac nummos contemplor in arca.
Tantalus a labris ſitiens fugientia captat

Flumina

Hundred, or a Thouſand Acres? but, oh the Pleaſure of taking from a great Heap! and yet, if you allow, that my little Stock will ſupply me with all the Neceſſaries of Life, why ſhould you prefer your Granaries to my Corn-chamber? 'Tis juſt the ſame, as if wanting a Glaſs of Water, you ſhou'd rather chooſe to have it from the River than from a little Fountain. Hence it comes to paſs, that they who extend their Deſires too far, are oftentimes carried away by the Torrent, and ruin'd by their Covetouſneſs; but he whoſe Deſires keep pace with his Neceſſities, runs no Riſque at all, the Water he drinks is clear and pure, and he runs no Hazard of periſhing in the River. But, ſo it is with the greateſt Part of Mankind, that, being led away with miſtaken Notions, they never think they have enough. A Man, ſay they*, is eſteemed in the World in proportion to his Riches. Now what muſt be done in ſuch a Caſe? They deſerve to be miſerable, who thus induſtriouſly labour to be ſo. Like the rich Miſer at † *Athens*, who was wholly unconcern'd at what the Citizens ſaid of him: The *Athenians*, ſaid he, hiſs me; but when I am at home, and look over my Money in my Cheſt, I clap my ſelf. 'Tis reported of *Tantalus*, that he was ready to periſh with Thirſt, tho' up to the Chin in Water; that when he attempted to drink, the

* He reproaches the *Romans* who reſpected a Man according to his Eſtate, inſomuch that no Man had the Privilege of being knighted, who was not worth 25000 Crowns; nor could any one pretend to the Honour of a Senator, unleſs his Revenue was double that Sum. *Auguſtus* requir'd that a Senator ſhou'd be worth 300000.

† *Athens*, the capital Seat of *Attica* in *Greece*, formerly very famous for its Learning and Politeneſs: *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Demoſthenes* and *Sophocles* flouriſh'd in this Place; here it was, that the *Romans* ſent their Sons to be inſtructed in Philoſophy.

Water

Flumina. quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. congeſtis undique ſaccis
Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere ſacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.
Neſcis quo valeat nummus, quem præbeat uſum?
Panis ematur, olus, vini ſextarius; adde
Quîs humana ſibi doleat natura negatis.
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctiſque dieſque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, ſervos,
Ne te compilent fugientes, hoc juvat? horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus eſſe bonorum.
At ſi condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,
Aut alius caſus lecto te adfixit; habes qui
Adſideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suſcitet, ac natis reddat cariſque propinquis?
Non uxor ſalvum te vult, non filius; omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.
Miraris, cum tu argento poſt omnia ponas,
Si nemo præſtet, quem non merearis, amorem?

Water mov'd from him. You laugh at this Relation, change but the Name, and you your ſelf are the *Tantalus* in the Fable. You ſit gaping o'er your * Money, and dare no more touch it, than you dare commit Sacrilege; your broad Pieces of Gold are like ſo many Pictures, the Pleaſure you take in them is juſt the ſame. What Pity is it, that you do not better underſtand the Uſe of Riches? They were given you to purchaſe Bread and Wine, and all the other Neceſſaries of Life, which Nature cannot want without Uneaſineſs. The Uſe of Riches.

To be perpetually kept awake with a Fright; to be in one continued Fear, leſt Thieves ſhould break in, or Fire burn you out, or your Servants plunder you and run away; is this a Pleaſure? If it be, welcome Poverty, may I never be rich.

BUT what, ſay you, if a Fever ſhould ſeize me, or any other Misfortune confine me to my Bed? How many are ready to offer me their Aſſiſtance, to call the Phyſician, and to do every thing that is neceſſary to re-eſtabliſh my Health, and reſtore me to my dear Children and Relations? In this alſo you are miſerably miſtaken. Neither your Wife nor Children pray for your Recovery; all your Neighbours and Acquaintance hate you; and can you wonder to find your ſelf ſo univerſally deteſted, while you continue ſo wretchedly covetous? Or do you look upon it as nothing

* Agreeable hereunto is that excellent Deſcription of a covetous Man, which we find in *Lucilius*.

Cui neque jumentum eſt, nec ſervus, nec comes ullus,
Bulgam, & quicquid habet nummorum ſecum habet ipſe;
Cum Bulga cænat, dormit, lavit, omnis in una
Spes hominis Bulga, hac devincta eſt cætera vita.

An, ſi cognatos, nullo natura labore
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, ſervareque amicos,
Infelix operam perdas; ut ſi quis aſellum
In campo doceat parentem currere frenis?
Denique ſit finis quærendi: cumque habeas plus,
Pauperiem metuas minus; & finire laborem
Incipias, parto quod avebas: ne facias quod
Ummidius, qui tam (non longa eſt fabula) dives
Ut metiretur nummos, ita ſordidus ut ſe
Non unquam ſervo melius veſtiret, ad uſque
Supremum tempus ne ſe penuria victus
Opprimeret metuebat: at hunc liberta ſecuri
Diviſit medium, fortiſſima Tyndaridarum.
Quid mî igitur ſuades? ut vivam Mænius aut ſic
Ut Nomentanus? Pergis pugnantia ſecum
Frontibus adverſis componere? non ego avarum
Cum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
Eſt inter Tanaim quiddam ſocerumque Viſellî:
Eſt modus in rebus; ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum. ‖

‖ Virtue, according to *Ariſtotle*, conſiſts in the midſt of two Affections, and derives its Excellence from the Mediocrity it obſerves between them. Even Kindneſs and Love of the natural Sort, if it be immoderate and beyond a certain Degree, is undoubtedly vicious. Too great a Tenderneſs deſtroys the Effects of Love, and exceſſive Pity renders us incapable of giving Succour——Hence the Exceſs of motherly Love is own'd to be a *vicious Fondneſs*; over-great Pity, *Effeminacy* and *Weakneſs*; over-great Concern for Self-Preſervation *Meanneſs* and *Cowardice*; too little, *Raſhneſs*; and none at all, a mad and deſperate Depravity.——But tho' this may be allow'd as to ſome Virtues, yet it cannot be aſſerted of all; foraſmuch as many of them do not admit of any Mediocrity——*Mercy* and *Benevolence*, whether in an intenſe or remiſs Degree, are Virtues; and *Envy*, *Hatred* and *Pride* are Vices; and this Mediocrity of Virtue has its Exiſtence only in thoſe Affections, which are neither Good, nor Evil of themſelves.

Illuc,

to be lov'd by your Relations; and that the Money you ſpend to engage their Affections, is but loſt Labour; like attempting to bring up an Aſs to the Manage? It becomes you therefore to moderate your Deſires: The greater your Poſſeſſions are, the leſs Reaſon you have to be afraid of Poverty. You have got what you wanted, do not any longer be your own Tormentor: But above all Things, do not follow *Ummidius*'s Example, who was ſo rich that he meaſur'd his Money by the Buſhel, and withal ſo ſordid, that he always went clad like a menial Servant; and yet this rich, this miſerable *Ummidius*, was perpetually in fear of wanting Bread before he died; at laſt his valiant and couragious Concubine, like another * *Clytemneſtra*, gave him his Death's Wound with the Blow of a Hatchet, and put a Period to his Life and Fears together.

WELL, Sir, what is it that you wou'd have me to do? Shall I live like † *Mænius* or *Nomentanus?* I mean no ſuch Thing, you are all for Extremes. I warn you againſt Covetouſneſs, muſt you therefore lead a looſe and profligate Life? Is there no Difference between *Tanais*, and the Father-in-Law of *Viſellius?* There's a Mean in all Things; even ‖ Virtue it ſelf hath its ſtated Limits, which if a Man falls ſhort of, or goes beyond, it ceaſes to be Virtue.

* *Clytemneſtra*, the Daughter of *Tyndarus* and *Leda*, Wife of *Agamemnon*, whom ſhe ſlew with an Ax, ſome time after his Return from *Troy*, her Gallant *Ægiſthus*, with whom ſhe had a long time liv'd in Adultery, being aſſiſting to the Murder. She was afterwards ſlain by her Son *Oreſtes*. See *Juvenal*, Sat. vi. Lin. 656.

† *Mænius* and *Nomentanus*, two diſſolute young Gentlemen, who were notorious for their Debaucheries.

Illuc, unde abii, redeo. nemon' ut avarus
Se probet, ac potius laudet diverſa ſequentis?
Quodque aliena capella gerat diſtentius uber,
Tabeſcat? neque ſe majori pauperiorum
Turbæ comparet? hunc atque hunc ſuperare laboret?
Sic feſtinanti ſemper locupletior obſtat:
Ut cum carceribus miſſos rapit ungula currus;
Inſtat equis auriga ſuos vincentibus, illum
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.
Inde fit, ut raro, qui ſe vixiſſe beatum
Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vita
Cedat uti conviva ſatur, reperire queamus.
Jam ſatis eſt: ne me Criſpini ſcrinia lippum
Compilaſſe putes, verbum non amplius addam.

SATIRA

TO reſume the Argument. Is it ſo, that no Man, no more than the covetous, is pleas'd with his Condition, but is ever commending the Happineſs of thoſe who are engag'd in a different Courſe of Life? Does he fret and conſume himſelf with Envy, 'cauſe another Man's Goat gives more Milk than his? What is the Reaſon of this Uneaſineſs? Men ſeldom compare themſelves with thoſe many who are poorer than themſelves, but are always looking forwards, eagerly aſpiring to get before this Man, and that Man; ſo that as long as there remains One richer than themſelves, what Hopes of Satisfaction? They reſemble herein the Charioteers, who in a Race are always preſſing, always intent on thoſe that are before them, regardleſs of thoſe they left behind. Thus it is with Mankind, and this is the Reaſon that we ſeldom or never meet with a Man, who, by his own Confeſſion, has liv'd a happy Life; and who, when his Time is out, can quit Life with as much Satisfaction as a Gueſt riſes from Table when his Belly is full.

WHAT has been ſaid is, I think, ſufficient; ſhou'd I detain you any longer, you will poſſibly ſuſpect me of ſtealing from * *Criſpinus*, to avoid which, I will ſay no more upon this Argument.

* *Criſpinus*, a Stoick Philoſopher, who is ſaid to have digeſted the Opinions of that Sect in very ill Verſes.

SATIRE

SATIRA II.

AMBUBAIARUM collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigellî:
Quippe benignus erat. contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis:
Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,
Respondet: laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fusidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positis in fenore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget:

Nomina

SATIRE II.

FIDLERS, Perfumers, Gipſies, Players, Rope-dancers, or Buffoons, and all that ſort of Cattle, lament the Death of * *Tigellius* the Songſter; and they have reaſon for ſo doing, for he was very free and generous to them. The Reverſe of him is this Man, who for fear of being called a Spendthrift, won't ſo much as relieve a poor neceſſitous Friend, though ready to periſh with Cold and Famine.

Nothing more common than for Men to run from one Extream to another.

IF you aſk the extravagant Man, why he ſquanders away thoſe Poſſeſſions which were left him by his *Anceſtors*, in taking up Money at exceſſive Intereſt, to purchaſe Dainties for his unthankful Appetite; his Anſwer is, To avoid the imputation of a ſordid Fellow, of one of a mean and narrow Spirit. They who profit by his Extravagancies commend him, but others cenſure and condemn his Conduct.

THE Uſurer *Fuſidius*, who is vaſtly rich, both in Land and Money, that he may not be thought a good-for-nothing and extravagant Fellow, lends his Money at 5 *per Cent.* Intereſt *per* Month; which he deducts at firſt from the principal Sum. The more prodigal any Perſon is, the more he gripes him. He is perpetually enquiring for

* A famous Singer of *Sardinia*, much eſteem'd by *Auguſtus* for his Skill in Muſick; he was, in other reſpects, a perfect Humoriſt, and a very debauch'd and extravagant Perſon.

Nomina ſectatur, modo ſumta veſte virili,
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? At in ſe
Pro quæſtu ſumtum facit hic. Vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terentî
Fabula quem miſerum gnato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen ad obſcænum ſubductis uſque facetus:
Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt.——

SATIRA III.

OMNIBUS hoc vitium eſt cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut numquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
Injuſſi numquam deſiſtant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,

Si

wealthy Heirs, who, having put on the * *Toga Virilis*, receive but a ſmall and ſcanty Allowance from their covetous Fathers. Oh! ye Gods! who can forbear exclaiming againſt ſuch Practices? But perhaps he lives according to his Income: He? you will hardly believe how much this Niggard is his own Enemy; the † old Man in the *Comedy*, whom the *Poet* introduces, weeping and lamenting, and puniſhing himſelf for having made his Son run away from him, never underwent half the Severities which he does.

NOW what is the Moral? 'tis briefly this; while Fools ſhun one Extream, they run into another. There are few or none who obſerve a due *Medium*. This Man has his Coat-ſleeves ſo long as to hang down to his Heels; another thinks it ſmart to wear a ſhort Jacket that reaches but to his Middle. *Gargonius*, by neglecting himſelf, ſtinks filthily; *Rufillus*, on the other hand, ſmells of nothing but Perfumes.

SATIRE III.

'TIS a prevailing Humour with all Song-ſters never to ſing when importun'd; but if you let them alone, they chant everlaſtingly. ‖ That *Sardinian* Fellow, *Tigellius*, was perfectly of this Humour. *Cæſar* himſelf, tho' The Character of *Tigellius*.

* The Sons of Noblemen, and other conſiderable Perſons among the *Romans*, wore a kind of Veſt with Sleeves, which they call'd *Alicata Chlamys*, till they were thirteen Years old; then they put on the *Toga Prætexta*, which they did not change till the ſeventeenth Year, at which time they were allow'd to wear the *Toga Virilis*.

† See the Character of *Menedemus* in *Terence*'s *Heautontimorumenos*; it has ſomething very tender and moving in it. *Act.* 1. *Scene* 1.

‖ See *Tigellius*'s Character in the preceding *Satire*.

Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque ſuam, non
Quicquam proficeret: ſi conlibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala iteraret, Io Bacche, modo ſumma
Voce, modo hac, reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: ſæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem; perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens; modo, Sit mihi menſa tripes, &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis craſſa queat. decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco, paucis contento; quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane; diem totum ſtertebat. nil fuit umquam
Sic impar ſibi. nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid tu?
Nullane habes vitia? Imo alia, & fortaſſe minora.
Mænius abſentem Novium cum carperet: Heus tu,

Qui-

he could have forc'd him to it, yet if he begg'd him by the Friendſhip, which his Father and himſelf had ſhewed him, could not get one Note from him: But, when the Fancy took him in the head, he wou'd ſing *Io Bacche* * all Supper-time, one while with a treble Voice, and another with a baſs.

THIS Man was a perfect Emblem of Inconſtancy: He would often run himſelf quite out of breath, as if an Enemy purſu'd him; then again he would affect a ſlow majeſtick Pace, like the Prieſteſſes of *Juno*, when they carry in Proceſſion the holy Veſſels to the Temple. One while he had two hundred Slaves, at another time but ten. One while his Diſcourſe turn'd upon nothing but Kings and Governors of Provinces; at another time he affected an humble Strain; then a three-legg'd Table, a little Salt, and a good Cloath-Coat, no matter how coarſe, to keep out the Cold, was all that he deſired; and yet ſhou'd you have preſented this contented frugal Mortal with five thouſand Pounds, he wou'd have ſpent it all in five Days. It was his uſual Practice to ſit up all Night, and to ſleep all Day; never certainly was any Man ſo inconſiſtent with himſelf.

BUT ſome one may object and ſay, Pray what are you, Sir? Are you without your Faults? Why, truly I muſt confeſs, that I alſo have my Failings, but they are of another kind, and perhaps not ſo conſiderable.

Men very apt to overlook their own Failings, and to cenſure and condemn the ſame Faults in others.

As *Mænius* t'other day was railing againſt *Novius*, one in the Company plainly told him,

* *Ab Ovo uſque ad Mala*, all Supper-time. The firſt Courſe in the ancient *Roman Entertainments* was *Eggs*, the laſt *Apples*, before Luxury had crept in among them: hence in *Horace*'s time, tho' their Meals were not then ſo frugal, the ſame Expreſſion was uſed to repreſent the beginning and ending of them.

Quidam ait, ignoras te, an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? Egomet mî ignoſco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus & improbus hic amor eſt, dignuſque notari.
Cum tua prætereas oculis male lippus inunctis;
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus & illi.
Iracundior eſt paulo: minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri poſſit, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga defluit, & male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. at eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore. denique teipſum
Concute, numqua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala. namque
Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.
Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.
Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus, & iſti

Errori

that he was ſorry to find that he was ſuch a Stranger to himſelf, or could think to impoſe upon them, as if they were unacquainted with his Character. O! Sir, ſays *Mænius*, I can eaſily forgive my ſelf. What a fooliſh and unreaſonable Self-love is this, and how deſerving of Cenſure! When you are always blind to your own Imperfections, why are you ſo wonderfully quick-ſighted with reſpect to your Neighbours? An Eagle or a Serpent has not a quicker Eye than you have, at ſpying out their Failings. Now what is the Conſequence? Your Friends are even with you, and reflect on your Vices, with the ſame Severity as you do on theirs.

* THIS Man, you ſay, is paſſionate, he is not fit Company for your ſneering Criticks: His Hair is in diſorder, his Beard's ill ſhav'd, his Habit clowniſh, his Shoes ſit like Boots; and what if all this be true? He is nevertheleſs a good Man, there is hardly his Equal; beſides he is your Friend, and how indifferent ſoever his Appearance may be, his Wit and Parts deſerve your admiration. Examine your ſelf carefully; ſome Vices are natural, others again are contracted by Cuſtom; for Fields when neglected, bring forth nothing but Fern. But of this hereafter.

I WOU'D rather now obſerve, how apt Men are to overlook the Infirmities of thoſe they love, and ſometimes to take a pleaſure in them. Of this *Balbinus* is an excellent Inſtance, who was ſo paſſionately fond of his beloved *Agna*, that her *Polypus* ſeem'd a Beauty to him. What is a Fault in Love, when apply'd to Friendſhip,

We ought to paſs over the little Failings of our Friends, and to leſſen and excuſe them all we can.

* Some Criticks are of opinion, that *Horace* has here given us a Character of his Friend *Virgil:* But others, upon better Authority, affirm, that he here deſcribes himſelf.

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. strabonem
Appellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus: hunc Varum, distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit Scaurum, pravis fultum male talis.
Parcius hic vivit: frugi dicatur. ineptus
Et jactantior hic paullo est: concinnus amicis
Postulat ut videatur. at est truculentior atque
Plus æquo liber: simplex fortisque habeatur.
Caldior est: acris inter numeretur. opinor,
Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.
At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. probus quis

is a Virtue; and it were much to be wiſh'd, that Miſtakes of this kind, eſpecially among Friends, were more frequently practis'd, and that ſome honourable Name of Diſtinction were given to thoſe who acted in this manner.

BUT if we cannot aſcend this Height of Friendſhip, let us imitate at leaſt that Kindneſs and Affection that a tender Father expreſſes towards his Child, who is ſo far from being diſguſted at his natural Defects, that he labours all he can to conceal or ſoften them. Is his Son ſquint-ey'd? His Father ſays he winks. Is he a * *Siſyphus* for his Stature? He calls him his Chicken. Do his Legs bend inwards? They are not ſo ſtreight as he wiſhes they were. Is he Club-footed? Do his Ancles bunch out? he will tell you, liſping, they are a little too big.

THUS it is that we ought to deal with our Friends. Is your Neighbour parſimonious? ſay he is frugal. Is he impertinent, and vain? he deſigns only to divert his Companions. Another perhaps is more fierce, more free than he ought to be; why, let it paſs only for Bluntneſs and Courage. Is he given to Paſſion? commend him for a briſk and lively Temper. Such a Proceeding as this, is a certain way of making Friends, and of preſerving their Friendſhip.

BUT ſuch is the great Degeneracy of our Nature, that we give a wrong turn even to Excellencies themſelves, and upon a Veſſel that is ſound we try to faſten a Cement, to make it look like a cracked one: Does any one converſe with us, who is a † modeſt Man, we ſay that he is

* A Dwarf of *Marc Antony*'s, ſcarce two Foot high; he had a great deal of Wit and Subtilty in him, upon which he was call'd *Siſyphus*.

† *Probus* here ſignifies *modeſt*, and is oppos'd to *multum demiſſus* (not to *demiſſus* only, which Dr. *Bentley*, in his Note

Nobiſcum vivit, multum demiſſus homo ille:
Tardo cognomen pinguis damus: hic fugit omnis
Inſidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum;
(Cum genus hoc inter vitæ verſemur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina;) pro bene ſano
Ac non incauto, fictum aſtutumque vocamus.
Simplicior quis & eſt; (qualem me ſæpe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas) ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum impediat quovis ſermone moleſtus:
Communi ſenſu plane caret, inquimus. eheu
Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam!
Nam vitiis nemo ſine, naſcitur: optimus ille eſt,
Qui minimis urguetur. amicus dulcis, (ut æquum eſt)
Cum mea compenſet vitiis bona; pluribus hiſce
(Si modo plura mihi bona ſunt) inclinet, amari
Si volet: hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,

Poſtulat;

is a baſhful and mean-ſpirited one: To a Man * ſlow in deliberating or expreſſing himſelf, we give the Name of a dull and heavy one. Is he dextrous at warding off Difficulties? does he never leave himſelf expos'd to any evil Deſign, (conſidering that we live in a World, where Envy and Malice abound too much)? Inſtead of calling him a wiſe and cautious Man, we brand him for a crafty and diſſembling one. Is he ſo open and blunt a Man (which I confeſs, Sir, you have too often found me) as that when any one is reading or thinking, he will break in upon him with his impertinent Diſcourſe; we ſay, that he is quite at a loſs for common Senſe. Alas! that we ſhould thus inconſiderately make Laws againſt our ſelves! Every Man has his Failings; he is the beſt who has the feweſt. When my Friend compares my good Qualities with my bad, it is very reaſonable, if he deſires I ſhould love him, that he give his Vote in favour of the former, more eſpecially if my Virtues are more than my Vices. Upon ſuch a fair and equitable Procedure he may reaſonably expect the like Uſage from me. He that expects his Friend ſhould not be offended with his Car-

Note on the place does not ſeem to have obſerved:) and ſo *Quinctilian* ſpeaks in *Or. Inſt.* lib. i. c. iii. *probus autem ab illo ſegni & jacente multum aberit.* *Tully* alſo uſes the word *Probitas* for *Modeſty*, in *de Orat.* lib. i. c. xxvi. *ſed etiam probitatis commendatione prodeſſet.* To which may be added, that of *Quinctilian* in *Or. Inſt.* lib. xi. c. iii. *perfricare faciem & quaſi improbam facere*; and what *Salluſt* ſays of *Pompey*, *fuit oris improbi, animi inverecundi.*

* Dr. *Bentley* would read here, *illi tardo ac cognomen pingui damus*; joining theſe Words to the former Sentence, and making them the oppoſite of that Character imply'd in *probus:* but *Modeſty of Mind*, and *Slowneſs of Parts*, are things quite diſtinct in kind. I prefer the common Reading, and diſtinguiſh *tardus* in a good Senſe, from *pinguis* in a bad one, as *Tully* in *Ep. ad Lent. Ep.* 5. ſays of *Pompey*, *noſti hominis tarditatem & taciturnitatem.*

Poſtulat; ignoſcet verrucis illius. æquum eſt,
Peccatis veniam poſcentem reddere rurſus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt ſtultis hærentia; cur non
Ponderibus moduliſque ſuis ratio utitur? ac, res
Ut quæque eſt, ita ſuppliciis delicta coërcet?
Si quis eum ſervum, patinam qui tollere juſſus
Semeſos piſcis tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
In cruce ſuffigat; Labeone inſanior inter
Sanos dicatur. quanto hoc furioſius atque
Majus peccatum eſt? paullum deliquit amicus,
Quod niſi concedas, habeare inſuavis: acerbus
Odiſti & fugis, ut Ruſonem debitor æris;
Qui niſi, cum triſtes miſero venere Calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit.
Conminxit lectum potus, menſave catillum
Evandri manibus tritum dejecit: ob hanc rem,
Aut poſitum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Suſtulit eſuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, ſi furtum fecerit, aut ſi
Prodiderit commiſſa fide, ſponſumve negarit?
† *Quis paria eſſe fere placuit peccata, laborant,*
Cum ventum ad verum eſt: ſenſus moreſque repugnant,

† The *Stoicks*, who argue all Sins are equal, may eaſily be confuted from their own Words in *Cicero*. For if ſinning be like paſſing a Line or Limit, then to ſin being equal to going beyond that Line; to go farther beyond that Line, muſt be to ſin more.———For neither all evil, nor all good Actions are equal. Thoſe Truths which they reſpect, tho' equally true, may compriſe Matters of very different importance; or more Truths may be violated one way, than another; and then the Crimes, committed by the violation of 'em, may be equally ſaid to be Crimes, but not equal Crimes. ———Thus the Degrees of Evils and Guilt, are as the Importance and Number of Truths violated. This is confeſs'd in *Cicero*. *Illud intereſt quod in ſervo necando, ſi adſit injuria, ſemel peccatur; in patris vitâ violandâ multa peccantur.*

Atque

buncles, muſt forgive his Friend's Pimples. What more reaſonable than that he, who would have his own Faults excus'd, ſhould excuſe thoſe of others?

BESIDES, ſince it is impoſſible to extirpate either the Vice of Anger, or the other Vices, which take ſuch faſt hold of the Minds of Fools, why don't we make Reaſon uſe her Weights and Meaſures, ſo as always to proportion the Puniſhment to the Nature of the Crime? If a Man ſhou'd order his Servant to be hang'd, for licking up the Sauce, or eating the Fiſh as he took them from the Table, wou'd not all wiſe Men think him mad? Wou'd it not be much worſe in you, if, upon ſome ſlight Failure in your Friend (which, without the Imputation of being ill-natur'd, you cannot but paſs over) you deteſt and ſhun him as a Debtor does * *Ruſo*; who, when the Day of Payment comes, if either the Intereſt or Principal be not ready, no matter how the poor Man comes by it, condemns his Debtors to ſtand like Captives, with their Necks extended, and hear him repeat his wretched Hiſtory.

The Poet condemns the Opinion of the Stoicks, who aſſerted that all Crimes were equal.

MUST I be angry with my Friend, if after hard Drinking he foul my Room, break a fine Diſh that was made by *Evander*, or help himſelf firſt with a Chicken which lay before me? What if he ſteal my Goods, or betray my Secrets, or deny a Pledge that he was entruſted with, is there no Difference to be made? † They who aſſert that all Crimes are equal, find themſelves at a loſs to make good their Aſſertion, when they come to enquire into the Truth of Things. The common Notions and Cuſtoms, and even

* A famous Uſurer, who was a very impertinent Hiſtorian.

Atque ipſa utilitas, juſti prope mater & æqui.
* *Cum prorepſerunt primis animalia terris,*
Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus & pugnis, dein fuſtibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ poſt fabricaverat uſus:
Donec verba, quibus voces ſenſuſque notarent,
Nominaque invenere: dehinc abſiſtere bello,
Oppida cæperunt munire; & ponere leges,
Ne quis fur eſſet, neu latro, neu quis adulter.
Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli
Cauſſa: ſed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
Quos venerem incertam rapientis more ferarum
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
Jura inventa metu injuſti fateare neceſſe eſt,
Tempora ſi faſtoſque velis evolvere mundi.
Nec natura poteſt juſto ſecernere iniquum,
Dividit ut bona diverſis, fugienda petendis:
Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idemque,

* Not only the Poets, but ſeveral other Writers both ancient and modern, delight to talk much of a *State* of *Nature*, when Men were unaſſociated, unacquainted, and conſequently without any Language or Form of Art. But that it was their natural State to live thus ſeparately, can never be allow'd, without the greateſt Abſurdity. For ſooner you may diveſt Man of any other Feeling or Affection, than of that towards Society or his Likeneſs.——If we examine this pretended *State* of *Nature*, how, and on what Foundation muſt it ſtand? Man muſt have been from Eternity or not. If from Eternity, there could be no primitive or original *State*, no *State* of *Nature*, other than what we ſee at preſent. If not from Eternity, he aroſe either all at once, (and conſequently he was at the very firſt as he is now) or *by degrees*, thro' ſeveral Stages and Conditions, to that in which he is at length ſettled, and has continued for ſo many Generations. But, admitting his Riſe to be as ſome Philoſophers would have it, and that Chance, not Providence, gave Man his Being, Nature has then had no Intention at all, no Meaning or Deſign in this whole Matter. So how any thing can be call'd *natural* in the Caſe, how any State can be call'd a *State* of *Nature*, or according to Nature, one more than another, I know not. See Lord *Shaftſbury's Moraliſts*, p. 316.

Qui

the common Intereſt of Mankind, which is in ſome ſenſe the Parent of Juſtice and Equity, are all againſt them.

WHEN Mankind firſt crawled out of their Parent Earth, they were (like the Brutes) a baſe and ſpeechleſs Race: When they quarrel'd for their Dens and Acorns, their Fiſts and Nails determin'd the Conteſt; in proceſs of time they came to Clubs, afterwards to Swords, which Neceſſity had taught them how to make. Theſe Differences continued till the Invention of Words; by which means every thing being aſſign'd its proper Name, and Men enabled to communicate their Language and Sentiments to one another, a Peace was concluded. Upon which they proceeded to build Cities, and to enact good Laws to prevent Robberies, and put a ſtop to Adultery. For, long before the Deſtruction of *Troy*, many cruel Wars were occaſion'd by Women; it was then a common and ordinary thing, for Men to fight and kill one another for the ſake of their Miſtreſſes; they lov'd at large, and enjoy'd whom they pleas'd; like a Bull who lords it o'er the Herd, the ſtrongeſt ſtill prevail'd upon the weakeſt; whoſe Deaths, for want of ſome charitable Poet, are unknown and unlamented.

The Reaſon why Laws were firſt inſtituted.

IF we examine the Annals of former Times, and trace Nature to her Cradle, we ſhall then find, that Laws were firſt enacted, to remedy the Evils of Violence and Injuſtice. Nature teaches us to diſtinguiſh things that are profitable from what are not ſo; and things that are to be avoided, from what is to be deſir'd; but the ſame Nature does not teach us to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong: Nor will Reaſon ever convince us, that a Man who has only ſtolen

Qui teneros caulis alieni infregerit horti,
Et qui nocturnus ſacra Divûm legerit. adſit
** Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas inroget æquas:*
Ne ſcutica dignum horribili ſectere flagello.
Nam ut ferula cædas meritum majora ſubire
Verbera, non vereor: cum dicas eſſe pares res
Furta latrociniis; & magnis parva mineris
Falce reciſurum ſimili te, ſi tibi regnum
Permittant homines. ſi dives, qui ſapiens eſt,
Et ſutor bonus & ſolus formoſus & eſt rex:
Cur optas quod habes? Non noſti quid pater, inquit,
Chryſippus dicat. ſapiens crepidas ſibi nunquam
Nec ſoleas fecit: ſutor tamen eſt ſapiens. Quî?

* The End of all Puniſhment is the common Happineſs and Security; conſequently it ought to be neither greater nor leſs than what is neceſſary to this end. If leſs, it would be no good Bar againſt future Offences; if greater than the common Safety required, there would be an unneceſſary Introduction of Miſery.

Hence, the Neceſſity of one common Rule, to comprehend and take in the ſeveral Caſes which may affect Mens Properties.

Ut,

only ſtolen a few * Colworts, commits as great a Crime as he who hath committed Sacrilege. It is therefore very neceſſary, that ſome Rule † ſhould be eſtabliſh'd to proportion the Puniſhment to the nature of the Crime; that a poor unhappy Criminal, who hath only deſerv'd a few Stripes, may not be beaten beyond all meaſure. I ſay, *beyond all meaſure*; for there is no fear that you wou'd inflict a leſs Puniſhment on a Delinquent than his Crime deſerv'd: You who declare Petty-larcenies to be equal to Robberies on the High-way, and threaten that you would puniſh the ſmalleſt Crimes equally with the greateſt, if you were King. But why, if you were King? Are you not ſo already? If, according to your Principles, a wiſe Man is a rich Man, if he is a good Shoemaker, if he only is a handſome Man, he only a King: Why do you wiſh for that, which you are already poſſeſs'd of? O Sir! you are unacquainted with that Saying of our Father ‖ *Chryſippus*. A wiſe Man, ſaith that ſage Philoſopher, tho' he does not make his Shoes himſelf, is nevertheleſs a

* The Example which our Poet here makes uſe of, to ridicule the Severity of the *Stoicks*, is taken from the Laws of *Draco*, who expreſly commands that he who ſteals a few Colworts, ſhould be puniſh'd as ſeverely as if he had committed Sacrilege.

† The Poet here requires a Rule by which Puniſhments may be juſtly proportion'd, Crimes be diſtinguiſh'd among themſelves, Crimes from no Crimes, and Crimes from good Actions. This cannot be done without a Rule, and therefore it was well obſerv'd by *Cicero*, *Formula quædam conſtituenda eſt, quam ſi ſequemur in comparatione rerum, ab officio nunquam recedemus.*

‖ A Philoſopher born at *Solos* in *Cilicia*, Son of *Apollonius*, and Diſciple of *Cleanthes*: He was Succeſſor to *Zeno* the Author of the *Stoick* Sect, whoſe Principles he took upon him to explain; but was ſo unhappy in his Expoſition, that in deriſion he was call'd *Cheſippus*.

Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
Optimus eſt modulator; ut Alfenus vafer omni
Abjecto inſtrumento artis clauſaque taberna,
Tonſor erat: ſapiens operis ſic optimus omnis
Eſt opifex ſolus, ſic rex. Vellunt tibi barbam
Laſcivi pueri; quos tu ni fuſte coërces,
Urgueris turba circum te ſtante, miſerque
Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
Ne longum faciam: dum tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis; neque te quiſquam ſtipator, ineptum
Præter Criſpinum, ſectabitur; & mihi dulces
Ignoſcent, ſi quid peccâro ſtultus, amici:
Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,

Priva-

good Shoemaker. How ſo? Juſt as *Hermogenes*, when he is ſilent, is an excellent Muſician, and ſings to perfection: And juſt as * *Alfenus*, when he had thrown away his Tools, and ſhut up his Shop, was ſtill a Barber. Thus our wiſe Man is a perfect Artiſt in all Profeſſions, and thus he is a King too.

THE Roguiſh Boys pull your Beard, as you walk along the Streets; and unleſs you thraſh them with your Staff, you have a Croud about you immediately, and you fall a fretting, and raging, and barking, moſt mighty King of Kings. To be ſhort, whilſt your Majeſty frequents the *Poor*'s *Bath* only, and has no one following you thither in your Retinue, but the impertinent *Criſpinus*, I converſe with ſuch good-natur'd Friends, as if I chance to do a fooliſh thing, will pardon me, and I ſhall be as ready in my turn to pardon their Failings:

* *Alfenus Varus*, a Barber of *Cremona*, not liking his Buſineſs, went to *Rome*, where he made ſuch Improvements in the Study of the Law under *Sulpitius Severus*, that in a little time he was advanc'd to the moſt conſiderable Employments. He was at laſt made Conſul with *Publius Vinicius*, in the ſecond Year of Chriſt. He was a great Friend to *Virgil*, and was very aſſiſting to him in the recovery of his Eſtate near *Mantua*, which *Auguſtus* had given to *Arius* the Centurion, in reward for his Service againſt *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. He is mention'd by *Virgil*, in his Ninth *Eclogue*, ver. 27.

* *Vare tuum nomen (ſuperet modo Mantua nobis,*
Mantua væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!)
Cantantes ſublime ferent ad ſidera Cycni.

Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Powers
Preſerve our Plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan* Towers,
Obnoxious by *Cremona*'s neighbouring Clime!)
The Wings of Swans and ſtronger pinion'd Rhime
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above,
Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

Privatuſque magis vivam te rege beatus.

SATIRA IV.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus Ariſtophaneſque poetæ,
Atque alii, quorum comœdia priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut ſicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus; multa cum libertate notabant. 5
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hoſce ſecutus,

Mutati

Thus I enjoy a greater Degree of Happineſs, living in my private Station, than your Majeſty in yours.

SATIRE IV.

*EUPOLIS**, *Cratinus*, *Ariſtophanes*, and all the old Comedians, whenever any Man was notoriouſly infamous for wicked Theft †, for Adultery, Murder, or any other Villany, were very free in reflecting upon him. ‖ *Lucilius* has cloſely imitated theſe Comedi- The Character of the old Comedians.

* *Eupolis*, *Cratinus*, and *Ariſtophanes*, three Writers of old Comedy, were Contemporaries; it was uſual with them in their Plays, to call Perſons by their Names, and to expoſe their Failings to the Laughter of the People. *Ariſtophanes* had the boldneſs to ridicule *Socrates*: He was alſo very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Nicias*, *Alcibiades*, and other Governors of *Athens*: In a word, that which we call old Comedy, was full of ſatirical Reflections and ſcandalous Slanders. We have nothing now left of *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*; *Ariſtophanes* is ſaid to have written fifty-four Comedies, of which we have now but eleven; he excels in the Force, Purity, Sweetneſs and Harmony of Stile. He flouriſh'd about the 85th Olympiad.

† i. e. *Malus fur*: This Figure of Speaking is called *Hendiadœſis*. *Horace*, in *Sat.* I. has *Formidare malos fures*.

‖ A Poet of the *Equeſtrian* Order; he wrote Satires after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pecuvius*, but gave 'em a more delicate and graceful Turn; he cloſely imitated the old Comedy of the *Græcians*; and tho' he did not, like *Ennius*, mingle ſeveral ſorts of Verſes together in the ſame Satire, yet he compoſed ſeveral Satires of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes; one Poem conſiſted of *Hexameters*, another was entirely of *Iambicks*, a third of *Trochaicks*, as may be ſeen from the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. He liv'd, *A. U. C.* 650.

Mutatis tantum pedibus numeriſque ; facetus,
Emunctæ naris, durus componere verſus :
Nam fuit hoc vitioſus ; in hora ſæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, verſus dictabat ſtans pede in uno :
Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles :
Garrulus, atque piger ſcribendi ferre laborem ;
Scribendi recte : nam, ut multum, nil moror. Ecce
Criſpinus nummo me provocat : Accipe, ſi vis,
Accipe jam tabulas : detur nobis locus, hora,
Cuſtodes : videamus uter plus ſcribere poſſit.
Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentem :
At tu concluſas hircinis follibus auras,
Uſque laborantis dum ferrum emolliat ignis,
Ut mavis, imitare. beatus Fannius, ultro
Delatis capſis & imagine : cum mea nemo
Scripta legat volgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
Quod ſunt quos genus hoc minime juvat ; utpote pluris
Culpari dignos. Quemvis media elige turba ;
Aut ab avaritia, aut miſera ambitione laborat.
Hic nuptarum inſanit amoribus, hic puerorum ;

Hunc

ans, tho' in a different kind of Verſe; he had a delicate turn of Wit, and was very *ſatirical*, but his Numbers were rough and unharmonious; his Fault was this, he would throw you out two hundred Verſes in an Hour, which, as he thought, was very extraordinary. When the Stream of his Poetry run muddy, there was ſomething in it which one wou'd wiſh had been retrench'd: He was verboſe, and could not ſubmit to any Pains in Writing, I mean in writing correctly; for as to writing much, it is a thing of no value.

CRISPINUS * challenges me to write with him for a trifling Wager. "Come, Sir, ſaith "he, call for Pen, Ink, and Paper; let the "Time, Place, and Witneſſes be agreed on, "and let Trial be made, who can write moſt." I thank the Gods, that they gave me a modeſt and humble Spirit, I ſpeak little, and that but ſeldom; but you, *Criſpinus*, if you pleaſe, may imitate the Blackſmith's Bellows, which never ceaſe blowing, till the Iron becomes pliable.

HAPPY *Fannius!* who, without being aſked, carry'd his Statue and Poems to be plac'd in *Cæſar*'s *Library*; whereas no body reads my Verſes: I am afraid to repeat them in publick, becauſe the greateſt part of Mankind being conſcious to themſelves that they deſerve to be expoſed, there are few or none who take pleaſure in *Satire*.

Few delight in Satire, being conſcious that their Actions deſerve to be reproved.

SINGLE any Man out from the middle of a Croud, and you will find that he is a Slave either to Covetouſneſs or Ambition. This Man runs mad for his Neighbour's Wife, that Man is enflam'd with unnatural Deſires; one delights in

* *Criſpinus*, ſee Satire I.

Hunc capit argenti ſplendor : ſtupet Albius ære :
Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepet regio : quin per mala præceps
Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine ; ne quid
Summa deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poëtam.
Fœnum habet in cornu : longe fuge. dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico :
Et quodcumque ſemel chartis inleverit, omnis
Geſtiet a furno redeuntes ſcire lacuque,
Et pueros & anus. Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe poëtis,
Excerpam numero : neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis ; neque ſi qui ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe poëtam.
Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne poëma
Eſſet, quæſivere : quod, acer ſpiritus ac vis
Nec verbis nec rebus ineſt ; niſi quod pede certo
Differt ſermoni, ſermo eſt merus. At pater ardens
Sævit, quod meretrice nepos inſanus amica
Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recuſet ;
Ebrius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante

burniſh'd Veſſels of Silver, another in *Corinthian* Braſs. This Man trafficks from Eaſt to Weſt, and is hurried on from one Danger to another, with as much violence, as Duſt with a Whirlwind: and all this he ſuffers through the fear of not keeping what he has, or the greedy Deſire of getting more. What wonder is it then, if neither Poets, nor Poetry, ever find acceptance with ſuch as theſe? A Poet! ſay they, you may ſee the Symptoms of Madneſs about him, have a care how you come near him; for the ſake of a Jeſt he'll not ſpare his beſt Friend, and then he is ſo conceited, that whatever he has once written, he will take care ſhall be known to all the Boys and old Women that frequent the publick Ovens and Conduits.

Who may be ſaid to be a Poet.

WELL, Sir, hear a few words, hear what I have to ſay in my juſtification: In the firſt place, I ſhall deduct my ſelf from the number of thoſe whom I allow to be Poets; 'tis not the making a Line to conſiſt of ſix Feet, which you can call Poetry: Nor, if a Man writes, as I do, in a way little different from Proſe, can you think him a Poet: He only deſerves this honourable Name who has a Genius, who has a Mind inſpir'd with a divine Fury, and whoſe Stile is pompous and magnificent.

An Enquiry whether Comedy be a Species of Poetry or not.

FOR this reaſon it has been diſputed, whether Comedy may be ſaid to be a Poem or not; becauſe there is no Vigour and Force of Spirit, either in the Subject or the Language of it; and becauſe it differs from meer Proſe in nothing but its running in Metre. To this, 'tis objected, that Comedy is not wholly deſtitute of that Sublimity we ſpeak of; a Father is often introduced in Comedy, who is paſſionately angry with his profligate Son, who runs roaring about Town with lighted Torches

in

Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis
Audiret leviora, pater si viveret? ergo
Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis;
Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
Quo personatus pacto pater. his, ego quæ nunc,
Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
Tempora certa modosque, & quod prius ordine verbum est,
Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis;
Non, ut si solvas, Postquam discordia tetra
Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit;
Invenias etiam disjecti membra poëtæ.
Hactenus hæc: alias justum sit necne poëma,
Nunc illud tantum quæram; meritone tibi sit
Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer
Ambulat & Caprius, rauci male, cumque libellis;
Magnus uterque timor latronibus: at bene si quis
Et vivat puris manibus; contemnat utrumque.
Ut sis tu similis Cælî Birrîque latronum;

Non

in the Day-time, and inſtead of marrying a rich, young Heireſs, which the good old Man had provided for him, minds nothing but his Miſtreſſes. It may be ſo, but is this any thing more than what is uſual? If *Pomponius*'s Father were now alive, he wou'd accoſt his Son in the very ſame manner. In ſhort, that is not Poetry, which, with ſome little Alteration of the Place of the Words, any one might ſay on the like occaſion, as the Father in the Comedy. If either mine or *Lucilius*'s Satires were to undergo the like Variations, if the Words were tranſpos'd, and the Meaſures diverſified, nothing of the Poet wou'd be viſible in them; which is quite otherwiſe in theſe Verſes of * *Ennius*,

When Diſcord, fouleſt Fiend,
Had open broke the Iron Gates of War.

The Poet here offers to juſtify his Way and Manner of Writing.

PUT the Words as much out of their Order as you pleaſe, and yet you will find that a Poet is the Speaker. But enough of this Subject; at ſome other time I will give you my Opinion whether a Comedy be a true Poem or not. What I intend at preſent, is to enquire whether my *Satires* give you any juſt Reaſon to be offended with them. When *Sulcius* and *Caprius* appear at Bar with their Rolls of Informations, the whole Gang of Thieves are in fear of a Diſcovery; but a juſt, honeſt and innocent Man is under no concern. Suppoſe you were as great a Villain as *Cælius* and *Birrius*, thoſe

* *Ennius* was the firſt that attempted *Satire*; he gave himſelf the licence of varying his Numbers at pleaſure; he makes no difficulty of mingling *Hexameters* with *Iambick Trimeters*, or with *Trochaick Tetrameters*, as appears from thoſe Fragments which are yet remaining of his Works. In reſpect of the Subject and Variety of Matter contain'd in his *Satires*, theſe of *Horace* are entirely the ſame.

Non ego ſim Caprii neque Sulcî: cur metuas me?
Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
Quîs manus inſudet volgi Hermogeniſque Tigellî:
Nec recitem quicquam, niſi amicis, idque coactus;
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet. in medio qui
Scripta foro recitent, ſunt multi; quique lavantes:
Suave locus voci reſonat concluſus. inanis
Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentis, num ſine ſenſu,
* *Tempore num faciant alieno. Lædere gaudes,*
Inquit, & hoc ſtudio pravus facis. Unde petitum
Hoc in me jacis? eſt auctor quis denique eorum
Vixi cum quibus? abſentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt; commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger eſt: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos;
E quibus unus amet quavis aſpergere cunctos,

* See the Lord *Shaftſbury*'s excellent Interpretation of this Paſſage, in his *Characteriſticks*, Vol. I. p. 105.

Præter

two famous Highway-Men, why ſhould you ſtand in fear of me? I am no Informer, as *Caprius* and *Sulcius* are. Search all the publick Places of Reſort, you will find that my *Satires* are not to be met with; nor are they expos'd on the Bookſellers Stalls, to be thumb'd by the common People. Nor do I recite my Verſes in every Place, and before all Company; in truth I do it to none but Friends, and even then not without ſome reluctance.

THERE are many who delight to appear in publick; they recite their Verſes in the Baths, which, being vaulted, give a pleaſing Eccho to their Repetitions. 'Tis impoſſible to expreſs their Vanity and Ambition, what a pride they take in reciting their Poems; they never endeavour to inform themſelves, whether what they ſay be agreeable to the Company, or whether the Rehearſal be impertinent and unſeaſonable.

SIR, you take a pleaſure (cries one) in hurting Mens Reputations, and have a bent of Ill-nature this way. Pray whence had you this Objection which you pelt me with? You are miſtaken in the Man: Who of my Companions ever gave me this Character?

HE that backbites his abſent Friend, that is not warm and vigorous in his defence, when reproach'd by others; that affects to be the Jeſter of the Company, and is ambitious of being thought a Wit, that can raiſe falſe Reports, and cannot keep the Secrets of his intimate Friends; this is the Man that is to be deteſted: He ought to be excluded from all Society; he is not fit for civil Converſation. What manner of Perſons are to be avoided.

'TIS uſual at a Feaſt, when ten or twelve ſit down together, for one Man to rally all the reſt; he ſpares for a time the Maſter of the Houſe,

Præter eum qui præbet aquam : poſt, hunc quoque potus,
Condita cum verax aperit præcordia liber.
Hic tibi comis & urbanus liberque videtur,
Infeſto nigris : ego ſi riſi, quod ineptus
Paſtillos Ruſillus olet, Gargonius hircum,
Lividus & mordax videor tibi? mentio ſiqua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli
Te coram fuerit ; defendas, ut tuus eſt mos :
Me Capitolinus convictore uſus amicoque
A puero eſt, cauſaque mea permulta rogatus
Fecit ; & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe :
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit. Hic nigræ ſuccus loliginis, hæc eſt
Ærugo mera : quod vitium procul afore chartis,
Atque animo prius, ut ſi quid promittere de me
Poſſum aliud vere, promitto. liberius ſi
Dixero quid, ſi forte jocoſius ; hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. inſuevit pater optimus hoc me,

Houſe, but by degrees, as the Wine (which inſpires Truth) begins to warm him, he deals as freely with the Maſter, as with the reſt of the Company. You pretend an Abhorrence of all baſe Fellows, what do you think of ſuch a Man? I'll warrant, with you, he's a lively, facetious, agreeable and free Companion; and yet, if at any time I divert my ſelf with the perfum'd *Rufillus*, or if I rally *Gargonius* for neglecting himſelf, you immediately ſay I am envious and ſatirical.

IF mention be made of * *Petillius*'s Sacrilege, you defend him after your peculiar manner. O, ſay you, I have known him from a Child, we have liv'd many Years together, he hath done me a thouſand good Offices, and I am glad that he can live here in Town ſafely; and yet after all, *I cannot but wonder how he got clear of that Matter.* This is Malice in the higheſt degree. I ſincerely aſſure you (and I hope I ſhall be able to make good my Promiſe) that nothing of this nature ſhall be found either in my Heart, or Writings; but then, if I ſhall ſay ſome things with more freedom, and perhaps with more pleaſantry than ordinary, this I think I have a right to, and in this you ought to excuſe me.

† MY good old Father, who was ſurely one of the beſt of Men, by obſerving to me the Vi- He gives an Account of his Education, how his Father inſpir'd him with virtuous Principles.

* *Petillius*, Governor of the Capitol, was accus'd of ſtealing a Crown of Gold, which was conſecrated to *Jupiter*, he was acquitted by the Favour of *Auguſtus*.

† In the ſame manner *Dæmea* in *Terence* inſtructs his Son.

Nihil prætermitto, conſuefacio; denique
Inſpicere tanquam in ſpeculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis ſumere exemplum ſibi;
Hoc facito, & hoc fugito, &c.

Adelph. Act iii. Scene iii.

Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius, utque
Barus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. a turpi meretricis amore
Cum deterreret: Sectani dissimilis sis.
Ne sequerer mœchas, concessa cum venere uti
Possem: Deprensi non bella est fama Treboni,
Aiebat: sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu
Sit melius, causas reddet tibi: mî satis est, si
Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem possum. simul ac duraverit ætas
Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice. Sic me
Formabat puerum dictis: & sive jubebat
Ut facerem quid, Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc:
Unum ex judicibus selectis objiciebat:
Sive vetabat; An hoc inhonestum & inutile factu
Necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo cum
Hic atque ille? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:

ces of others, taught me how to avoid them. When he advis'd me to be frugal, and to live contented with that ſmall Eſtate which he had provided; Do you not ſee, ſaid he, to what an Extremity of Miſery young *Albius* and *Barus* have reduc'd themſelves? Let their Example be a Warning to you, let it inſtruct you to manage the little Eſtate you have, with Caution and Prudence. When he wou'd deter me from the ſcandalous running after profligate Women, he wou'd ſay, Remember that you be not like *Sectanus*. To perſuade me not to follow other Mens Wives, when I might have a lawful one of my own, he would ſay, the Story of *Trebonius*, who was caught in the very Act, is not for his credit.

IT belongs to the Philoſophers to acquaint you with the Difference of moral Good and Evil; they will tell you why you ought to purſue the one, and avoid the other. All that I pretend to, is to train you up in the way of your Anceſtors, and preſerve both your Life and Reputation, while you are a Minor; when you come to Age, and are grown ſtrong in Mind as well as Body, then you are to walk without Leading-ſtrings.

THIS was the Method which my Father took in my Education; when he advis'd me to this or that Action, he laid before me ſome conſiderable Example, ſome Senator or other, who was eminently remarkable for his Virtue and Integrity. And then again, when he diſſuaded me from any thing that was ill, can you doubt, ſaid he, whether what you are doing be honourable and advantagious or not, when ſuch and ſuch Perſons are every where ſo ſeverely cenſur'd for the very ſame thing?

AS a Neighbour's Death is oftentimes the Means of making a ſick Man more temperate,

Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria ſæpe
Abſterrent vitiis. ex hoc ego ſanus ab illis,
Perniciem quæcumque ferunt: mediocribus, & quîs
Ignoſcas vitiis, teneor. fortaſſis & iſtinc
Largiter abſtulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
Conſilium proprium. neque enim, cum lectulus aut me
Porticus excepit, deſum mihi: Rectius hoc eſt:
Hoc faciens vivam melius: ſic dulcis amicis
Occurram: hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi
Imprudens olim faciam ſimile? Hæc ego mecum
Compreſſis agito labris. ubi quid datur otî,
Inludo chartis. hoc eſt mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum: cui ſi concedere noles,
Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi (nam multo plures ſumus) ac veluti te
Judæi, cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

SATIRA

and abſtemious, ſo the Examples of ſuch who have ruin'd themſelves by riotous Living, are frequently a Means of preventing young Perſons from falling into the like Extravagancies.

BY this happy way of Management, I am free from all thoſe Faults which are deſtructive: Some I have indeed, but then they are of the ſmaller Size, and ſuch as may be eaſily pardon'd; and of theſe a good Number (I think) has been wore off by length of time, by the help of ſincere Friends, and even by my own ſerious Reflections; for I am not wanting to my ſelf either when lying in Bed, or walking in the Portico: This (ſay I to my ſelf) is righteſt; if I do this, I ſhall live more happily: If I take this Way, I ſhall be more agreeable to my Friends: That Man did not act well on ſuch an occaſion. Surely I ſhall never be ſuch a Fool as to do as he did. Thus it is that I employ my Thoughts. When I have any leiſure-time, I give it to the *Muſes*. This is one of my Faults of the ſmaller ſize, as I ſaid; which if you won't paſs over, I'll call the whole Tribe of Poets (and we are a ſtrong Body) to my aſſiſtance, who, like * *Jews*, ſhall force you to become one of our Proſelytes, whether you conſent or not.

* The *Jews* were the moſt impudent People in the World in making Proſelytes; our Saviour tells us, *Mat.* xxiii. 15. *That they would compaſs Sea and Land to make one.* Agreeable to which is that excellent Paſſage of St. *Ambroſe*, who gives 'em this Character; *Hi arte* (ſaith he) *inſinuant ſe hominibus, domos penetrant, ingrediuntur Prætoria, aures judicum & publica inquietant, & ideo magis prævalent, quo magis ſunt impudentes.*

SATIRA V.

EGRESSUM magna me excepit Aricia Roma
Hoſpitio modico: rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longe doctiſſimus: inde Forum Appî,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi diviſimus, altius ac nos
Præcinctis unum: minus eſt gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego, propter aquam, quod erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cenantis haud animo æquo
Exſpectans comites. jam nox inducere terris
Umbras & cælo diffundere ſigna parabat.
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere. Huc adpelle: trecentos inſeris: ohe!

Jam

SATIRE V.

WHEN I left *Rome*, in company with *Heliodorus* the *Rhetorician*, who without diſpute is the moſt knowing Man of all the *Græcians*, we came firſt to * *Aricia*, where we were but indifferently entertain'd. From thence we went to † *Appii Forum*, which we found fill'd with Sailors and ſponging Victuallers. We made two days of this Journey, becauſe we were lazy; whereas we could have gone it in one, if we had been better Travellers: ‖ but the *Appian* Road is leſs fatiguing, the more ſlowly you travel. The Water of this Place being very naſty, I could not eat any thing; but waited, not without impatience, for my Friends, whilſt they were at Supper. As Night came on, there aroſe no ſmall Clamour among the Servants and Bargemen; one call'd for the Barge, another cry'd out, in an angry Tone, oh you Rogue, you have taken in three hundred

A Deſcription of the Poets Journey from *Rome* to *Brunduſium*.

* *Aricia*, now *La Riccia*, a little Town of *Italy*, ſituate on the *Appian Way*, about twenty Miles from *Rome*; it was formerly a very conſiderable City: Near this Place was a Grove conſecrated to *Egeria*, where *Numa*, as he pretended, had frequent Converſation with her.

† *Appii Forum*, a little Town about forty-ſix Miles from *Rome*, ſituate on the *Appian Way*, near the Marſhes of *Pomptina*, which being drain'd by *Auguſtus*, a Canal was made which reach'd from thence to *Feronia*.

‖ The Reaſon of this is not, what the Interpreters of *Horace* alledge, *viz.* That there were many Inns in that Road, where Travellers, who were not in haſte, might comfortably refreſh themſelves: but the *Appian* Road, being paved with Stone, did formerly (and does to this day, where it remains paved) very much ſhake and fatigue ſuch as travel over it haſtily in Poſt-chaiſes.

Jam ſatis eſt. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora. mali culices, ranæque paluſtres
Avertunt ſomnos. abſentem ut cantat amicam
Multa prolutus vappa nauta, atque viator
Certatim: tandem feſſus dormire viator
Incipit; ac miſſæ paſtum retinacula mulæ
Nauta piger ſaxo religat, ſtertitque ſupinus.
Jamque dies aderat, nil cum procedere lintrem
Sentimus: donec cerebroſus proſilit unus,
Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumboſque ſaligno
Fuſte dolat. quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
Ora manuſque tua lavimur, Feronia, lympha.
Millia tum pranſi tria repimus; atque ſubimus
Impoſitum ſaxis late candentibus Anxur *.

* The Hill on which this City was ſituated, conſiſted of a ſort of Stones, which were famous for making white Lime and Mortar.

Legati;

already. Ho there! the Boat's full. What with demanding the Fare, and harneſſing the Mule, it was an Hour at leaſt before we put off. The Gnats and Frogs prevented my ſleeping; at length the Bargeman, being very bouzy, fell a ſinging in praiſe of his abſent Miſtreſs, and the Paſſengers ſung againſt him in praiſe of theirs, till they were tired, and began to fall aſleep; the Bargeman ſeeing this, firſt faſtned the Boat to a Point of a Rock with the Mule's Traces, who was now ſent a grazing, and then he laid himſelf down on his Belly, and fell a ſnoring.

IT was now day, when we perceiv'd the Barge to be at a ſtand; upon which, one in the Company, more paſſionate than the reſt, leap'd on the Shore, and having firſt provided himſelf with a good Willow-Cudgel, he exercis'd it upon the Mule and the Bargeman's Head and Back, as long as he cou'd ſtand; but notwithſtanding this, it was ten of the Clock before we landed at * *Feronia.*

HERE we immediately waſh'd our Hands and Faces in the Fountain; this done, we ſat down to Breakfaſt; after which we made a ſlow Journey of about three Miles, and reached † *Anxur*, a Town ſituated on the Top of Rocks, the Whiteneſs of which makes them viſible at a great diſtance.

* *Feronia*, a little Village within three Miles of *Terracina:* Near this Place was a Grove and Fountain conſecrated to *Juno* under the Name of *Feronia*. *Strabo* relates, that thoſe who ſacrific'd to her, walk'd bare-foot upon burning Coals, without hurting themſelves; a very pleaſant Relation.

† *Anxur*, now *Terracina*, a City ſituated on a Hill, which reaches along the Sea-ſide from *Oſtia* to *Naples*; it was called *Anxur*, becauſe *Jupiter Anxurus* was worſhipp'd there.

Huc venturus erat Mæcenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
Legati; aversos soliti componere amicos.
Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
Inlinere. interea Mæcenas advenit, atque
Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
Factus homo, Antonî, non ut magìs alter, amicus.
Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
Linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ,
Prætextam, & latum clavum, prunæque batillum.
In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Muræna præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
Postera lux oritur multo gratissima: namque
Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque
Occurrunt; animæ, qualis neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque quîs me sit devinctior alter.

HERE it was that the excellent *Mæcenas* and *Cocceius* were expected, who were both of them ſent with a publick Character upon Affairs of importance, and who had both made it their Practice to compoſe Differences among Friends. As I was anointing my Eyes, which were weak, with the black Ointment, word was brought me, that *Mæcenas*, *Cocceius*, and *Fonteius Capito*, a moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman, and an intimate Friend of *Marc Antony*'s, were juſt arriv'd. We purſued our Journey the next day, and came to * *Fundi*, where *Luſcus* was † *Prætor*. We left this Place very willingly, after we had laughed at the Honours which that Madman of a Scribe aſſumed to himſelf, namely, the Magiſtrate's Robe, the broad Facing called the *Laticlave*, and the Baſon of burning Coals carried before him. In the evening we came to ‖ *Formia*, where we ſtaid, being much fatigued: *Muræna* gave us the uſe of his Houſe, and *Capito* invited us to his Table. But the next Day was infinitely the moſt pleaſant part of our Journey: ‡ *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotius* met us at ** *Sinueſſa*, who are my very good Friends, and certainly the beſt and ſincereſt Men upon the face of the Earth.

* *Fundi*, a little City twenty Miles from *Terracina*, famous for its excellent Wine.

† An Officer created to aſſiſt the *Conſuls* in adminiſtring Juſtice: There was at firſt but one, but the Number afterwards was conſiderably multiplied, the Government of the Provinces being committed to them.

‖ *Formia*, a ſmall City remarkable for the Birth of *Mamurra*, who was one of the richeſt and moſt conſiderable Men among the *Romans*. *Muræna* and *Capito* had each of them a Houſe in this Place.

‡ *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotius*, three eminent Poets: *Varius* and *Plotius* were employ'd by *Auguſtus* in reviewing *Virgil's Æneids* after his Death.

** *Sinueſſa*, a City ſituated in *Terra di Lavoro*, near the River *Liris*; it hath long ſince been ruin'd; in the place of it is *Rocca di Mandragone*.

'Tis

O qui conplexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jocundo ſanus amico.
Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum
Præbuit; & parochi, quæ debent, ligna ſalemque.
Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
Luſum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgiliuſque:
Namque pila lippis inimicum & ludere crudis.
Hinc nos Cocceii recipit pleniſſima villa,
Quæ ſuper eſt Caudî cauponas. nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti ſcurræ pugnam Meſsîque Cicirri,
Muſa, velim memores: & quo patre natus uterque
Contulerit lites. Meſsî clarum genus Oſci:
Sarmenti domina exſtat. ab his majoribus orti
Ad pugnam venere. prior Sarmentus; Equi te

Eſſe

'Tis impoſſible to imagine the Joy and Satisfaction which then poſſeſſed us; while my Judgment is ſound, it will ever be my Opinion, that an agreeable pleaſant Friend is the greateſt of Bleſſings. We lodg'd that Night in a little Village near the Bridge of *Campania*, where the * Commiſſaries brought us Salt and Wood, according to cuſtom. The next day we arriv'd early at † *Capua*. *Mæcenas* immediately went to the Tennis-Court; *Virgil* and my ſelf compos'd our ſelves to ſleep, that kind of Diverſion being neither good for ſore Eyes, nor an ill Digeſtion. From hence we were conducted to *Cocceius*'s Seat, ſituated beyond the Inns of *Caudium*, who regal'd us with plenty of every thing.

HERE I invoke the aſſiſtance of my Muſe, in relating a famous and memorable Scuffle, which happen'd between *Sarmentus* the Buffoon, and *Meſſius Cicirrus:* Say, my Muſe, whence were they deſcended, and what was the Conteſt which they had with each other? *Meſſius* deriv'd his Pedigree from the ‖ *Oſcians*; *Sarmentus* was a Slave, whoſe Miſtreſs was then living; this was their Origin. Being enter'd the Liſts, *Sarmentus* claim'd the Poſt of Honour, and began the Attack; he told *Meſſius*, that his Face

* *Julia lex prima*, the Author *C. Julius Cæſar Conſul*, with *M. Calpurnius Bibulus*, A. U. C. 691. compriz'd under ſeveral Heads; the ſecond of which was, That the Towns and Villages, through which a *Roman* Magiſtrate paſs'd towards the Provinces, ſhould be obliged to ſupply him and his Retinue, with Salt, Wood, Corn, Lodging, and other Conveniencies.

† *Capua*, the Capital City of *Campania*, built upon the *Vulturnus*, two Miles from the Ruins call'd the Seat of Pleaſure, and was compar'd with *Rome* and *Carthage* for Magnificence. It is now in a declining Condition.

‖ A People of *Campania*, of the moſt infamous Character in all *Italy*.

was

Esse feri similem dico. Ridemus: & ipse
Messius, Accipio: caput & movet. O, tua cornu
Ni foret exsecto frons, inquit, quid faceres; cum
Sic mutilus miniteris? at illi fœda cicatrix
Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat:
Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
Multa Cicirrus ad hæc: Donasset jamne catenam
Ex voto Laribus, quærebat: scriba quod esset,
Nihilo deterius dominæ jus esse. rogabat
Denique, cur umquam fugisset; cum satis una
Farris libra foret, gracili sic, tamque pusillo.
Prorsus jocunde cœnam producimus illam.
Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum; ubi sedulus hospes
Pene, macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igni.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam

Vulcano,

was like that of a wild Horſe. *Meſſius* nodded his Head, and bad him proceed; at which the whole Company burſt out a laughing. O! ſaid *Sarmentus*, what a dangerous Fellow would you be if your Horn were on, when you threaten ſo without it? (for you muſt know that *Meſſius* had at that time the Mark of a Wen in his hairy Forehead, which had lately been cut off) he continued to jeſt on his botchy Face, and to rally the common Diſtemper of *Campania*; at laſt he deſired him to come out and dance the Jig of *Polyphemus*. Upon my word, *Meſſius*, there is no want of Maſques and Buſkins, your Air, and Shape, and Mien are the ſame; you are the *Cyclop* all over. To all this *Meſſius* made ſuitable Returns. He aſk'd *Sarmentus*, if he had yet offer'd up his Chains in ſacrifice to the Houſhold Gods? Tho' you are now a Scribe, yet your Miſtreſs's Right over you is ſtill the ſame: Prithee, Sirrah, continued he, how came you to run away? Is not a Pound of Bread a ſufficient *quantum* for ſuch a little, ſuch a ſkinny Wretch as you are? With ſuch Merriment as this, we diverted our ſelves all the time we were at Supper.

LEAVING *Capua*, we went directly to * *Beneventum*, where our officious Hoſt, being over-diligent in roaſting ſome poor lean Thruſhes, almoſt roaſted himſelf; the Fire by accident falling down, the Flame immediately ſpread it

* *Benevent*, a City in the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the Title of a Dutchy and Archbiſhoprick: It was built by *Diomedes* in his Return from *Troy*, and by him nam'd *Maleventum*, which the *Romans*, upon their ſending a Colony thither, chang'd into *Beneventum*, which Name it has retained ever ſince. *Orbilius* the Whipping School-maſter, to whoſe Care *Horace* was entruſted, was born here.

Vulcauo, ſummum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cænam, ſervoſque timentis
Tum rapere, atque omnis reſtinguere velle videres.
Incipit ex illo montis Appulia notos
Oſtentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus; & quos
Nunquam erepſemus, niſi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepiſſet, lacrimoſo non ſine fumo,
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
Hic ego mendacem ſtultiſſimus uſque puellam
Ad mediam noctem exſpecto: ſomnus tamen aufert
Intentum veneri: tum inmundo ſomnia viſu
Nocturnam veſtem maculant, ventremque ſupinum.
Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
Manſuri oppidulo, quod verſu dicere non eſt,
Signis perfacile eſt. venit viliſſima rerum
Hic aqua; ſed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
Callidus ut ſoleat humeris portare viator:
Nam Canuſî lapidoſus; aquæ non ditior urna.
[Qui locus a forti Diomede eſt conditus olim.]
Flentibus hic Varius diſcedit mœſtus amicis.
Inde Rubos feſſi pervenimus; utpote longum
Carpentes iter, & factum corruptius imbri.
Poſtera tempeſtas melior, via pejor, ad uſque

ſelf through the Kitchen, and before we could tell where we were, was at the top of the Houſe. It was pleaſant to obſerve, how both Gueſts and Servants were as ſollicitous to ſave their Supper as to extinguiſh the Fire.

AT this place we firſt diſcover'd the Mountains of *Apulia*, which were ſo burnt up by a ſcorching Wind, (which the Inhabitants call *Atabulus*) that we could not poſſibly have paſs'd them, had we not refreſh'd our ſelves at a Village near * *Trivicus*, where our Eyes were almoſt put out, by the Smoke of ſome green Wood which was thrown upon the Fire. From thence we travell'd in a Poſt-chaiſe to † *Equotutium*, which was about four and twenty Miles; this Place is very remarkable for its bad Water, which is ſold in this Village like other Commodities; nor is it leſs famous for its excellent Bread, inſomuch that all Travellers provide themſelves here with what they have occaſion for, that of ‖ *Canuſium* (which was built by *Diomedes*, and no more abounds with Water than the other Place) being gritty and full of Stones. Here we had the Misfortune to loſe *Varius*, who left us in great grief; nor were we leſs diſconſolate at his departure.

THE next day we came to ‡ *Rubi*, but tir'd, becauſe the Journey was long, and the Road bad, by reaſon of much Rain; from thence

* *Trivicus*, a great ſtrong City in the Kingdom of *Naples*, ſurrounded on all ſides with Water, and therefore of difficult Acceſs.

† *Equotutium*, a ſmall Village of no note.

‖ *Canuſium*, a Town ſituated on the ſide of a Hill, about five Miles from *Canna*; it was formerly of great eſteem for its Gold-colour'd Wool, which made very rich and fine Cloth; it is now call'd *Canoſa*.

‡ *Rubi*, a ſmall Village eighteen Miles from *Canoſa*.

Barî mœnia piſcoſi. dein Gnatia lymphis
Iratis exſtructa dedit riſuſque jocoſque:
Dum flamma ſine tura liqueſcere limine ſacro
Perſuadere cupit. credat Judæus Apella, 100
Non ego. namque Deos didici ſecurum agere ævum;
Nec, ſi quid miri faciat natura, Deos id
Triſtis ex alto cœli demittere tecto.
Brundiſium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

SATIRA

we continued our Course to * *Bari*; the Roads were worse, but the Weather somewhat better. The Sea, which comes up to the Walls of this Place, is very famous for plenty of good Fish. Keeping along the Shore, we came to † *Gnatia*, which seems to have been built in spite of the Water; the Inhabitants are very fooliſh and superstitious; and made us laugh with endeavouring to persuade us, that the Incense, which they put at the entrance of their Temple, dissolv'd of it self, without any Fire. Let *Apella* the *Jew* believe this, if he pleases, for my part I shall never be so credulous; for I have learn'd, that the Gods live an easy and quiet Life, without interposing in human Affairs; and that, consequently, if any thing extraordinary happens in Nature, they are not to be thought the Authors of it.

From *Gnatia* we journey'd on to ‖ *Brundusium*, which put an end to our Tour, and to the long Account, which I have here given of it.

* *Bari*, a Town situated on the *Adriatick*, the Capital of a Province call'd the Land of *Bari*.

† *Gnatia*, now *Gnazzi*, or *Nazzi*, a Town situated on the *Adriatick*, between *Bari* and *Brindes*. A Miracle, of much the same kind as this, is yet pretended by the *Papists* at *Naples*, who upon every extraordinary Occasion, expose the Blood of St. *Januarius*, which, as they tell you, is liquified at the approach of the Saint's Head, tho' it was hard congeal'd before. Mr. *Addison*, in his Remarks on several Parts of *Italy*, says, That though he twice saw the Operation of this pretended Miracle, yet he thinks it so far from being a real one, that he looks upon it as one of the most bungling Tricks that he ever saw; and yet Monsieur *Pascal* has, among others, hinted at this very Miracle in his Marks of the true Religion.

‖ *Brundusium*, now *Brindes*, a Town situated at the beginning of the *Adriatick*, between *Otranto* and *Bari*; it has an excellent Port.

SATIRA VI.

NON, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quicquid Etruſcos
Incoluit finis, nemo generoſior eſt te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent;
Ut plerique ſolent, naſo ſuſpendis adunco
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum.
Cum referre negas, quali ſit quiſque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus: perſuades hoc tibi vere,
Ante poteſtatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,

Multos

SATIRE VI.

THO' you, *Mæcenas*, are deſcended from as noble and antient a Family as any of the *Lydians*, who are ſettled in *Etruria*; tho' your Grandfathers, both by Father and Mother, have commanded mighty Armies; yet, notwithſtanding theſe great Advantages, you do not, like other Men of Quality, contemn a Perſon for the Meanneſs of his Origin; no, not even me, whoſe * Father was only a Slave made free: You publickly declare that you do not ſo much regard a Man's Family as the Man himſelf; that you never mind what his Parents were, ſo he be an † honeſt worthy Man; you judge, and that very rightly, that long before the Reign of ‖ *Tullius*, whoſe Mother was a Captive, there were many Perſons of ignoble

Men to be regarded rather for their Virtues than for their Deſcent.

* *Libertinus* is here put for *Libertus*; they who were free of the City of *Rome*, are generally diſtinguiſh'd into *Ingenui*, *Libertini*, and *Liberti*. The *Ingenui* were ſuch as were born free; and of Parents that had always been ſo; the *Libertini* were the Children of thoſe who had obtain'd their Freedom; the *Liberti*, ſuch as had actually been made free themſelves. But notwithſtanding this Diſtinction, it muſt be confeſſed, that *Plautus*, *Tully*, and others, uſe *Libertus* and *Libertinus* indifferently for a Perſon who had obtain'd his Freedom.

† *Ingenuus* in this place does not ſignify one that was born free, but has relation to the Morals and good Diſpoſition of the Perſon to whom it is apply'd.

‖ *Servius Tullius*, the ſixth King of *Rome*; he was murder'd by *Tarquinius Superbus*, his Son-in-Law, at the inſtigation of his own Daughter *Tullia*, after he had reign'd forty four Years.

Multos ſæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos
Et vixiſſe probos, amplis & honoribus auctos:
Contra, Lævinum, Valerî genus, unde Superbus
Tarquinius regno pulſus fugit, unius aſſis
Non unquam pretio pluris licuiſſe, notante
Judice, quo noſti, populo: qui ſtultus honores
Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ ſervit ineptus;
Qui ſtupet in titulis & imaginibus. quid oportet
Vos facere, a volgo longe longeque remotos?
Namque eſto: populus Lævino mallet honorem
Quam Decio mandare novo: Cenſorne moveret
Appius, ingenuo ſi non eſſem patre natus?
Vel merito, quoniam in propria non pelle quieſſem.
Sed fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru

Extraction, who were eminent for their Probity, and no leſs conſiderable for the Titles and Dignities, to which by their Merits they advanc'd themſelves. And that, on the contrary, *Lævinus* (whoſe Anceſtor *Valerius* deliver'd his Country from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*) was not to be valued a whit the more for that, as the Common-people themſelves judg'd, whoſe Tempers you are well acquainted with: The Common-people, who oftentimes very fooliſhly beſtow Honours upon ſuch as are unworthy of them; who are always ſo unſkilful, as to follow blindly common Fame; and whoſe Eyes are dazled with the Shew of Titles, and of Statues of Anceſtors which ſome carry in proceſſion.

How then ought ſuch as you to act, whoſe Sentiments are ſo widely different from the Vulgar? But, ſuppoſe that the People following the bent of their Inclinations, would lay aſide *Decius*, a Man of known Merit, but of a mean Extraction, and give their Votes in favour of *Lævinus* (how unworthy ſoever) to be one of their Magiſtrates, becauſe a Perſon of Condition; and ſuppoſe that ſome rigid * Cenſor, like *Appius*, would hinder me from ſtanding for any Poſt, for not being the Son of a Freeman: Truly, I can't ſay but he would be in the right of it, ſince I was not contented with my own † Condition. To excuſe their ambitious Purſuit after Glory, Men generally pretend that the Chariot of the Goddeſs is ſo exquiſitely tempt-

* *Cenſor*, an Officer of great Repute among the *Romans*; his Buſineſs was to ſurvey the People, and to cenſure their Manners; he had the power to puniſh an Immorality in any Perſon of what Order ſoever, the Senators themſelves not excepted.

† *Quoniam in propria non pelle quieſſem*, the Poet alludes in this Place to the Fable of the Aſs in the Lion's Skin.

Non minus ignotos generoſis. quo tibi, Tilli,
Sumere depoſitum clavom, fierique tribuno?
Invidia adcrevit, privato quæ minor eſſet.
Nam ut quiſque inſanus nigris medium impediit crus
Pellibus, & latum demiſit pectore clavum;
Audit continuo; Quis homo hic, aut quo patre natus?
Ut ſi qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
Ut cupiat formoſus; eat quacumque, puellis
Injiciat curam quærendi ſingula; quali
Sit facie, ſura, quali pede, dente, capillo:
Sic qui promittit, civis, Urbem ſibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;
Quo patre ſit natus, num ignota matre inhoneſtus,
Omnis mortalis curare & quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionyſi filius, audes
Dejicere e ſaxo civis, aut tradere Cadmo?

ing, that the Prince and Peaſant are both alike charm'd with its Splendor and Magnificence.

BUT tell me, * *Tillius*, what Advantage was it to you, to reſume your former Seat in the Senate, and to be a *Tribune?* The People envy you more now, than they would have done, had you been in a private Condition. For when any one affects to appear on a ſudden in black Buſkins, and in a Senator's Robe, People preſently aſk, (and 'tis very natural for them to do ſo) Who is this Man? Who was his Father? As when any one labours under the ſame Diſtemper, as *Barrus* did, and wiſhes for nothing ſo much as to be thought a handſome Fellow; where-ever he goes, the Ladies examine him from Head to Foot; they immediately aſk, Whether he has a good Face, a well-ſhape'd Leg, whether his Foot be handſome, whether he has a good Set of Teeth and Head of Hair?

'TIS juſt the ſame, when a Man pretends to take care of the City, to govern the Empire, preſide over *Italy*, and to inſpect the Temples of the Gods; all Men are ſollicitous to be appriz'd of his Family, and, of courſe, enquire what were his Anceſtors? Oh! ſay they, dare you who are the Son of a † *Syrus*, *Demetrius*, or *Dionyſius*, ſentence a Citizen to be thrown down headlong from the *Tarpeian* Rock? or to be deliver'd up to the cruel ‖ *Cadmus?* You re-

* *Tillius*, a Perſon of an obſcure Birth and ill Morals, who was oblig'd by *Cæſar* to lay aſide the *Laticlave* for having ſided with *Pompey*. *Cæſar* being dead, *Tillius* reſum'd it, and was ſome time after created Tribune, all things being then in ſo great Confuſion, that the vileſt Slaves were made Senators.

† The *Roman* Slaves were for the moſt part *Syrians*, and were uſually call'd *Demetrius*, or *Dionyſius*.

‖ *Cadmus*, the Name of one of the *Lictors*, who carried the *Ax* and *Faſces* before the *Conſuls*.

At Novius collega gradu poſt me ſedet uno:
Namque eſt ille, pater quod erat meus. Hoc tibi Paullus,
Et Meſſala videris? at hic, ſi ploſtra ducenta,
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna ſonabit
Cornua quod vincatque tubas: ſaltem tenet hoc nos.
Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum:
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum:
Nunc, quia ſum tibi Mæcenas convictor; at olim,
* *Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.*
Diſſimili hoc illi eſt: quia non, ut forſit honorem
Jure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum;
Præſertim cautum† dignos adſumere: pravâ
Ambitione procul. felicem dicere non hoc
Me poſſunt, caſu quod te ſortitus amicum:
Nulla etenim tibi me fors obtulit. optimus olim
Virgilius, poſt hunc Varius, dixere quid eſſem.
Ut veni coram, ſingultim pauca locutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,

Sed,

* Tho' *Horace*'s Character may be eaſily collected from Hiſtory and his own Works, it is little obſerv'd by any of his Commentators: The general Idea conceiv'd of him, being drawn chiefly from his precarious and low Circumſtances at Court, after the Forfeiture of his Eſtate, under the Uſurpation and Conqueſt of OCTAVIUS, and the Miniſtry of MÆCENAS; not from his better Condition and nobler Employments in earlier days, under the Favour and Friendſhip of greater and better Men, whilſt the *Roman* State and Liberty ſubſiſted. Of which Change he himſelf gives ſufficient Intimation, both in this Place, and in his Second Epiſtle, Book II.

† I am apt to think that this Place ſhould be pointed and read thus:

—— —— dignos adſumere: pravâ
Ambitione procul, Felicem dicere non hoc
Me poſſum, caſu —— i. e *Without Ambition I may ſay, that it was not owing to meer Chance that I have the Happineſs of being one of your Friends:* And I like this Reading

ply, *Novius* my Collegue is a Degree below me; he is but what my Father was, and yet he is a Senator. What of that? do you therefore fancy your ſelf a * *Paulus Æmilius*, or *Meſſala Corvinus?* As for *Novius*, his Lungs are ſo prodigiouſly ſtrong, that in a Stop of two hundred Drays, and three Funerals with their Train of Horns and Trumpets, his Voice was much ſuperior to them all; and do you think this nothing?

He gives an Account how he came acquainted with *Mæcenas*, his Patron.

BUT to return. 'Tis objected againſt me, that my Father was a freed-Man; this proceeds, partly, from the Honour I have of eating at your Table; partly, from my having had a ſhare in the Command of a *Roman* † *Legion*. How ſtrangely different are theſe two Articles! Tho' they might envy my being a *Tribune* in *Brutus*'s Army; yet what can they object againſt your being my Friend? You, who are careful to chooſe none but Men of Merit, Men who are free from Intrigues and Cabals? They can't ſay, that it was owing to meer Chance, that I have the happineſs of being one of your Friends; for it was not good Luck only that threw me in your way: *Virgil* and *Varius* were my Advocates in your favour; they gave you my Character. When I appear'd in your Preſence, I ſpoke but little, and that with heſitation (for I was ſo daſh'd, that I could not ſay much:) I did not pretend that my Father was a Gentleman of a good Family, or that I had a large Eſtate, and us'd to ride about my Manor on a *Barbary* Horſe; but told you what I was.

* *Paulus Æmilius* and *Meſſala Corvinus*, two illuſtrious *Romans*.

† A *Roman Legion* conſiſted of thirty *Manipuli*, which made about 6000 Men, who were commanded by ſix *Tribunes*, or *Colonels*.

You

Sed, quod eram, narro: reſpondes (ut tuus eſt
mos)
Pauca: abeo: & revocas nono poſt menſe, jubeſque
Eſſe in amicorum numero, magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi ſecernis honeſtum,
Non patre præclaro, ſed vita & pectore puro.
Atqui ſi vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
Mendoſa eſt natura, alioqui recta; (velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprendas corpore nævos)
Si neque avaritiam, neque ſordis, aut mala luſtra
Objiciet vere quiſquam mihi; purus & inſons,
(Ut me collaudem) ſi & vivo carus amicis;
Cauſa fuit pater his: qui macro pauper agello
Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere; magni
Quo pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,
Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra;
Sed puerum eſt auſus Romam portare, docendum
Artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque ſenator
Semet prognatos: veſtem, ſervoſque ſequentes
In magno ut populo ſi qui vidiſſet, avitâ
Ex re præberi ſumtus mihi crederet illos.
Ipſe mihi cuſtos incorruptiſſimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat. quid multa? pudicum

ing the better, becauſe *Horace* ſpeaks almoſt in the ſame Words, *Sat.* x.

Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere poſſum;
Pollio —— —— ——

(Qui

You gave me your Anſwer in ſhort, according to your Cuſtom, and I departed. About nine Months after, you were pleas'd to ſend for me, and to enroll me in the Number of your Friends. This indeed is a conſiderable Advantage, and I cannot but value my ſelf upon it, that being deſtitute of Birth and Fortune, my Merit and Honeſty recommended me to your Favour, who are ſo excellent a Judge of Mankind.

He gives a farther Account of his Education.

IF I am of an honeſt and virtuous Diſpoſition, if my Faults are few and inconſiderable, like ſome little Spots in a beautiful Face, which nevertheleſs is charming and agreeable; if no Man can juſtly accuſe me of Covetouſneſs, of frequenting Houſes of an ill Reputation, or of doing any baſe, or diſhonourable Action; if (to ſay thus much in my own commendation) I lead an honeſt and innocent Life, and am dear to my Friends, I owe all to my Father; who, notwithſtanding his ſhort and narrow Circumſtances, diſdain'd to put me to *Flavius*'s School, (where ſeveral great Men plac'd their Sons, who carry'd on their Arms, their Counters, and Tables, and Money for their Maſters, which they conſtantly paid 'em every Month.) No! my generous Father had the Courage and Spirit to carry me to *Rome*, and to give me a noble and liberal Education, ſuch as Knights, and even Senators themſelves beſtow'd upon their Children. I was ſo well dreſs'd, and had ſuch a number of Servants at command, that they who ſaw me cou'd not but conclude me a Perſon of Condition. My good old Father, like a faithful Guardian, was never from me; he was always at hand when my Maſters inſtructed me. In a word, he preſerv'd

(Qui primus virtutis honos) ſervavit ab omni
Non ſolum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi :
Nec timuit ſibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipſe) coactor
Mercedes ſequerer ; neque ego eſſem queſtus. ad hæc nunc
Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
Nil me pœniteat ſanum patris hujus : eoque
Non, ut magna dolo factum negat eſſe ſuo pars,
Quod non ingenuos habeat claroſque parentes,
Sic me defendam. longè mea diſcrepat iſtis
Et vox & ratio, nam ſi natura juberet
A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,
Atque alios legere ad faſtum quoſcunque parentes
Optaret ſibi quiſque : meis contentus, honeſtos
Faſcibus & ſellis nollem mihi ſumere ; demens
Judicio vulgi, ſanus fortaſſe tuo ; quod
Nollem onus, haud unquam ſolitus, portare moleſtum.
Nam mihi continuo major quærenda foret res,
Atque ſalutandi plures ; ducendus & unus
Et comes alter, utì ne ſolus ruſve peregréve
Exirem ; plures calones atque caballi
Paſcendi ; ducenda petorrita. nunc mihi curto
Ire licet, mulo, vel, ſi libet, uſque Tarentum ;

Mantica

ſerv'd my Modeſty, which is the Foundation of Virtue, and thereby kept me not only from baſe and diſhoneſt Actions, but from all Cenſure on that account: He was under no apprehenſion, that my ſelf or others would ever reproach him for what he did, if afterwards I ſhould get no better an Employment than that of a Crier, or a Collector of the Cuſtoms, as he himſelf was. For that very reaſon his Praiſe is the greater, and ſo are my Acknowledgments. While I enjoy the uſe of my Reaſon, I will never be aſham'd of ſo good a Father, much leſs will I follow their Example, who, to excuſe the meanneſs of their Birth, are perpetually complaining, that it was not their fault, but rather their misfortune, that their Fathers were not Men of Quality. For my part, I muſt differ from them; inſomuch that were it permitted us by Nature, to begin again to live, and to chooſe what manner of Parents we pleas'd, ſuch as our Vanity would ſuggeſt unto us; not Conſuls, nor Senators ſhould be my choice, I would rather continue contented with my own. The common People may think me diſtracted, but you, *Mæcenas*, have different Sentiments; you will think it an Act of Wiſdom in me in refuſing thoſe Titles which would certainly diſturb my Quiet and Well-being. Were I the Son of a Conſul, or *Prætor*, how ſollicitous muſt I be in providing my ſelf with a competent Eſtate? How many more Perſons muſt be ſaluted? I muſt never go into the Country unattended, Horſes and Coaches muſt be hir'd, and Grooms and Pages muſt be ſubſiſted. Whereas, as I am, I can ride when I pleaſe, upon my little gall'd Mule, with my Wallet behind me, who is hardly able to carry both, as

The Inconveniencies of Greatneſs.

Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
Objiciet nemo ſordes mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
Cum Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque ſequuntur
Te pueri, laſanum portantes ænophorumque.
Hoc ego commodiùs, quàm tu, præclare ſenator, 110
Millibus atque aliis, vivo. quacunque libido eſt,
Incedo ſolus: percontor quanti olus, ac far:
Fallacem Circum, veſpertinumque pererro
Sæpe forum: aſſiſto divinis: inde domum me
Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum. 115
Cœna miniſtratur pueris tribus: & lapis albus
Pocula cum cyatho duo ſuſtinet: adſtat echinus
Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana ſupellex.
Deinde eo dormitum; non ſollicitus, mihi quòd cras
Surgendum ſit manè, obeundus Marſya, qui ſe 120

Voltum

as far as * *Tarentum*. I paſs unobſerv'd, and eſcape the Cenſure and Reflections of the World; but you, *Tillius*, when as Prætor you appear in the *Tiburtine* Road, with your Equipage of five Footmen, one carrying your Pots, another your Wine, are rail'd at and condemn'd by all Men for your Covetouſneſs: So that all things conſider'd, tho' you are a great Senator, yet my Life is infinitely preferable to yours, and to a thouſand others. I enjoy my Liberty, and go alone where I pleaſe; I aſk the Price of Herbs and Barley; I walk one while in the *Circus*, which uſually abounds with Quacks and Cheats; then I ſtrole about the *Forum*, and amuſe my ſelf with liſtening to thoſe who pretend to tell Mens Fortune; and from thence I ſaunter home, where my Pulſe, Leeks, and Onions are got ready for my Supper. I have three Boys to ſerve me at Table; on my Side-board ſtand two Cups and a Bottle; beſides theſe, I have a Baſon, Diſh, and Ewer, all right *Campanian* Ware. Supper being over, I go quietly to Bed, where I ſleep ſecurely; free from the Apprehenſions of being cited by break of Day, to make my appearance before † *Marſyas*'s Sta-

* *Tarentum*, *Urbs Salentinorum*, a City of the Province of *Otranto*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*: It is now an Archbiſhop's See, ſmall, but ſtrong and well inhabited, defended by a Caſtle. *Horace* was ſo pleas'd with the ſight of this City, that he wiſh'd it might be one of thoſe in which he ſhould ſpend the latter part of his Life: For this Corner of the World (ſaith he) ſeems to be one of the moſt beautiful, having plenty of excellent Honey, delicate Oil and Wine, little inferior to that of *Falernum*, an early Spring and a ſoft Winter, rendering it a pleaſant Habitation to an old Man. *Lib.* II. *Ode* VI.

† The Judges us'd to aſſemble near the Statue of *Marſyas*.

Voltum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
Ad quartam jaceo: post hanc vagor, aut ego lecto,
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet. unguor olivo,
Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum 125
Admonuit, fugio Campum lusumque trigonem.
Pransus non avidè, quantum interpellet inani
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. hæc est
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.
His me consolor, victurum suaviùs ac si 130
Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuisset,

SATIRA VII.

PROSCRIPTI Regis Rupilî pus atque venenum
Hybrida quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor
Omnibus & lippis notum & tonsoribus esse.
Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat

Clazomenis,

tue, who by his threatning Poſture diſcovers an Uneaſineſs at the ſight of young * *Novius*.

I LIE till Ten, when having wrote or read ſomething for my Diverſion, I ſtrole abroad, and am anointed with Oil; but for this purpoſe I get the beſt I can, and do not, like the naſty miſerable *Natta*, defraud the Lamps of what I have occaſion for. When the Weather is ſultry, I refreſh my ſelf with Bathing, and refrain from Exerciſe; I eat no more at Dinner, than what will juſt allay my Appetite till the Evening; and then I ſpend the reſt of the Day in leiſure at home. This is the Life of thoſe few wiſe Men, who are free from Ambition; theſe are my Enjoyments, and with theſe I live a more happy Life, than if my Uncle, Father, or Grandfather had been a Lord High-Treaſurer.

* This *Novius* was a very ſordid, covetous Wretch.

SATIRE VII.

THERE are very few Perſons, tho' but little inquiſitive after News, who have not heard how *Perſius* the Mungrel reveng'd himſelf upon that Outlaw *Rupilius*, ſirnamed the *King*, for the foul Language which he gave him. This *Perſius* was a rich Merchant who traded much to †*Cla-*

An Account of a Conteſt between *Perſius* and *Rupilius*, who was ſirnamed the *King*.

† *Clazomene*, a Town in *Ionia*, in *Aſia Minor*, ſituated on the *Ægean Sea*, between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, famous for a Temple which was conſecrated to *Apollo Grynæus*; and for the Birth of *Anaxagoras*, and ſeveral other eminent Philoſophers. *Strabo*, Lib. XIV.

Clazomenis, etiam litis cum Rege moleſtas;
Durus homo, atque odio qui poſſet vincere Regem;
Confidens, tumiduſque; adeo ſermonis amari,
Siſennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.
Ad Regem redeo. poſtquam nihil inter utrumque
Convenit: hoc etenim ſunt omnes jure moleſti,
Quo fortes, quibus adverſum bellum incidit. inter
Hectora Priamiden, animoſum atque inter Achillem
Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors:
Non aliam ob cauſam, niſi quod virtus in utroque
Summa fuit. duo ſi diſcordia verſet inertis;
Aut ſi diſparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedi
Cum Lycio Glauco: diſcedat pigrior, ultro
Muneribus miſſis. Bruto prætore tenente
Ditem Aſiam, Rupilî & Persî par pugnat, uti non
Conpoſiti melius cum Bitho Bacchius. in jus
Acres procurrunt; magnum ſpectaculum uterque.
Perſius exponit cauſam: ridetur ab omni
Conventu: laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem:

Solem

zomene: Rupilius and he fell out with one another; as to his Character, he was of a ſtubborn obſtinate Temper, and more troubleſome, if poſſible, than *Rupilius* himſelf; he was proud and arrogant, and ſo given to *Satire*, that * *Barrus* and *Siſenna* were not a Match for him.

ALL Ways were attempted to accommodate this Difference, but all to no purpoſe. When two Warriours fall out, if they once engage, 'tis difficult to part them; ſo it is with Men of litigious Tempers, they will not hear of a Reconciliation. *Hector* and *Achilles* were ſo enraged againſt each other, that nothing but Death could determine the Difference; and why was all this Paſſion, but becauſe they were ſuperior to all others in Valour? The Caſe is different between two Cowards, or between two Warriours of unequal Courage, ſuch as *Diomedes* and *Glaucus*; when theſe fall out, the weakeſt immediately ſues for Peace, and is glad, upon any Terms whatever, to make up the Quarrel.

THIS Conteſt commenc'd when *Brutus* the Prætor was in *Aſia: Bithus* and *Bacchius*, two famous Gladiators, were not more equally match'd than theſe two Combatants. It was a pleaſant Scene to ſee them enter the Hall together. *Perſius* was the firſt who open'd the Cauſe; he no ſooner began his Plea, but the Court fell a laughing; he commended *Brutus* and his Army to the Skies; he compar'd the

* Two *Satiriſts*, who made it their buſineſs to rail againſt others. There goes a remarkable Story of *Siſenna*, who being reproach'd in the Senate upon the account of his Wife, who was a very lewd and infamous Woman, Gentlemen, (ſaid he) I marry'd her by the Advice of *Auguſtus:* by which he gave them to underſtand, that he was oblig'd to do ſo, to conceal the Intimacy that was between her and the Emperor.

Solem Aſiæ Brutum adpellat, ſtellaſque ſalubris
Adpellat comites, excepto Rege: Canem illum,
Inviſum agricolis ſidus, veniſſe: ruebat
Flumen ut hybernum, fertur quo rara ſecuris.
Tum Prænestinus ſalſo multoque fluenti
Expreſſa arbuſto regerit convicia; durus
Vindemiator, & invictus, cui ſæpe viator
Ceſſiſſet magna compellans voce cuculum.
At Græcus, poſtquam eſt Italo perfuſus aceto,
Perſius exclamat: Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
Oro, qui reges conſueſti tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc, mihi crede, tuorum eſt.

SATIRA VIII.

OLIM truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum:
Cum faber incertus ſcamnum faceretne Priapum,

Maluit

General to the *Sun*, and his *great Commanders* to propitious *Stars*; but *Rupilius*, he ſaid, was like the *Dog-ſtar*, which Conſtellation has a very fatal and malignant Influence on the Labours of the Husbandman.

THUS he went on inveighing againſt him, like a Winter Torrent, which bears down Trees and Foreſts before it, where the Woodmen ſeldom appear with their Axes.

IN return to this ſharp impetuous Raillery, *Rupilius*, like a rude, blunt, ſurly Vine-dreſſer, who quarrels with Paſſengers, and out-rails all he meets, call'd the Merchant all the bitter Names which thoſe Ruſticks have very ready at command. *Perſius*, at laſt, was ſo grievouſly ſtung with the *Italian*'s Reproaches, that he cry'd out in a Paſſion, O *Brutus*, 'tis the Prerogative of your Family to deliver us from Kings; I adjure you by the immortal Gods, that you do not ſuffer this *Rupilius King* to plague us any longer; hang him, cut his Throat, do any thing with him, there is nothing that will better tranſmit your Name to future Ages, than ſo glorious an Action.

SATIRE VIII.

I WAS formerly the Trunk of an old uſeleſs Fig-Tree; the Carpenter was long in diſpute with himſelf what to do with me: One while he thought of making me a Bench, then again he reſolv'd I ſhould be a *Priapus*; after much Deliberation, he made me a *God*. From

Maluit esse Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
Maxima formido: nam fures dextra coërcet,
Obscœnoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus:
Ast importunas volucres in vertice arundo
Terret fixa, vetatque novis considere in hortis.
Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arca.
Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulcrum,
Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agrum
Hic dabat: hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
Aggere in aprico spatiari; qua modo tristes
Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.
Cum mihi non tantum furesque feræque suetæ
Hunc vexare locum, curæ sunt atque labori,
Quantum carminibus quæ versant atque venenis
Humanos animos. has nullo perdere possum
Nec prohibere modo; simul ac vaga luna decorum
Protulit os, quin ossa legant, herbasque nocentes.
Vidi egomet nigra succinctam vadere palla
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,
Cum Sagana majore ululantem, pallor utrasque

Fecerat

hence it is that I derive my Divinity, I who am the Terror of the Birds and Thieves; theſe I fright away with my Staff, and thoſe are ſo ſcar'd with my Crown of Reeds, that they dare not come nigh theſe new Gardens.

TO this Place formerly dead Bodies uſed to be brought, but of the meaneſt ſort, ſuch whom their Fellow-ſervants brought hither out of ſome blind Alley, on a Hackney-bier. This was the common Burying-place for the moſt neceſſitous People, for ſuch as * *Pantolabus* the Buffoon, and *Nomentanus* the Spendthrift.

IT reaches a thouſand Foot in breadth, in length three hundred; as we are inform'd by an old Inſcription, which expreſſes the Will of the Teſtator, to prevent his Heirs laying claim unto it.

THIS melancholy Place, which was ſo lately full of dead Mens Bones, is now happily chang'd into a healthful Garden, where one may walk upon an airy Terrace.

BUT the Birds and Thieves, which frequent theſe Walks, are nothing near ſo troubleſome to me, as thoſe who make uſe of Charms and Poiſons to change Mens Affections; the Moon is no ſooner riſen, than here they flock, to gather Bones and venomous Herbs; nor is it in the power of my Divinity to prevent them.

IT was no longer than laſt Night that I ſaw *Canidia*, in a ſhort black Gown with her Petticoats tuck'd up, her Feet naked, and her Hair looſe upon her Shoulders; the old Witch *Sagana* was with her; they howl'd horribly as

* Two young profligate Gentlemen, who had ſpent their Eſtates in riotous Living; they were both alive when this *Satire* was written.

Fecerat horrendas aſpectu. ſcalpere terram
Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt. cruor in foſſam confuſus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas reſponſa daturas.
Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea: major
Lanea, quæ pœnis compeſceret inferiorem.
Cerea ſuppliciter ſtabat, ſervilibus ut quæ.
Jam peritura modis. Hecaten vocat altera, ſævam
Altera Tiſiphonen. ſerpentis atque videres
Infernas errare canes; lunamque rubentem,
Ne foret his teſtis, poſt magna latere ſepulcra.
Mentior at ſi quid, merdis caput inquiner albis
Corvorum; atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatum
Julius, & fragilis Pediatia, furque Voranus.
Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes
Umbræ cum Sagana reſonârint triſte & acutum?

Utque

they went along, and their pale Faces made them look moſt hideouſly.

THEY ſcratch'd up the Earth with their Nails, and having made a little Pit, they fill'd it with the Blood of a black Lamb, which they tore to pieces with their Teeth: This done, they ſolemnly invok'd the infernal Spirits, whom they us'd to conſult upon all occaſions. They had two Images, one of Wool, the other of Wax; the woollen tormented the waxen, which was much the leaſt, and which ſtood, as it were, in a ſuppliant Poſture, like a poor Slave juſt before his Execution. *Canidia* call'd upon * *Hecate*, *Sagana* implor'd † *Tiſiphone*'s Aſſiſtance. At that inſtant you might have ſeen the Dogs and Serpents of the infernal Regions, running about the Garden. The Moon bluſh'd, and modeſtly withdrew her ſelf behind the Sepulchres, that ſhe might not be a witneſs of their abominable Incantations.

IF what I ſay be not true, may the Crows drop down their Dung upon me, nor may *Julius*, *Voranus*, or the ſoft effeminate *Pediatia* uſe me more civilly.

THERE is no occaſion to mention Particulars, how theſe Sorcereſſes and the Ghoſts entertain'd each other in a very ſhrill and mourn-

* *Hecate*, a Goddeſs call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* on Earth, and *Hecate*, or *Proſerpina*, in Hell. She is repreſented with three Heads, upon which account ſhe is called *Triceps* in *Ovid*, and *Tergemina* in *Virgil*. She is ſaid to detain the Souls of unburied People on this ſide *Styx* a hundred Years, and was therefore call'd *Hecate*, from the *Greek* Word Ἑκατόν: She was very ſkilful in Poiſons, and their Antidotes.

† *Tiſiphone*, one of the three Furies of Hell, ſo call'd from the *Greek* Word Τίσις, *Ultio*, and Φόνος, *Cædes*. This Fiction was invented to repreſent the unhappy Condition of the Wicked both in this World and the next.

ful

Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris, & imagine cerea
Largior arſerit ignis? & ut non teſtis inultus
Horruerim voces Furiarum & facta duarum?
Nam diſploſa ſonat quantum veſica, pepedi
Diffiſſa nate ficus. at illæ currere in urbem:
Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendrum
Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
Vincula, cum magno riſuque jocoque videres.

SATIRA IX.

IBAM ut forte via ſacra, ſicut meus eſt mos,
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum, & totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?
Suaviter, ut nunc eſt, inquam; & cupio omnia quæ vis.
Cum adſectaretur; Numquid vis? Occupo. at ille,
Noris nos, inquit: docti ſumus. Hic ego, Pluris
Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miſere diſcedere quærens,
Ire modo ocius, interdum conſiſtere, in aurem
Dicere neſcio quid puero. cum ſudor ad imos

Manaret

ful Tone; how they took a Wolf's Beard, and a ſpeckled Serpent's Teeth, and hid them ſecretly in the Ground; how the Fire blaz'd with the waxen Image; how in a juſt deteſtation of their Villanies, I reveng'd my ſelf upon them, by letting, on a ſudden, a thundering Fart, which was as loud as the burſting of a Bladder. It was pleaſant to ſee theſe two old Beldames hurrying towards the City in the utmoſt Confuſion; their Aſtoniſhment was ſo great, that they left their Tools and Charms behind them; *Canidia* loſt her Set of Teeth, *Sagana* her Towre; I leave you to judge, if a Man could poſſibly forbear laughing, at a ſight which was ſo very diverting.

SATIRE IX.

The Deſcription of an Impertinent.

AS I was walking the other day, in the Way that leads to the Capitol, very ſeriouſly meditating upon ſome Trifle or other, as my Cuſtom is; a Man, whom I only knew by Name, taking me by the Hand very familiarly, aſk'd me how I did. Very well, Sir, (ſaid I) for the Seaſon, I am your moſt humble Servant. Perceiving that he followed me, I aſk'd him if he had any farther Buſineſs; I have a mind (replies he) that you ſhould be acquainted with me, I am a Man of Letters. Oh Sir, ſaid I, I eſteem you the more. I endeavour'd in the mean time, all the Ways I could think of, to rid my ſelf of him; ſometimes I walk'd faſt, ſometimes I ſtood ſtill, then I whiſper'd my Servant, the Sweat all this time running

Manaret talos ; O te, Bolane, cerebri
Felicem, aiebam tacitus. cum quidlibet ille
Garriret ; vicos, urbem laudaret ; ut illi
Nil reſpondebam: Miſere cupis, inquit, abire,
Jamdudum video: ſed nil agis ; uſque tenebo:
Proſequar hinc, quo nunc iter eſt tibi. Nil opus eſt te
Circumagi: quendam volo viſere non tibi notum:
Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæſaris hortos.
Nil habeo quod agam, & non ſum piger ; uſque ſequar te.
Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis aſellus,
Cum gravius dorſo ſubiit onus. incipit ille:
Si bene Me novi, non Viſcum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies: nam quis me ſcribere pluris
Aut citius poſſit verſus? quis membra movere
Mollius? invideat quod & Hermogenes, ego canto.
Interpellandi locus hic erat: Eſt tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te ſalvo eſt opus? Haud mihi quiſquam:
Omnis compoſui. Felices! nunc ego reſto.
Confice: namque inſtat fatum mihi triſte, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit mota divina anus urna:

Hunc

running down to my heels. Oh! *Bolanus*, ſaid I to my ſelf, how happy are you in breaking looſe from an Impertinent. He continued talking at random to me, he extoll'd the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Rome*; then he commended the Streets and Houſes; till at length obſerving that I gave him no Anſwer, I find, Sir, ſaid he, that you are in pain to be gone; I have obſerv'd it for ſome time; but it muſt not be, I cannot leave you, where-e'er you go, you ſhall have me for your Companion. Sir, (ſays I) there is no occaſion for you to go out of your way; I am going to ſee a Friend that you are not acquainted with, and his Houſe is at a conſiderable diſtance, on the other ſide of the *Tiber*, near *Cæſar*'s *Gardens*. 'Tis no matter, Sir, ſaid he, I'll go along with you, I am perfectly at leiſure, and I love to be ſtirring. At this I hung down my Ears, like an Aſs who is out of humour at his being over-loaded. He proceeds, If I know my own Perfections, neither *Viſcus* nor *Varius* deſerve your Friendſhip better than my ſelf. I write more Verſes, and am readier in my Compoſitions, than any Man living; I dance finely and gracefully; and then for ſinging, my Voice is ſo ſweet, ſo agreeably charming, that I move the Envy of *Hermogenes* himſelf.

HERE I took an occaſion to interrupt him; Have you, Sir, no Mother, or Relations living, who would be glad to ſee you in health? Not one, I have laid them all to reſt. The more happy they, ſaid I ſoftly to my ſelf; I am the only remaining Perſon; O perfect your Work, and do not keep me in pain any longer; I plainly ſee that the ſad fatal Hour is come, which was foretold me when a Boy, by an old *Sabine* Woman, after ſhe had ſhook the Fortune-tell-

Hunc neque dira venena, nec hoſticus auferet enſis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tuſſis, nec tarda podagra:
Garrulus hunc quando conſumet cumque: loquacis,
Si ſapiat, vitet, ſimul atque adoleverit ætas.
Ventum erat ad Veſtæ, quarta jam parte diei
Præterita: & caſu tunc reſpondere vadatus
Debebat; quod ni feciſſet, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paullum hic ades. Inteream, ſi
Aut valeo ſtare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero, quo ſcis. Dubius ſum, quid faciam, inquit;
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me ſodes. Non faciam, ille:
Et præcedere cæpit. ego, ut contendere durum
Cum victore, ſequor. Mæcenas quomodo tecum,
Hinc repetit, paucorum hominum, & mentis bene ſanæ?
Nemo dexterius fortuna eſt uſus: haberes
Magnum adjutorem, poſſet qui ferre ſecundas,

Hunc

ing * Urn. This Boy, ſaid ſhe, ſhall never periſh by Steel or Poiſon; neither Coughs, nor Spleen, nor Gout, nor Cholick, ſhall prove mortal to him; no! he is doom'd to fall by the Tongue of a talkative Man; and therefore if he is wiſe, it will concern him, when he comes to Age, to avoid all great Talkers.

IT was now paſt Ten, when we drew near to *Veſta*'s *Temple*; as good Fortune would have it, this impertinent Companion was oblig'd, as he had given Bail, to make his appearance before the Judge. Oh! Sir, ſaid he, for God's ſake, if you love me, turn in here a Minute or two. May I die, Sir, If I can be upon my Legs ſo long, or if I underſtand any thing of the Law; beſides, you know I am engag'd elſewhere. I am in doubt, ſaid he, whether I ſhall leave my Cauſe, or you. Oh! Sir, me, by all means: No, ſays he, I am reſolv'd not to part from you, and ſo on he leads. Finding that it was in vain to argue, I march along with him, when immediately he reſum'd the Diſcourſe. Pray, Sir, ſaid he, how ſtands your Intereſt with *Mæcenas?* *Mæcenas*, I anſwer'd, is a Gentleman of great Senſe, and extremely nice in the choice of his Acquaintance. He reply'd, You have manag'd your good-luck as dextrouſly as any Man could do; but you would have a rare Help in your humble Servant, who would be content with the ſecond

* *Divina mota anus urna.* This kind of *Divination* was in great repute among the *Græcians*, and from them deriv'd to the *Romans*; the Manner of it was this; a great many Letters or Words were put into an Urn, which being well ſhook together, they turn'd them out, if they expreſs'd any thing, that was receiv'd as an infallible Prediction. See *Monſieur Fontenelle*'s Hiſtory of Oracles, *Chap.* xviii.

Place,

Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere: diſpeream, ni
Submoſſes omnis. Non iſto vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere modo: domus hac nec purior ulla eſt,
Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mî officit, inquam,
Ditior hic, aut eſt quia doctior: eſt locus uni-
Cuique ſuus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet. Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus eſſe. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis: & eſt qui vinci poſſit; eoque
Difficilis aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam; non, hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam; tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis; deducam. nil ſine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit, ecce
Fuſcus Ariſtius occurrit, mihi carus, & illum
Qui pulchre noſſet. conſiſtimus, Unde venis? &
Quo tendis? rogat, & reſpondet. vellere cœpi,
Et prenſare manu lentiſſima brachia, nutans,
Diſtorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. male ſalſus
Ridens diſſimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
Certe neſcio quid ſecreto velle loqui te

Aiebas

Place, if you would introduce him to *Mæcenas*'s Favour. Let me die, if I don't think you would ſupplant all his other Favourites. To this I return'd, that he was altogether miſtaken in our way of living. There is no Family in *Rome*, which is more remarkable for its Integrity than ours; we are perfectly free from thoſe Intrigues and Jealouſies with which others are infected; if another there is richer or more knowing than my ſelf, that is no hindrance to me. Every one has his place there according to his Merits. What you tell me, he return'd, is very ſurprizing, and almoſt incredible. But, ſaid I, it is true. Now, cry'd he, I am more deſirous than ever of being intimate with him. 'Tis but making the trial, a Perſon of ſuch rare Accompliſhments as your ſelf cannot miſs of Succeſs. *Mæcenas* is a Gentleman that is eaſily won upon, and it is for that reaſon that he makes the firſt Acceſſes to him as difficult as he can. I will not, continued he, be wanting to my ſelf in this Affair, I will bribe his Domeſticks, no Repulſe ſhall diſcourage me, I will ſeek out the moſt favourable Opportunities of addreſſing him; when he appears abroad, I'll attend upon him, and wait his Motions till he returns. You know that there is nothing in life which we Mortals can attain without trouble.

WHILE he was upon this, up comes *Fuſcus Ariſtius*, who was my Friend, and who knew him full well: We both ſtop. As ſoon as the uſual Queſtions of, whence come you? whither go you? were over, I pull'd him by the Arm, and made other Signs with my Eyes and Head, deſiring him to releaſe me; he, like an ill-natur'd Fellow, only ſmil'd, and would not underſtand me. This almoſt fretted me to death. You hinted the other day, ſaid I to him, as if

Aiebas mecum. Memini bene; ſed meliore
Tempore dicam: hodie triceſima ſabbata. Vis tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere? nulla mihi, inquam,
Relligio eſt. At mî: ſum paullo infirmior, unus
Multorum: ignoſces: alias loquar. Hunccine ſolem
Tam nigrum ſurrexe mihi? fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit. caſu venit obvius illi
Adverſarius: &, Quo tu, turpiſſime? magna
Inclamat voce, &, Licet anteſtari? ego vero
Oppono auriculam. rapit in jus: clamor utrimque,
Undique concurſus. ſic me ſervavit Apollo.

SATIRA

you had ſomething to ſay to me in private. You ſay true, I have not forgot it; but another time will be better: Beſides, this is a ſolemn * Feaſt-day among the *Jews*; would you offer ſo groſs an Affront to them, as to talk of Buſineſs on ſo great a Day? Oh! I have no ſcruple in the world about that. But I have, Sir; excuſe my weakneſs, 'tis perhaps a Fault in me, but a Fault that many others are guilty of beſides my ſelf; have a little patience, I will take a more favourable time of diſcourſing with you.

O the fatal inauſpicious Day! He went away in the moſt barbarous manner, and left me (as it were) with the Halter about my Neck; but by good luck this impertinent Fellow's Adverſary met him and ſeiz'd him. O you Rogue! ſaid he, in a menacing Tone, did you think to get away? Sir, will you pleaſe to bear witneſs. I readily conſented. Upon this he hurried him away to the Bar; the Clamour was great on either ſide, the People flock'd in from all parts, which gave me an opportunity of making my eſcape. Thus it was that † *Apollo* preſerv'd me.

* The *Jews* celebrated the Paſſover on the 15th of the Month *Niſan*, which anſwers to our *April*; that Feaſt is here call'd *Triceſima Sabbata*, it being juſt thirty Weeks from the beginning of their Year, which commences on the firſt Day of the Month *Tizri*, which is our *September*.

† He alludes to that Paſſage in *Homer*, where *Apollo* is ſaid to deliver *Æneas* out of the hands of *Achilles*.

SATIRA X.

NEMPE incompoſito dixi pede currere verſus
Lucilî. quis tam Lucilî fautor inepte eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quod ſale multo
Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera:
nam ſic
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poëmata, mirer.
Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris: & eſt quædam tamen hic quoque virtus:
Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus auris:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ;

Interdum

SATIRE X.

'TIS true, * I formerly cenſur'd *Lucilius*'s Verſes, for their rough and uneven Numbers; and who is ſo impertinent an Admirer of him as to ſay the contrary? But then in the ſame Diſcourſe I commended him for the Fineneſs of his *Satire*, in which he reproves the *Romans* for their Vices. But notwithſtanding I allow him this good Quality, I cannot eſteem him as an accompliſh'd Poet; for at that rate of judging, the pleaſant Farces of † *Laberius* the *Mimick*, would have my Vote for finiſh'd Pieces. He juſtifies the Character he gave of *Lucilius* in his 4th *Satire.*

To move the Laughter therefore of an Audience is not enough, tho' I grant it to be ſome Degree of Excellence; but there are other Qualifications which we wiſh for in a Poet: His Language muſt be conciſe, ſo as that the Sentences may run well, and the Ear not be tir'd with too great a Load of Words; it muſt be ſometimes paſſionate and moving, ſometimes lively and chearful: One while he muſt act the part of an Orator, at another time of a Poet; and as What Qualifications are requiſite to form a Poet.

* The Subject of this *Satire* being the ſame with the 4th, they will both be better underſtood, if read together.

† *Decimus Laberius*, a Poet, who was particularly happy in writing Farces; he was ſo fortunate in diverting *Julius Cæſar* in one of his Plays, in which he acted himſelf, that he gave him 500 *Seſtertia*, a Gold Ring, and admitted him again into the *Equeſtrian Order*, which Honour he had forfeited by acting on the Stage. We have nothing of his remaining, but ſome Fragments of his mimical Pieces, publiſh'd with thoſe of *Publius Syrus*, who was his Contemporary.

Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.
Illi, scripta quibus Comœdia prisca viris est,
Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi: quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes umquam legit, neque simius iste,
Nil præter Calvom & doctus cantare Catullum.
At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit. O seri studiorum! quine putetis
Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit? At sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior, ut Chio nota si conmixta Falerni est.
Cum versus facias: teipsum percontor, an & cum
Dura tibi peragenda rei sit caussa Petilli?
Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque Latini,
Cum Pedius caussas exsudet Poplicola atque

Corvinus,

occaſion ſerves, he muſt put on the Gentleman; he muſt lay aſide Satire, and endeavour to be witty and facetious in Converſation: for it often happens, that to turn things into ridicule, is of greater ſervice, even in the moſt important Matters, than ſtrongly to inveigh againſt them.

IN this Particular, the antient Comedians diſtinguiſh'd themſelves; and in this they deſerve our imitation. But theſe are contemn'd by the fine *Hermogenes*; nor will *Demetrius*, that Ape of a Poet, vouchſafe to read them; alas! they reliſh nothing but what is wrote by * *Calvus* or † *Catullus*.

BUT (ſay they) *Lucilius* was peculiarly happy in mixing *Greek* Words with *Latin* ones. Abominable Ignorance! that any Man ſhould admire *Pitholeon* the *Rhodian*, and imagine that there is any thing difficult or extraordinary in his *Epigrams*.

THEY reply again, that a compound Language is more ſweet and graceful; as the *Falernian* is more agreeable when mix'd with *Chian*. Tell me thou Poet, if ‖ *Petillius*, when accus'd, were to chooſe you for his Advocate, would you ſo far forget that you are a *Roman*, as to reply to the labour'd Speeches of *Poplicola* and

* *Licinius Calvus*, an Epigrammatiſt, and Writer of Love-Verſes; he was Contemporary with *Catullus*.

† *Caius Valerius Catullus*, a facetious witty Writer of Epigrams; he tranſlated into *Latin* Verſe whatever was moſt beautiful and delicate in the *Greek Poets*; upon which account he gain'd to himſelf the Title of Learned. His Epigrams for the moſt part conclude with a graceful turn of Thought, which renders them extremely entertaining. He was born at *Verona*, in the ſecond Year of the 173d Olympiad.

‖ *Petillius*, ſee *Sat.* IV.

Corvinus, patriis intermiſcere petita
Verba foris malis, Canuſini more bilinguis?
Atqui ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Verſiculos; vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Poſt mediam noctem viſus, cum ſomnia vera:
In ſilvam non ligna feras inſanius, ac ſi
Magnas Græcorum malis inplere catervas.
Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Deſingit Rheni luteum caput; hæc ego ludo,
Quæ neque in Ædе ſonent certantia, judice Tarpa,
Nec redeant iterum atque iterum ſpectanda theatris.
Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente ſenem, comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum
Facta canit pede ter percuſſo: forte epos acer,
Ut nemo, Varius ducit: molle atque facetum

Virgilio

Corvinus, in an Harangue of foreign Words mix'd with thoſe of your own Country, ſuch as the Inhabitants of * *Canuſium* make uſe of.

IT was once in my head, who am an *Italian*, to make ſome *Greek* Verſes: As I was intent upon the Work, *Romulus* appear'd to me after Midnight, when our Dreams are true, and deſir'd me to deſiſt; 'tis an unpardonable Extravagance, ſaid he, to attempt to encreaſe the Number of the *Grecian* Poets; it is like carrying Wood to the Foreſt. Being thus admoniſh'd, I laid aſide my Deſign.

WHILE the Poet *Alpin*, in lofty Numbers, murders *Memnon* in a barbarous manner; while the *Rhine* runs muddy in his Deſcription, I employ my time in writing Verſes, which are neither deſign'd to be acted over and over again in the Theatre, nor to be recited publickly for ſome Prize in *Apollo*'s Temple, where *Metius Tarpa*, that excellent Critick, ſits as Judge.

YOU only, *Fundanius*, of all Men living, are fit to write *Comedy*; you beſt can deſcribe a † knaviſh Servant and a ſubtile intriguing Courtezan, contriving together to deceive an old Man. *Pollio*, in *Iambicks*, ſings the Acts of Kings, which are proper for *Tragedy*. The *Epic* Poem owes its Glory to *Varius*; and the *Rural* Muſes are indebted to ‖ *Virgil* for their Charms

* *Canuſium*, ſee *Sat.* V.

† He alludes to the *Andria* of *Terence*.

‖ *Virgil*, the Prince of the *Latin* Heroick Poets, born at *Andes*, not far from *Mantua*, in the third Year of the 177th Olympiad, and died in the ſecond Year of the 190th, about 19 Years before Chriſt. He wrote ten *Eclogues*, four Books of *Georgics*, and twelve *Æneids*: Theſe laſt were not publiſh'd till after his Death. He was poſſeſs'd of all the Graces of Poetry; no Man ever underſtood the Number and

Virgilio adnuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.
Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,
Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,
Inventore minor: neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti cum multa laude coronam.
At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpe ferentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. age, quæso,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprehendis Homero?

Nil

Charms and Graces. *Varro*, and others, have attempted *Satire*, but without ſucceſs. This kind of Writing ſuits my Genius beſt; but I do not pretend to equal * *Lucilius*, who was the Inventor. Far be it from me to attempt to pluck from his Head that † Laurel which he ſo juſtly merited, and which he now wears with ſo much Applauſe. But I am charg'd with comparing his Verſes to a River, whoſe Stream was muddy and full of Slime; and with ſaying, that tho' there were many things in them to be approv'd, there were more to be found fault with.

BUT pray, Sir, tell me, ſince you are ſo knowing, Did you never find fault with any thing in ‖ *Homer*, that incomparable Poet?

and Harmony of Verſification like himſelf. He is ſmooth, majeſtick, and wonderfully happy in his Characters and Deſcriptions.

* Tho' *Horace*, in this Place, ſeems to make *Lucilius* the firſt Author of *Satire* in Verſe among the *Romans*, he is only to be underſtood, that *Lucilius* had given a more happy and graceful Turn to the *Satire* of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new *Satire* of his own: For, as Mr. *Dryden* obſerves, the *Roman* Language, in *Lucilius*'s time, was grown more capable of receiving the *Grecian* Beauties, than it was in the days of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. See the Character of *Ennius*, Sat. IV. Pag. 41.

† The Statues of the Poets, which were plac'd in *Apollo*'s Temple, were crown'd with Laurel.

‖ *Homer*, the moſt celebrated of the *Greek* Heroick Poets: He flouriſh'd under *Diognetus* King of the *Athenians*, about 23 Years before *Iphitus* and *Lycurgus* inſtituted the *Olympian* Games: He wrote divers Poems, which are all loſt, (two only excepted) the *Iliads* and *Odyſſes*. In the firſt he deſcribes the Strength and Vigour of the Body; in the laſt, the Subtilty and Policy of the Mind. He was, without diſpute, the vaſteſt, ſublimeſt, and moſt univerſal Genius that ever was known in the world, as *Virgil* was the moſt accompliſh'd. See a farther Character of his Writings, in *Book* I. *Ep.* 2.

Has

Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Accî?
Non ridet verſus Ennî gravitate minores?
Cum de ſe loquitur, non ut majore reprenſis.
Quid vetat & noſmet Lucilî ſcripta legentis
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verſiculos natura magis factos & euntis
Mollius, ac ſi quis, pedibus quid claudere ſenis
(Hoc tantum) contentus, amet ſcripſiſſe ducentos
Ante cibum verſus, totidem cœnatus? Etruſci
Quale fuit Caſsî rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe libriſque
Ambuſtum propriis. fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem,
Quam rudis & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
Quamque poëtarum ſeniorum turba: ſed ille
Si foret hoc noſtrum fato dilatus in ævum,
Detereret ſibi multa: recideret omne, quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: & in verſu faciendo
Sæpe caput ſcaberet, vivos & roderet unguis.

Sæpe

Has not *Lucilius* made ſeveral Alterations, for the better, in * *Accius*'s Tragedies? Has he not cenſur'd ſome of *Ennius*'s Verſes, as not coming up to the Dignity of his Subject? when at the ſame time he ſpeaks of himſelf as not ſuperior to thoſe whom he finds fault with.

THIS is juſt my Caſe. What then ſhould hinder me when I read *Lucilius*, but that I may examine whether it was principally owing to his want of Genius, or to the crabbed inexplicable Nature of the things he treats of, that his Numbers are as rough and unharmonious, as if a Man ſhould write 200 Verſes before Supper, and as many after, not regarding in the leaſt the Variety of their Meaſures, ſo they were but Verſes? Such a fertile Vein was that of *Caſſius* the *Tuſcan*, whoſe Genius for Poetry (if we may call it Poetry) was more rapid, if poſſible, than a raging Torrent. 'Tis reported of this *Caſſius*, that he wrote as many Verſes as ſerv'd him for his Funeral Pile, both they and their Author being conſum'd together.

SUPPOSING that *Lucilius* was a pleaſant and agreeable Writer; that he is ſmoother and more correct than *Ennius*, who firſt attempted this kind of Verſe (which was unknown to the *Grecians*) and ſuppoſing that he is juſtly preferable to all the Poets that liv'd before him; yet I muſt ſay, were he now alive, he would certainly blot out a good many things; he would cut off abundance of Superfluities; and when he was making Verſes, he would often ſcratch his Head, and gnaw his Nails to the quick, taking pains in his Compoſitions.

* *Accius*, a Tragick Poet, he liv'd about 50 Years after *Pacuvius*: We have yet the Fragments of above ſixty of his Plays; among which are ſeveral valuable Pieces. *Mutat* (i. e.) *emendat*.

HE

Sæpe ſtilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi ſint
Scripturus: neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus. an tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
Non ego: nam ſatis eſt equitem mihi plaudere: ut audax,
Contemtis aliis, exploſa Arbuſcula dixit.
Men' moveat, cimex Pantilius, aut cruciet, quod
Vellicet abſentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliuſque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque
Fuſcus; & hæc utinam Viſcorum laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegata, te dicere poſſum,
Pollio; te, Meſſalla, tuo cum fratre; ſimulque
Vos Bibule, & Servi; ſimul his te, candide Furni;
Compluris alios, doctos ego quos & amicos
Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc, ſunt qualiacumque,
Adridere velim; doliturus, ſi placeant ſpe
Deterius noſtra. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Diſcipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
I puer, atque meo citus hæc ſubſcribe libello.

HE that would have his Works deſerve to be read a ſecond time, muſt be often correcting what he writes; he muſt not affect the empty Applauſes of the unthinking Many, but reſt contented, if a few good Judges, Souls of the higheſt Rank and trueſt Underſtanding, vouchſafe to read him.

IF you are ſo vain as to take a pleaſure in repeating your Poems in the publick Schools, I muſt freely own, that I differ from you. For I ſay, as *Arbuſcula* the Actreſs did, when ſhe deſpis'd the common People that hiſſed her; I am ſatisfy'd if the Men of Taſte and Diſtinction clap me. Shall ſuch an Inſect as *Pantilius* make me uneaſy? Shall any thing that *Demetrius*, or the fooliſh *Fannius* ſay of me at *Hermogenes*'s Table, diſturb my Quiet? May *Plotius*, *Varius*, *Mæcenas*, *Virgil*, *Valgius*, and the good *Octavius* approve my Satires; may *Fuſcus* and the *Viſci* be pleas'd with what I write; may *Pollio*, who hates all Intriguing and Cabals, and the illuſtrious *Meſſallæ* give their Votes in my favour; may *Bibulus*, *Servius*, and *Furnus* that good-natur'd Critick, with many more of my learned Friends, whom I purpoſely paſs over, vouchſafe to commend and applaud my Poems. I deſire nothing more than that theſe my *Satires*, whatever in themſelves, may be acceptable to them; and I cannot but ſay, that it would much concern me to be diſappointed of my Expectations. But for *Demetrius* and *Tigellius*, they are not worthy of my Care, I value not their Approbation; let them lament and bemoan themſelves among the Female Criticks, their Admirers.

GO, Boy, make haſte and tranſcribe this *Satire*, and place it next to that, which I lately writ upon the very ſame Subject.

Q. HORATII FLACCI SATIRARUM LIBER SECUNDUS.

SATIRA I.

SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, & ultra
Legem intendere opus: ſine nervis altera, quicquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimiliſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. Trebati,
Quid faciam, præſcribe. Quieſcas. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus? Aio. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire. Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Inriguumque mero ſub noctem corpus habento.

Aut,

HORACE's SATIRES.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE *and* TREBATIUS.

Hor. THE Town is divided in their Opinion of my *Satires*; ſome ſay, that I take too great a Liberty; that my Raillery is too ſevere and cutting; others accuſe my Compoſitions, as wanting Strength and Sinews; a Man, ſay they, might write a thouſand ſuch Verſes in a Day. Your Advice, * *Trebatius*, what muſt I do in this Caſe? *Tre.* Sit ſtill. *Hor.* Do you mean, that I ſhould write no more Verſes? *Tre.* I do. *Hor.* May I die, if that would not be the beſt way; but I cannot ſleep. *Tre.* I have a Remedy for that; anoint your ſelf and ſwim over the *Tiber* two or three times; drink a Bottle of good ſtrong Wine in the evening, and take my word, you will ſleep profoundly: but if you needs

* A great and learned Lawyer, who was no leſs eminent for his Knowledge of the Laws, than for his Goodneſs and Integrity.

Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te capit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
Præmia laturus. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntis cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribit volnera Parthi.
Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitret undique tutus.
Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
Cum ſibi quiſque timet; quamquam eſt intactus, & odit.
Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
Caſtor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum

Millia,

muſt write, if nothing can take you off from Poetry, attempt to ſing the Acts of *victorious Cæſar*, and you cannot fail of being liberally rewarded. *Hor.* What you adviſe is the heighth of my Ambition; but, Father, I want a Genius; 'tis not for every Poet to deſcribe great *Cæſar*'s Legions horrid all with * Darts, or paint the *Gaul* juſt breathleſs and expiring, the broken Spear ſtill reeking in his Wound; or image out the *Parthian* Warriour, when, from his generous Steed, he drops transfix'd and bleeding. *Tre.* But, tho' theſe things are above your reach, yet you may ſpeak of his Juſtice and Magnanimity; thus it was, that the wiſe *Lucilius* commended *Scipio*. *Hor.* I'll not be wanting to my ſelf as Occaſion offers; † *Horace* muſt obſerve the ſoft and happy Seaſon of Addreſs, or he muſt not expect to ſucceed with *Cæſar*, who hates nothing more than dull groſs Flatterers. *Tre.* How great ſoever the Danger may be, 'tis infinitely better to hazard the trial, than to fall foul on the Buffoon ‖ *Pantolabus*, or the profligate *Nomentanus*. Every one is conſcious of his own Miſmanagements; and tho' your *Satire* is not directly levell'd at him, yet he fears the worſt, and conſequently hates you. *Hor.* But what would you have me to do? *Milonius*, as ſoon as the Wine is got into his Head, and he begins to ſee double, falls to dancing. *Caſtor* delights in Horſes, while *Pollux* (tho' his Twin Brother) is diverted with nothing but Boxing. As many Men, ſo many Minds. My

* The *Pilum*, or Dart, was made of a piece of Wood about three Cubits long, and a Slip of Iron of the ſame length, hook'd and jagg'd at the end.

† See his Letter to *Vinnius Aſella*, *Book* I. *Epiſt.* xiii.

‖ See *Satire* viii. *Book* I.

Millia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male ceſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, Lucanus an Apulus, anceps:
Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta. ſed hic ſtilus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus: quem cur diſtringere coner,
Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? ô pater & rex
Juppiter, ut pereat poſitum robigine telum,

Nec

Inclinations lead me to *Satire*, and in this I follow *Lucilius*'s Example, who was much our Superior in the Art of Poetry. It was his Practice to commit all his Secrets to his Papers, as to his intimate Friends; whatever Accident happen'd to him, whether proſperous or adverſe, he never made uſe of any other Confidents; ſo that all the Tranſactions of this old Man's Life are as clearly and diſtinctly related in his *Satires*, as if they had been drawn in a * Picture, ſuch as thoſe which Men hang up in performance of a Vow, for their having been deliver'd from Shipwreck. His Steps I follow, I that am a *Lucanian*, or an *Appulian*, I don't know which; for *Venuſia*, where I was born, borders on both Provinces, and was a Colony ſent thither (as old Story ſays) when the *Sabines* were driven out of it, with intent that it might hinder the making Incurſions upon the *Roman Territory*, thro' that long uncultivated Tract of Land; if the fierce Nation either of *Apulia*, or *Lucania* ſhould wage war againſt us. Be this as it will, I will never willingly employ my Pen againſt any Man living; I will keep it, as I do my Sword, in its Scabbard, to be drawn only in my defence; but which ſhall be ſheath'd as long as no Enemy is near. Grant, O *Jupiter*, Father and King, that it may rather be conſum'd with Ruſt, and

* It was a Cuſtom for thoſe who had been ſav'd from Shipwreck, to have all the Circumſtances of their Adventure repreſented on a *Tableau*, which they hung up in the Temple of that particular God, by whom, as they ſuppos'd, they had been deliver'd. They likewiſe repreſented in *Tableaux* a Detail of their good Succeſs; it being as reaſonable to pay God our Acknowledgments for Bleſſings receiv'd, as to thank him for any ſignal Deliverance.

Nec quiſquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me conmorit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;
Canidia Albucî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes.
Ut, quo-quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat; utque
Imperet hoc natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera: mirum
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos:
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu, fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color. O puer, ut ſis

that I, who, above all things, am a Lover of Peace, may never meet with any Provocations! But if any one ſhall dare to urge my Rage, 'twere better for him that he had not provok'd me; I'll ſet him out in his proper Colours, and make him a Jeſt to all the City. The Danger of provoking a Poet.

Cervius the Informer threatens thoſe that offend him, with an Action, or Information. *Canidia* has always her Poiſons ready to revenge her ſelf on her Enemies. *Turius* threatens thoſe whom he is angry with, that they ſhall loſe their Cauſe, if it comes before him in Judgment. 'Tis common with all, to make uſe of their utmoſt Strength and Power againſt their Adverſaries; and in ſo doing, they do but follow the Dictates of Nature, which are not to be reſiſted. How this comes about, conſider a little with me. The Wolves fight with their Teeth; Bulls with their Horns; and whence is it that they do ſo, but that they are directed by natural Inſtinct?

TRUST the profligate *Scæva* with the Care of his long-liv'd Mother; and to be ſure he will do her no Injury with his pious Hands: No wonder, for a Wolf won't kick, or an Ox bite; but he will do what is as bad, he will take care to diſpatch the old Woman, with putting a Doſe of Poiſon in her Honey.

TO be ſhort, Whether I am to expect a quiet old Age, or whether Death be now hovering about me; whether I be poor, or rich; whether I lead my Life at *Rome*, or be unhappily baniſh'd from my Country; whatever my Condition or Circumſtances be, I muſt write *Satires*.

Vitalis metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat. Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, introrſum turpis; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi ſe a volgo & ſcena in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ & mitis ſapientia Lælî;
Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. quicquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum ingeniumque; tamen me

Cum

Tre. O my Son, I am afraid that you are not long-liv'd, that ſome great Courtier, who is now your Friend, will caſt ſuch a cold Look upon you, that you won't ſurvive it. *Hor.* But why do you think ſo? When * *Lucilius* led the way in this ſort of Writing, and had the courage to unmaſk the World, and ſhew Men ſuch as they really were, not what they falſly appear'd to be. Nay, when *Metellus* and *Lupus* were ſo ſeverely reprov'd, did *Lælius*, or he who juſtly took his Sirname from his having laid † *Carthage* in Ruins; did theſe great Men take any Offence at the Freedom of his Wit? Nor were *Lupus* and *Metellus* the only Perſons that fell under his Cenſure; he inveigh'd againſt all the great Men of *Rome*; neither Rich nor Poor, of what Tribe ſoever (Virtue and her Followers only excepted) could eſcape his Reflections: On the contrary, the valiant *Scipio*, and the wiſe and gentle ‖ *Lælius*, when they withdrew themſelves from Crouds and Buſineſs to Privacy and Retirement, us'd to trifle and divert themſelves with him, while their Herbs and Roots were boiling for Supper. I do not pretend to compare my ſelf with him; whether you regard his Wit, Quality, or Eſtate, he is much my Superior; but whatever I am, even Envy her ſelf ſhall confeſs thus much, that I have convers'd,

Good Men have no Reaſon to be afraid of *Satire*.

* See the Note on *Lucilius*, *Satire* x. *Book* I.

† *Carthage*, the chief City of *Africa*, upon the Coaſt of *Barbary*, near *Tunis*; built, as 'tis thought, by *Dido*, was taken and burnt by *Scipio Africanus Minor*, A. U. C. 608. There remains nothing now of this glorious Town, which was once eſteem'd the Third of the *Roman Empire*, but the Ruins, which are very conſiderable.

‖ *Lælius*, a *Roman* Orator, ſo famous for his Wiſdom, that he was nam'd, *The Wiſe*; *Tully* often mentions him, much to his Advantage.

and

* *Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque*
Invidia; & fragili quærens inlidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido: niſi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Diſſentis. Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:
Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
Judiciumque. Eſto: ſi quis mala. ſed bona ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæſare? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipſe?
Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

* This plainly relates to his early Patrons, to BRUTUS and thoſe of his Contemporaries, who were then the leading Men in the State, before his latter Court-Acquaintance and new Friendſhip with MÆCENAS.

SATIRA II.

QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo eſt; ſed quæ præcepit Ofellus
Ruſticus, abnormis Sapiens craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite, non inter lances menſaſque nitentis;
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, & cum
Adclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:

Verum

and liv'd in Friendſhip with the greateſt Men; and therefore whatever Occaſions ſhe ſhall induſtriouſly lay hold on to blaſt my Reputation, the Attempt ſhall turn to her own diſadvantage.

THESE are the Motives which incline me to *Satire*, which I cannot but purſue, unleſs you in your Wiſdom, O learned *Trebatius*, ſhall adviſe me to the contrary. *Tre.* To deal plainly, I have nothing to object againſt what you ſay; however, take this Caution with you; that you mayn't get into a ſcrape, for want of knowing what the * Laws wiſely ordain; remember that there is one to this effect: If any Man write ill Verſes againſt another, an Action lies againſt the Poet. *Hor.* Very well, *If any Man write ill Verſes*; but, what if they are good ones? What if *Cæſar* commends them? If a Poet, of an unblemiſh'd Reputation, falls upon one who deſerves Infamy, what then? *Tre.* Why then the Judges will only laugh at the Information, and diſmiſs it, and you who are proſecuted, will be ſent about your buſineſs.

* By the *Law* of the *Twelve Tables*, he who ſaid or writ any thing to the prejudice of any Man's Reputation, was to ſuffer Death.

SATIRE II.

GENTLEMEN, if you are deſirous of learning the Advantages of a temperate Life, come and examine this Truth with me, when your Stomachs are empty, for that only is the proper Seaſon; not when you ſit ſurrounded with Dainties, when your Eyes are dazzled with the Pomp of Luxury, and your deluded Reaſon chooſes the worſe, and neglects the better. (I do not ſpeak this of my ſelf, what I now advance is the Doctrine of *Ofellus*, who, tho' uninſtructed

The great Advantages of a temperate Life.

Verum hic inpranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia adſuetum græcari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem,
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor expulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis
Sperne cibum vilem: niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. foris eſt promus, & atrum
Defendens piſcis hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.

uninſtructed in the Schools of the Philoſophers, was nevertheleſs a very wiſe and honeſt Man.) But why muſt we learn this Faſting? I will give you my Reaſons: A corrupt Judge is no proper Perſon to determine what is right. Go hunt the Hare, ride the great Horſe; perform the Exerciſe which belongs to a Soldier; or, if this Diſcipline be too hard for you, who have accuſtom'd your ſelf to the more effeminate *Grecian* way of living, make a Party at Quoits, or play with the * Balloon; your Intenſeneſs on the Diverſion will render the Fatigue inſenſible to you. When Labour and Exerciſe have ſharpen'd your Appetite, and remov'd the Qualms you languiſh'd under, you may deſpiſe, if you pleaſe, plain wholeſome Food, and ſay, you'll drink no Wine but *Falernian* mellow'd and ſoften'd with *Hymettian* Honey. I dare be bold to ſay, that under theſe Circumſtances, if the Butler be abſent, and the Storms and Winds render Fiſhing impracticable, a little Bread and Salt will then ſatisfy a gnawing Stomach. Now, from whence do you think this Satisfaction proceeds? The Pleaſure you take in eating depends not on the Dainties, but on your ſelf. Labour and Exerciſe make every thing a Ragoo; but to thoſe who are cloy'd and ſurfeited with high Feeding, even Oyſters and Ortelans are taſteleſs and inſipid.

* The Antients had four ſorts of Balls: 1. The *Follis*, or *Balloon*; which they ſtruck with their Arms guarded with a wooden Bracer; if the *Balloon* was little, they us'd only their Fiſts: 2. The *Pila Trigonalis*, which was like our *Tennis-Balls*; to play with this, three Perſons ſtood in a Triangle, ſtriking it round one to the other; he that let it fall firſt was the Loſer. 3. *Paganica*, a Ball ſtuff'd with Feathers. 4. *Harpaſtum*, a harder kind of Ball, which they play'd with, dividing into two Companies, and ſtriving to throw it thro' one another's Goals, which was the conquering Caſt.

Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro
Rara avis, & picta pandat spectacula caudâ.
Tamquam ad rem attineat quicquam, num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa;
Inparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontisne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? laudas insane, trilibrem
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino

Vellem;

I DO not expect to prevail ſo far (ſo fond are Men of Superfluities) but that when Peacock and Fowl are ſet upon the Table, you will rather gratify your Palate with the Peacock. 'Tis indeed a rare and coſtly Bird; the Beauty of its Tail is very delightful; but what is that to the Goodneſs of it? Can you eat thoſe Feathers which you ſo much admire? or does its Beauty continue after it is boiled? 'Tis plain therefore that you are deluded with the Appearances of things; for in reality, there is not the leaſt difference between Peacocks and other ordinary Fowls. But granting this: How can you pretend to diſtinguiſh by your Taſte, whether the Pike you are now eating, was taken in the Sea, or in freſh Water? If in freſh Water, whether it was caught at the mouth of the *Tiber*, or between the Bridges? I muſt deal frankly with you, theſe things to me are unconceivable. You commend a Mullet of three Pound weight; how ridiculous is this, when you muſt cut it to pieces, before you can eat it? Why do you admire it purely for its Bigneſs? and yet at the ſame time if a well-grown Pike be ſerv'd up at Table, you expreſs your Diſlike of it; and what is the Reaſon, but that Pikes are naturally large, and Mullets little?

THE Glutton replies,—It delights me to ſee a prodigious Mullet, ſerv'd up at Table in a prodigious * Diſh. Such a one is a fit Companion

* The *Romans*, in their Entertainments, were very fond of uſing great Diſhes: *Sylla* had one of maſſy Silver of an hundred Pound weight. *Pliny* tells us, that at that time there were above 500 ſuch Diſhes in *Rome*. They

Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. at vos
Præsentes, Austri, coquite horum obsonia. quanquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavolt inulas. necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis,
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido;
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo

Si

panion for * *Harpies*. But, O ye South Winds, come and taint the Meat of theſe rapacious Mortals! Yet why do I implore your Aſſiſtance? The Boar and Turbot, how freſh ſoever, are nauſeous to them; their Stomachs are cloy'd with over-much Plenty, inſomuch that having eaten as long as they could, they are forc'd to have recourſe to Turnips and Sallads to reſtore their Appetite.

BUT, Thanks to Heaven, the Rich ſometimes feed as coarſly as others; even Eggs and black Olives, than which nothing is more common, find a place at their Tables. It is but of late years, when † *Gallonius* had a Sturgeon ſerv'd up at his Table, that the People exclaim'd againſt it as an unpardonable Extravagance; and why did they do ſo? did not the Sea afford at that time as many Turbots as now?

BOTH the Stork and Turbot were ſecure enough, till *Sempronius Rufus* brought 'em into repute; who, when he ſtood to be *Prætor*,

They proceeded at laſt to ſuch an height of Extravagance, that in the time of *Claudius*, one *Druſillanus Rotundus* had a Diſh call'd *Promulſis*, which weigh'd above 500 lb. and *Vitellius* had one of that prodigious Bigneſs, that it was call'd *Minerva*'s Buckler.

* *Harpies*, fabulous Monſters, ſo call'd from the *Greek* ἁρπάζειν, to ſnatch, or raviſh; they were ſaid to dwell in Iſlands, partly by Sea, and partly by Land; they are feign'd to be Fowls with a Virgin's Face, and Bear's Ears; their Bodies like Vultures, and their Hands like hooked Talons; *Virgil*, *Æneid* III. mentions three of them, *Aello*, *Ocypite* and *Celæno*.

Virginei volucrum Vultus, fœdiſſima Ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, & pallida ſemper
Ora fame.

† *Gallonius*, a Perſon ſo infamous for his Gluttony, that his Name became a Proverb, and was generally us'd to ſignify a Man that minded nothing but his Belly.

Si quis nunc mergos ſuavis edixerit aſſos;
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.
Sordidus a tenui victu diſtabit, Oſello
Judice. nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris illud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. Avidienus,
Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennis oleas eſt, & ſilveſtria corna;
Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; &
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natalis, alioſve dierum
Feſtos albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urguet lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultûs miſer. hic neque ſervis,
Albucî ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Servus

was rejected by the People upon the account of his Gluttony; and ſhould any one now maintain that roaſted Cormorants eat very deliciouſly; the *Roman Youth* are ſo addicted to Luxury, that they ſoon would put the Doctrine in practice.

IN *Oſellus*'s Judgment, there is a mighty Difference between a ſordid and frugal Life; to what purpoſe are we careful in ſhunning one Extream, if we run into another? Thus *Avidienus* (who was nick-nam'd the Dog, and not without Reaſon) feeds on wild Cornels and Olives that are five Years old; the Wine which he offers to the Gods, is ſour; his Oil ſtinks abominably, even that which he uſes on the greateſt Feſtivals, or when cloath'd in * White, he regales his Friends the day after his Wedding, or on the day of his Nativity, is no better; and yet he pours it upon his Colworts out of his large Horn-Crewet, and takes care to add Vinegar enough to them.

WHAT Diet muſt a wiſe Man then make uſe of? Which of theſe Examples ought he to follow? Keep the Mid-way, both Extreams are equally dangerous; he muſt be ſo clean as not to give offence; and as he ought not to run into Exceſs, ſo on the other hand he muſt not be too frugal and ſparing in his Entertainments. He muſt not imitate old *Albucius*, who was ſo exact when he treated his Friends, that he appointed his Servants their particular Poſts, which if any one neglected, he was ſure of being pu-

* The *Romans* always wore white Gowns on Holy-Days, and publick Feſtivals; the Difference between the *Toga Alba* and *Toga Candida* was this; the firſt was the natural Colour of the Wool, the other an artificial White.

Sævus erit; nec ſic ut ſimplex Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quanta que ſecum
Adferat. in primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque adfligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive diem feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubive
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas
Inbecilla volet. tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer & validus præſumis, mollitiem? ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus.
Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, credo, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

niſh'd. Neither muſt he be ſo careleſs as *Nævius*, who ſerv'd his Gueſts with greaſy Water. This Extravagance is as blameable as the other.

NOW learn the Advantages of a temperate Life. I begin with that of Health, which is much impair'd by Variety of Meats. Reflect with your ſelf how much better you are, when you eat but one ſort; but when Fiſh and Fowl, roaſt and boil'd are blended together, the greateſt part of 'em turns to Choler, which, mixing with Phlegm, puts the Stomach into diſorder. Obſerve how pale a Man comes from a Table ſet out with great Variety; nay, when the Body is over-charg'd with the Exceſſes of the foregoing Evening, the Mind, that Particle of divine Breath, is made heavy, and, as it were, immers'd in Matter. Whereas the ſober temperate Man, after having taken a ſlight Repaſt, lays himſelf ſecurely down to ſleep, and riſes in the Morning with Strength and Vigour to his accuſtomed Labours. Beſides, this abſtemious Man leaves room to exceed a little ſometimes, and feed better than ordinary, whether it be on ſome annual Feſtival, or to help his Appetite, when he finds it falling off, and himſelf decaying; or when infirm old Age begins to come upon him, which requires a ſofter and more tender Treatment. But if, in the Strength and Prime of Life, you give your ſelf up to an eaſy delicate way of living, what will you do in the time of Sickneſs and old Age?

OUR wiſe Forefathers us'd to commend the Fleſh of a Boar, which had a muſty Taſte; not that they had not Noſes as well as we, but they thought, as I ſuppoſe, that in caſe a Friend came ſome days after it was dreſt, it was bet-

Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una cum damno dedecus. adde
Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum; cum deerit egenti
As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitias habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,
Quod ſuperat, non eſt melius quo inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper eunt res.
O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne

ter that he ſhould have ſome of it, tho' a little rank, than that the Maſter himſelf ſhould eat it all, when freſh and good. I wou'd to God it had been my Fate to have liv'd in thoſe early Ages of the World, among ſuch Heroes of Temperance and Frugality.

AGAIN, as to Reputation, have you any Regard for that? No Poetry or Muſick is more exquiſitely charming than for a Man to hear himſelf well ſpoken of; and can you be ignorant that Turbots and other coſtly Diſhes, beſides the Expence, entail a Blemiſh upon your good Name? Add to this, that ſuch Extravagancies will draw upon you the diſpleaſure of your Relations. Your Neighbours contemn you, and you become uneaſy and inſupportable to your ſelf; in vain, in vain will you wiſh for Death, when your Neceſſity will be ſo great, that you won't have wherewith to purchaſe a Halter, to put an end to your Miſery.

GO (perhaps the Glutton will ſay) read theſe Lectures to the wretched *Trauſius*, he, poor Man, has occaſion for them; but as for me, I have a large and plentiful Eſtate, as much as will defray three Kings Expences. If this be your Caſe, why do you not find out ſome better way to diſpoſe of what you have to ſpare? Why are ſo many Men of Merit oppreſs'd with Poverty, and you ſo rich? Why do the antient Temples of the Gods lie all in ruin? Wretch that you are, why do you not ſacrifice ſome part of your Treaſure to the good of your Country? Can you imagine that you only of all Mankind are deſtin'd to enjoy a conſtant Proſperity? O ſhould your happy Fortune change, with what Scorn and Deriſion would

Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc accisis. videas metato in agello
Cum pecore & gnatis fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quicquam, præter olus fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hædo: tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
Post hoc ludus erat culpa potare magistra.
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit

your Enemies inſult you; how would they triumph over your Misfortunes?

AGAIN, in times of Danger and Difficulty, which of the two, think you, is moſt capable of providing for his own Security? he who has brought upon his Mind, and his pamper'd Body, many artificial Wants; or he who has led a frugal Life, who fearing the worſt, has, like a wiſe Man, as it were in times of Peace provided for War.

THAT what I have ſaid may make the greater Impreſſion on your Minds, give me leave to tell you, that when I was young, I knew this *Ofellus* perfectly well, and that he obſerv'd the ſame Frugality and Temperance and Moderation in his proſperous Circumſtances, as he now does in a meaner Condition.

YOU may even now ſee this brave good Man, who now pays Rent for his own Eſtate, in his little Farm, which lately was ſurvey'd, feeding his Flock, and ſpeaking thus unto his Children:

COLWORTS and Bacon were my conſtant Food upon every ordinary Day, unleſs the Rules of Civility oblig'd me to act otherwiſe: But if a good old Friend, whom I had not ſeen for a long ſeaſon, came to make me a viſit; or if by chance a Neighbour ſtept in, to paſs away an Hour or two in rainy Weather, I bid them welcome. And even then I did not ſend to *Rome* for Fiſh, but I treated my Friends with a Kid and Pullet; Nuts, Figs, and Raiſins were my ſecond Courſe. Dinner being over, we drank what we pleas'd, but not to exceſs, and offer'd Libations to the Goddeſs * *Ceres*, that

* *Ceres*, the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, ſhe was the firſt who taught Men how to till the Ground and ſow Corn. They who would know more of the Mythology of *Ceres*, will do well to conſult the 6th Tome *de la Bibliotheque Univerſelle*, where this Fable is explain'd at large.

our

Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.
Sæviat atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc inminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc novus incola venit?
Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut nequities aut vafri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremum expellet certe vivacior heres.
Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

SATIRA III.

SI raro ſcribes, ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poſcas, ſcriptorum quæque retexens,
Iratus tibi, quod vini ſomnique benignus
Nil dignum ſermone canas: quid fiet? at ipſis

Saturnalibus

our Corn might increaſe, and Harveſts ripen; in hopes of which the ſpritely Wine made us gay and cheerful.

LET Fortune execute her Rage upon me, I defie her Malice, ſhe cannot reduce me to a lower State. Tell me, O my Sons, Whether I or You have lived the worſe, ſince this new Inhabitant ſeiz'd on my Revenues? I call him an Inhabitant; for Nature has appointed neither him, nor me, nor you, to be real Proprietors of what we call our own. He has turn'd me out, and the time will come, when, either by his Debaucheries, or thro' his Ignorance of the Quirks of the Law, he himſelf ſhall be expell'd: But if none of theſe happen, his ſurviving Heir will moſt certainly eject him. This Farm, which now goes by *Umbrenus*'s Name, was once in my Poſſeſſion, but no one can properly call any thing his own; the Profits of it are mine, and yours, and his. It concerns us, therefore, to quit our ſelves like Men, and to be above the power of Misfortune.

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS *and* HORACE.

Dam. IF you'll write ſo ſeldom, as not to call for Paper four times in a Year, but conſume your time in correcting your Verſes, and in fretting at your ſelf, that, by ſleeping and drinking over-much, you do nothing conſiderable: What will be the Conſequence? You retired into the Country, to avoid being preſent at

The Poet is here accus'd of being lazy.

Saturnalibus huc fugiſti ſobrius. ergo
Dic aliquid dignum promiſſis. incipe. nil eſt.
Culpantur fruſtra calami, immerituſque laborat
Iratis natus paries Dîs atque poëtis.
Atqui voltus erat multa & præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepiſſet villula tecto.
Quorſum pertinuit ſtipare Platona Menandro,

Eupolin

at the Feaſt of * *Saturn*; now you are at leiſure, be juſt to your Promiſe, and produce ſomething extraordinary. Come, Sir, begin. What? Have you nothing to ſay? In vain you lay the fault upon your Pen; What have the Walls been guilty of, that they ſhould feel the Effects of your Fury? You ſeem'd to threaten, that when you were free from Cares and Trouble, and quietly ſettled in ſome little warm Cottage, then great Matters might be expected from you. If not; to what purpoſe did you incumber your ſelf with † *Plato* and ‖ *Menander?*

Why

* The Original of this Feſtival is unknown. *Macrobius* tells us, that it was celebrated in *Italy* long before the Building of *Rome*. As to the Manner of the Solemnity, beſides the Sacrifices and other Parts of publick Worſhip, there were ſeveral leſſer Obſervations which deſerve to be taken notice of: As, firſt, the Liberty which was given to Servants of being very free with their Maſters; this was done in memory of the Liberty enjoy'd under *Saturn*, when the Names of Servant and Maſter were unknown to the World. Beſides this, they ſent Preſents to one another among Friends. No War was to be proclaim'd, no Offender executed. The Schools kept a Vacation, and nothing but Mirth and Freedom were to be met with in the City. They kept at firſt only one day, which was the 14th of the *Kalends* of *January*, but the Number was afterwards encreas'd to Three, Four, Five, and, ſome ſay, Seven Days.

† *Plato*, the Chief of the *Academick* Sect, born at *Athens* in the 87th *Olympiad*; he was *Socrates*'s Scholar, under whom he made conſiderable Improvements in Moral Philoſophy. He was ſo deſirous of Knowledge, that he travell'd into *Egypt*, where he attain'd the Knowledge of the *Jewiſh* Religion. Several Fathers of the Church, by obſerving the Conformity of his Doctrine with that of the Old Teſtament, have given him the Title of the *Athenian Moſes*.

‖ *Menander*, a Comick Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th *Olympiad*; he is ſaid to be the Prince of New Comedy; *Plutarch* prefers him to *Ariſtophanes* both for Judgment and Stile; he wrote 108 Comedies, which are all loſt, excepting ſome Citations from antient Authors.

See

Eupolin Archilocho? comites educere tantos?
Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?
Contemnere, miser. vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia; aut quicquid vita meliore parasti
Ponendum æquo animo. Dî te, Damasippe, Deæque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore. sed unde
Tam bene me nosti? Postquam omnis res mea Janum
Ad medium fracta est; aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis. olim nam quærere amabam,
Quo vafer ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære;

Quid

Why were * *Eupolis* and † *Archilochus* made your Companions? Why did you bring their Works down with you? Do you think to appeaſe the Malice of your Enemies by leaving off writing? But you are miſtaken, you will only be deſpiſed for it. You muſt either reſolve to baniſh Idleneſs, that beautiful Inchantreſs, or quietly renounce the Reputation you have gain'd by your Performances. *Hor.* May the Gods, *Damaſippus*, ſend you a good ‖ Barber for the Advice you have given me; but, prithee Man, How came you to know ſo much of me and my Behaviour? *Dam.* Since I ſtock-jobb'd away my Fortune with the Bankers, who live in the Middle of ‡ *Janus*'s Street, having little or no Buſineſs of my own, I now mind other People's. Formerly I traffick'd in every thing that was antient. It was my Buſineſs to find out, Whether a Ciſtern of *Corinthian* Braſs was ſo antient as that *Siſyphus* might have waſh'd

See his Fragments publiſh'd by *Le Clerc*, with Dr. *Bentley*'s Remarks.

* *Eupolis.* See *Sat.* IV. *Book* I.

† *Archilochus*, a *Greek Iambick* Poet, born at *Paros*, in the 33d *Olympiad*; he was ſo Satirical upon *Lycambes*, who having promis'd him his Daughter, marry'd her to another, that he caus'd him to hang himſelf.

‖ It was uſual with the Philoſophers to wear long Beards; upon which they ſet no ordinary Value: Our Poet, therefore, in return to *Damaſippus* for his kind Inſtructions, very handſomely ridicules him in wiſhing him a good Barber.

‡ ——— ——— *Poſtquam omnis res mea Janum Ad medium fracta eſt.*——Near the Temple of *Janus* there was a Street which took the ſame Name, inhabited for the moſt part by Bankers and Uſurers; it was very long, and divided by the different Manner of *Janus Summus*, *Janus Medius*, and *Janus Imus*.

in

Quid ſculptum infabre, quid fuſum durius eſſet:
Callidus huic ſigno ponebam millia centum:
Hortos egregiaſque domos mercarier unus
Cum lucro noram: unde frequentia Mercuriale
Impoſuere mihi cognomen compita. Novi;
Et miror morbi purgatum te illius. Atqui
Emovit veterem mire novus; ut ſolet, in cor
Trajecto lateris miſeri capitiſve dolore:
Ut lethargicus hic cum ſit pugil, & medicum urguet.
Dum ne quid ſimile huic, eſto ut libet. O bone, ne te
Fruſtrere: inſanis & tu, ſtultique prope omnes,
Si quid Stertinius veri crepat; unde ego mira
Deſcripſi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
Solatus juſſit ſapientem paſcere barbam,
Atque a Fabricio non triſtem ponte reverti.
Nam, male re geſta, cum vellem mittere operto
**Me capite in flumen; dexter ſtetit, &, Cave faxis*
Te quicquam indignum: pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
Inſanos qui inter vereare inſanus haberi.

* It was the Cuſtom for Perſons in Deſpair, when they deſign'd to make away with themſelves, to cover their Heads. See the Story of *Anaxagoras* in the Life of *Pericles*.

Primum

in it; whether this Statue was carv'd by a maſterly Hand; or that caſt with all the Softneſs that the Mould might give it: I was ſkilful enough to ſet an immenſe Price upon a choice Statue: I often bought fine Houſes and Gardens, and ſold them to advantage, inſomuch that wherever I went, I was call'd by the People *Mercury*'s *Favourite.*

Hor. I know it very well, and am much ſurpriz'd to find you cur'd of ſo deſperate a Malady.

Dam. 'TWAS a deſperate one indeed, but another of a different nature has happily remov'd it; thus the Head-ach and Pleuriſy do frequently change Places, and ſettle in the Stomach; and a Man that has a Lethargy does often grow frantick and beat his Phyſician.

Hor. So you do not beat me, be as frantick as you pleaſe.

Dam. O good Sir, you quite miſtake your ſelf; both you and all other Fools are mad, or * *Stertinius* is not to be believ'd. 'Twas from him that I learn'd theſe excellent Precepts; 'twas he that adviſ'd me to let my Beard grow, as a diſtinguiſhing Mark of Wiſdom and Prudence; he it was that perſuaded me to go away from *Fabritius*'s Bridge, in ſuch a Temper and Diſpoſition of Mind as became a Philoſopher: For you muſt know, that my Affairs going very ill, I went thither, having muffled my Head, with an intent to plunge my ſelf headlong into the River, when, as good luck would have it, *Stertinius* came to me, and diſſuaded me from committing ſo infamous an Action; Why, ſaid he, ſhould you be ſo fearful of being reputed a Mad-man, by thoſe who are mad themſelves?

According to the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, all Men are mad in ſome Degree or other.

* *Stertinius*, a *Stoick* Philoſopher.

Primum nam inquiram, quid ſit furere: hoc ſi erit in te
Solo; nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
Quem mala ſtultitia, & quemcumque inſcitia veri
Cæcum agit, inſanum Chryſippi porticus & grex
Autumat. hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
Excepto ſapiente, tenet. nunc accipe quare
Deſipiant omnes, æque ac tu, qui tibi nomen
Inſano poſuere. velut ſilvis, ubi paſſim
Palantis error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit; unus utrique
Error, ſed variis inludit partibus: hoc te
Crede modo inſanum; nihilo ut ſapientior ille,
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. eſt genus unum
Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis; ut ignis,
Ut rupis fluvioſque in campo obſtare queratur:
Alterum & huic varium & nihilo ſapientius, ignis
Per medios fluvioſque ruentis. clamet amica
Mater, honeſta ſoror, cum cognatis pater, uxor,
Hic foſſa eſt ingens, hic rupes maxima; ſerva:
Non magis audierit, quam Fuſius ebrius olim,
Cum Ilionam edormit; Catienis mille ducentis,

LET us first consider what Madness is, which being once stated, if, upon the Enquiry, you are found to be the only Mad-man, you may drown your self with my Consent. Now according to the Opinion of * *Chrysippus* and his Followers, every one that is ignorant of the Truth, and is led away by vitious Passions, is really mad. This Definition extends it self to all Mankind, the Wise only excepted. As for the Reasons, why those, who call you a Mad-man, are mad themselves, take them in their Order.

AS when two Men have lost themselves in passing thro' a Wood, the one takes to the right, and t'other to the left, both go wrong, but they do it by different ways; so it is with Mankind, he who laughs at you, makes one himself in the Fool's Dance.

THERE are two sorts of Madness which particularly deserve to be expos'd: The one is of those who feign to themselves imaginary Dangers; who cry out in confusion, that Rocks, Rivers, and Fires, obstruct their Passage, when they are walking on the Plain. The other sort is quite contrary to this, but not less extravagant; I mean those who run headlong thro' Fire and Water, who, notwithstanding the Admonitions of their Friends, and the kind Entreaties of their Parents and Relations, to have some regard to their own Preservation, and to consider the Danger they are in, are as deaf to their Persuasions, as the Actor *Fusius*, who, playing the Part of *Ilione* sleeping, got drunk, and slept so profoundly, that when † *Catienus*, and

* *Chrysippus*. See *Sat.* III. *Book* I.

† This *Catienus* play'd the Ghost of *Polydorus*, who was son to *Ilione*.

Mater, te adpello, *clamantibus: huic ego volgus*
Errori ſimilem cunctum inſanire docebo.
Inſanit veteres ſtatuas Damaſippus emendo:
Integer eſt mentis Damaſippi creditor? eſto:
Accipe, quod numquam reddas mihi, ſi tibi dicam;
Tune inſanus eris, ſi acceperis? an magis excors
Rejecta præda, quam præſens Mercurius fert?
Scribe decem a Nerio: non eſt ſatis: adde Cicutæ
Nodoſi tabulas, centum mille adde catenas:
Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.
Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis;
Fiet aper, modo avis, modo ſaxum, &, cum volet, arbor.
Si male rem gererere inſani, contra bene ſani eſt:
Putidius multo cerebrum eſt (mihi crede) Perillî

Diſtantis,

twelve hundred Spectators cry'd out together, *O Mother, come to my aſſiſtance*, they were not able to awake him.

I PROCEED to ſhew, that the generality of Mankind are infected with this kind of Madneſs.

DAMASIPPUS's Folly is in buying antient Statues; and is not he as great a Fool who ſells them upon truſt, or lends him Money to buy them? If I ſhould ſay, I will give you credit for ſuch a Sum of Money, and never expect to be paid, Wou'd it be Madneſs in you to accept it? Wou'd it not be a greater Folly to neglect ſo favourable and unexpected an Opportunity of enriching your ſelf? If a Man, who was going to lend his Money to one of a broken Fortune, ſhould ſay, Here, ſign a Note for the receipt of ſuch or ſuch a Sum from my Banker *Nerius:* This Note won't hold him faſt; and if he add to it all the Securities which the knotty-pated *Cicuta* can invent; if he tie him down with a thouſand Chains, yet the Knave, like another * *Proteus*, will break thro' them all, and eſcape. When you arreſt and ſeize him, he will laugh ſo immoderately at you, as to ſet every one about you a laughing; he will be a Boar, or a Bird, a Stone, or a Tree; in ſhort, he will be ever changing his ſhape, and appear in what form he pleaſes; ſo that you know not where to have him.

IF a Man is eſteem'd to be in his Senſes, or out of them, from the good or ill Management of his Affairs; believe me, *Perillius*'s Brains were much more out of ſorts than yours, when

* *Proteus*, the Son of *Neptune*, King of *Ægypt*; he could transform himſelf into all manner of Shapes; his Name, in this Place, is very happily apply'd to an inſolvent Debtor, who uſes a thouſand Tricks and Artifices to elude his Creditor.

Dictantis, quod tu numquam rescribere possis.
Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet : huc propius me,*
Dum doceo insanire † omnis, vos *ordine adite.*
Danda est ellebori multo pars maxima avaris:
Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
Heredes Staberî summam incidere sepulcro;
Ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum
Damnati populo paria, atque epulum arbitrio Arrî, &
Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego prave,
Seu recte; hoc volui: ne sis patruus mihi. Credo
Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidisse. Quid ergo
Sensit, cum summam patrimonî insculpere saxo

* The Author here puts into *Stertinius*'s mouth four Heads of Discourse, as so many Species of *Madness*; *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, and *Superstition*: to which he adds another general one, without any other Name than that of *alius mentis morbus*. He begins to treat of Avarice, *v.* 82. of Ambition, *v.* 165. of Luxury, *v.* 224. of Love, *v.* 247. and of Superstition, *v.* 281. which he finishes at *v.* 295. And therefore those (as some there are) who would change the Places of the several Parts of this *Satire*, seem not sufficiently to have attended to this Division of it, given us by the Author himself.

† Read *omnes vos*.

Heredes

he drew up the Note for that Money which you can never repay him.

O YE that are led away by Ambition! or that are given to Covetouſneſs! ye that are luxurious, profuſe or ſuperſtitious! or that languiſh under any other Diſtemper of the Mind! draw near in order, and liſten, while I prove, that you are all mad.

All Men are mad, but the Covetous are more mad than others.

I DECLARE, in the firſt place, that the Covetous, above all others, ſtand in need of *Hellebore*; the whole Produce of * *Anticyra* will hardly ſuffice them. *Staberius* in his Will obligʼd his Executors to inſcribe upon his Monument a Detail of his Riches: In caſe of failure, they were liable to the Penalty of diverting the People with two hundred † *Gladiators*; to make ſuch an Entertainment as *Arrius* ſhould approve, and to diſtribute as much Corn among them as all *Africa* affords in one Harveſt. *Whether what I have commanded be well or ill*, ſays *Staberius*, *'tis nothing to you*; *I am not your Heir, nor is it your buſineſs to cenſure my Actions.* I believe that *Staberius* had his Reaſons for what he did. *Dam.* What Reaſons could he have, in Willing the Particulars of his Eſtate to be inſcribʼd upon

* There were two *Anticyras*, one in *Phocis*, near the Gulph of *Corinth*; the other was near Mount *Oeta* in *Theſſaly*: The beſt *Hellebore* grew in the laſt, but the Inhabitants of the former were more ſkilful in preparing it.

† The Heathens had a Cuſtom of killing Perſons at the Funerals of Great Men, fancying the Ghoſts of the deceasʼd to be renderʼd propitious by human Blood. They afterwards contrivʼd to ſoften this Barbarity with the ſpecious Shew of voluntary Combat: To this purpoſe they trainʼd up their Captives in the Knowledge of Arms, whom, upon the Day appointed for the Sacrifices to the departed Ghoſt, they obligʼd to maintain a mortal Encounter at the Tombs of their Friends. The firſt Shew of *Gladiators* was exhibited at *Rome* by *M.* and *D. Brutus*, upon the Death of their Father, A. U. C. 490.

Heredes voluit? Quoad vixit, credidit ingens
Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acrius: ut, si
Forte minus locuples uno quadrante periret,
Ipse videretur sibi nequior; (omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus. Sapiensne? Etiam & rex,
Et quicquid volet:) hoc, veluti virtute paratum,
Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
Græcus Aristippus, qui servos projicere aurum
In media jussit Libya; quia tardius irent
Propter onus segnes? uter est insanior horum?
Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.
Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum,
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
Si scalpra & formas non sutor; nautica vela

Aversus

his Monument? *Ster.* I will tell you. While he liv'd, he accounted Poverty the worſt of Evils, and conſequently endeavour'd induſtriouſly to avoid it; inſomuch that he would have look'd upon himſelf as a wicked Fellow, had he died but a Farthing poorer than he might have done. His Opinion was that all things in this World give place to Money; Virtue, Honour, Glory, and Things Divine as well as Humane. So that he who has a large ſtock of it, is Honourable, Couragious, Juſt, Wiſe, and even a King, or whatever he pleaſes.

Now *Staberius* imagin'd, that Ages to come would regard his Acquiſitions as the juſt Effects of his Wiſdom and Virtue. How unlike to him was * *Ariſtippus* the *Grecian*; who, upon his Servants complaining, as they journey'd thro' *Libya*, that the Money they carried was too heavy for them, order'd 'em immediately to throw it away.

Now which of theſe two think you was the maddeſt?

Dam. One doubtful Caſe won't clear up another. *Ster.* If one that has no ſkill in Muſick ſhould purchaſe a parcel of Guittars and Lutes; if a Man that is nothing of a Shoemaker ſhould ſtock himſelf with Paring-knives and Laſts; or, having no inclination for Traffick, ſhould buy Sails and Anchors and Tack-

* *Ariſtippus*, the Founder of the *Cyrenaick Sect*, was the Diſciple of *Socrates*; he liv'd about the 66th *Olympiad*. He made no ſcruple to frequent the Courts of Princes, keep his Miſtreſſes, and fare deliciouſly; anſwering thoſe that tax'd him on that account, that, if it were not a good thing to feaſt and eat well, People would not practiſe it on their Holy Feſtivals. He was an ingenious witty Man, and extreamly happy in his Repartees.

ling

Aversus mercaturis: delirus & amens
Undique dicatur merito. quî discrepat istis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum?
Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
Projectus vigilet cum longo fuste; neque illinc
Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum;
Ac potius foliis parcus vescatur amaris:
Si, positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni
Mille cadis, nihil est, tercentum millibus, acre
Potet acetum: age, si & stramentis incubet unde-
Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arca;
Nimirum insanus paucis videatur; eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
Filius aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat heres,
Dîs inimice senex, custodis, ne tibi desit?
Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,
Unguere si caulis oleo meliore, caputque
Cæperis inpexa fœdum porrigine? quare,
Si quidvis satis est, perjuras, surripis, aufers
Undique? tun' sanus? populum si cædere saxis
Incipias, servosve tuo quos aere pararis;

Insanum

ling for Shipping, the People would juſtly account him mad; and what is he better, who, not knowing how to employ his Money, lays it up in Hoards, and thinks it little leſs than Sacrilege to touch it?

IF a Man, arm'd with a huge great Club, ſhould ſtand watching all day a large Heap of Corn, and yet not dare to touch a Grain, though never ſo hungry; if rather than do ſo, he chooſes to feed on ordinary Herbs: If, notwithſtanding his Cellars are fill'd with Pipes of good old *Chian* and *Falernian* Wine, this covetous Wretch drinks none but what is ſowre: If, being near eighty Years of Age, he ſleeps upon Straw, while his Beds and Blankets lie rotting in a Cheſt, and are an excellent Banquet for the Moths and Worms: If this Miſer ſeems frantick only to a few, 'tis becauſe the greateſt part of Mankind are themſelves infected with this Diſtemper.

ABOMINABLE Wretch! thus to abuſe the Bounty of Heaven; doſt thou hoard up thy Money for fear of want, that thy Son, or perhaps thy Slave, whom thou conſtituteſt thine Heir, may ſpend it on his Debaucheries? How little would every Day take off from your Poſſeſſions, if you would uſe better Oil for your Colworts, and for anointing your Head too, which for want of it is ſcurfy and filthy? If Nature is ſatisfied with ſo ſmall a Pittance, why do you forſwear your ſelf? To what end is this filching? Why do you pillage and plunder others? And as for you, (*addreſſing himſelf to another of his Hearers*) do you think your ſelf in your Senſes? Should you fling Stones at Peoples heads, or endanger the Lives of the Slaves you have bought, wou'd not the very Boys and Girls

Insanum te omnes pueri, clamentque puellæ.
Cum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,
Incolumi capite es? quid ni? neque enim hoc facis Argis,
Nec ferro ut demens genetricem occidis Oreſtes.
An tu reris eum occiſa inſaniſſe parente?
Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quam
In matris jugulo ferrum tepefecit acutum?
Quin, ex quo eſt habitus male tutæ mentis Oreſtes,
Nil ſane fecit quod tu reprehendere poſſis:
Non Pyladen ferro violare, auſuſve ſororem eſt
Electram: tantum maledicit utrique, vocando
Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, juſſit quod ſplendida bilis.
Pauper Opimius argenti poſiti intus & auri,
Qui Veientanum feſtis potare diebus
Campana ſolitus trulla vappamque profeſtis,
Quondam lethargo grandi eſt oppreſſus; ut heres
Jam circum loculos & clavis lætus ovanſque
Curreret. hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis
Excitat hoc pacto: menſam poni jubet, atque
Effundi ſaccos nummorum, accedere pluris
Ad numerandum: hominem ſic erigit. addit & illud;
Ni tua cuſtodis, avidus jam jam auferet heres.

Men'

Girls pronounce you mad? Can you pretend to enjoy your Reaſon, and yet be guilty of ſuch execrable Crimes, as to ſtrangle your Wife, and poiſon your Mother? I know what you would ſay, that the Fact was not committed at * *Argos*, that your Mother was not ſlain like † *Clytemneſtra*, who fell by the Sword of her Son *Oreſtes*. Do you think that he run mad after the Murder; and that he was not diſtracted when he plung'd his Dagger into her Breaſt? Even from the time that you ſuppoſe him mad, he did nothing for which you can juſtly reprehend him, he never attempted to kill his Friend *Pylades*, or his Siſter *Electra*; 'tis true, that, in his Fits, he call'd her *Fury*, and gave him ill Language, but that was all.

IT happen'd one day that the Miſer *Opimius* (who, notwithſtanding his many Heaps of Gold and Silver, was ſo ſordidly covetous, that, on a Feſtival, he drank nothing but *Veientan* Wine out of a naſty Earthen Pot; at other times, that which was flat and inſipid ſerv'd his turn) was ſeiz'd with a Fit of a Lethargy; his Heir immediately, o'erjoy'd at the Accident, fell to rifling his Pockets to find his Keys. An honeſt faithful Phyſician, who was call'd in upon this occaſion, brought him quickly to life again, after this manner. He forthwith order'd a Table to be brought, and ſeveral Bags of Money to be pour'd out upon it, then he appointed divers Perſons to count it; by theſe means he rais'd *Opimius* to life again, crying out to him at the ſame time, If you don't look out ſharp after your Money, your

* *Argos*, a Noble and Antient City of *Peloponneſus*.
† *Clytemneſtra*, ſee *Sat.* I. *Book* I.

greedy

Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age.
Quid vis?
Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus atque
Instans accedit stomacho fultura ruenti.
Tu cessas? Agedum, sume hoc ptisanarium oryzæ.
Quanti emtum? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octussibus.
Eheu!
Quid refert, morbo, an furtis pereamve rapinis?
Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus. Quid
avarus?
Stultus & insanus. Quid? si quis non sit avarus;
Continuo sanus? minime. Cur, Stoice? Dicam.
Non est cardiacus, Craterum dixisse putato,
Hic æger. recte est igitur, surgetque? negabit:
Quod latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.
Non est perjurus, neque sordidus. inmolet æquis
Hic porcum Laribus. verum ambitiosus & audax.

Naviget

greedy Heir will carry it off with him. *What, while I am alive?* ſays the old Man. Yes, reply'd the Phyſician, and therefore if you deſign to live, beſtir your ſelf, and take what I preſcribe. *What would you have me to do?* Why, Sir, ſaid the *Doctor*, your Strength will fail you; you will certainly die without ſome Nouriſhment; you muſt take a good Cordial to ſtrengthen your Stomach: Come, Sir, all Delays are dangerous; drink this *Ptiſane*. *But what will it coſt?* The Price is inconſiderable. *But pray how much?* Two Shillings, ſays the Phyſician; *Alas!* cries *Opimius*, *what availeth it me, whether I am ruin'd by my Diſtemper, or by the Rapine and Thievery of others? Dam.* Who then is a Man in his Senſes? *Ster.* He that is not a Fool. *Dam.* But what is the covetous Man? *Ster.* A Madman and a Fool. *Dam.* But what if a Man be not covetous, is he therefore in his Senſes? *Ster.* No ſuch matter. *Dam.* Prithee, Stoick, why? *Ster.* I'll tell you. This Patient, ſays *Craterus*, is not ſick at his Stomach. Is he therefore well? May he riſe with Safety? By no means, ſays the Doctor; becauſe he has a Pleuriſy in his Side, or is troubled with Gravel in his Reins. This Man perhaps is neither perjur'd nor covetous; let him offer a Pig to his * Houſhold Gods for ſo conſiderable a Bleſſing; but then he is bold, raſh and ambitious. If his Caſe

* *Lares*, the Houſhold Gods of the *Romans*, and other *Heathen Nations*, whoſe Images they kept in their Houſes. They were divided into Publick and Private, the Publick being ſuppos'd to take care of, and to be Protectors of Cities, People and Highways, as the Private of particular Houſes and Families. They had Feaſts kept in honour of them, and Temples built to them.

be

Naviget Anticyram. quid enim differt, balatróni
Dones quicquid habes, an numquam utare paratis?
Servius Oppidius Canusî duo prædia, dives
Antiquo censu, gnatis divîsse duobus
Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis
Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & perdere vidi;
Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem:
Extimui, ne vos ageret vesania discors;
Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.
Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penatis,
Tu cave ne minuas, tu ne majus facias id,
Quod satis esse putat pater, & natura coërcet.
Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure-
Jurando obstringam ambo: uter ædilis, futritve

Vestrum

be ſo, away with him to *Anticyra*; for what difference is there, whether a Man conſume his Eſtate on Players and Flatterers, or never make uſe of it?

OPPIDIUS, who was what one might in former days have call'd a wealthy Man, had two good old Farms at *Canuſium**, which he divided between his two Sons; when he lay upon his Death-bed he call'd both of 'em to him, and addreſs'd them thus: I have obſerv'd, my *Aulus*, that you, when a Child, were very careleſs and negligent of your Play-things, you either loſt them, or gave them away; but you, my *Tiberius*, acted quite the contrary; you counted your Nuts, and with an air of Anxiety were ſollicitous to hide them in ſome private Place. Theſe different Diſpoſitions have occaſion'd your Father abundance of Concern. I am ſore afraid, my deareſt Children, leſt you both be poſſeſs'd with a different Madneſs; leſt you, my *Aulus*, ſhould be like *Nomentanus*, and you, *Tiberius*, be ſo void of Senſe, as to imitate the miſerable covetous *Cicuta*. I adjure you both by my Houſhold Gods, that you, *Aulus*, do not leſſen your Eſtate, and that you, *Tiberius*, do not encreaſe it. 'Tis your Father's Opinion that you have enough, and that you ought not to exceed thoſe Bounds which Nature has preſcrib'd. I will, moreover, that you take an Oath, never to give up your ſelves a Sacrifice to Glory and Ambition; if either of you be† *Ædile*

* *Canuſium*, ſee *Book* I. *Sat.* V.

† *Ædilis*, an Officer created to aſſiſt the *Tribunes* in the Care of Temples and publick Edifices, in inſpecting the publick Stores of Corn and other Proviſions; in ſuperviſing all the Commodities ſold in the Market, and

Veſtrum prætor, is inteſtabilis & ſacer eſto.
In cicere atque faba bona tu perdaſque lupinis,
Latus ut in circo ſpatiere, & aëneus ut ſtes;
Nudus agris, nudus nummis, inſane, paternis?
Scilicet ut plauſus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
Aſtuta ingenuum volpes imitata leonem.
Ne quis humaſſe velit Ajacem, Atrida, veta:
cur?
Rex ſum: nil ultra quære plebeius: & æquam
Rem imperito. at ſi cui videor non juſtus; inulto
Dicere, quod ſentit, permitto. Maximeregum,
Dî tibi dent capta claſſem deducere Troja.

Ergo

or * *Prætor*, may the Curſe of his Father fall heavy upon him, and may he be incapable of making a Will, and of enjoying the Privileges of a Freeman. Why ſhou'd you waſte and conſume your Goods in fruitleſs Donations? Why ſhou'd you madly deprive your ſelf of the Land and Money which your Father left you, only that you may ride in State in the *Circus*, or have a brazen Statue erected to your Memory? Why ſhould you vainly affect thoſe Applauſes which † *Agrippa* receiv'd from the People of *Rome*? This is altogether as ridiculous, as when the Fox affected to paſs for the Lion.

WHY, ‖ *Agamemnon*, did you iſſue out an Order, forbidding any Man at his peril to bury ‡ *Ajax*? *Aga.* Becauſe I am a King. It is not for you, who are a ** Plebeian, to aſk me a Reaſon for what I do: Beſides, the Command was juſt, and if any one thinks otherwiſe, he may ſafely ſpeak his mind. *Ster.* Greateſt of Kings, may the *Gods* facilitate your taking of *Troy*, and may your Navy, crown'd with Succeſs, meet with

and in puniſhing Delinquents in all Matters concerning Buying and Selling; there were at firſt but Two, but the Number was afterwards increaſed to Six.

* *Prætor*, ſee *Sat.* V. *Book* I.

† *Marcus Vipſanius Agrippa*, the intimate Friend and Son-in-law of *Auguſtus*; he was the greateſt General of his Time, and one of the moſt conſiderable Men that *Rome* ever had, tho' of mean Parentage.

‖ The Son of *Atreus*, Captain-General of the *Greeks* in their Expedition againſt *Troy*.

‡ *Ajax*, a famous Commander in the ſame Expedition.

** Notwithſtanding what Dr. *Bentley* ſays, I think it ſhould be read *Quæro*, and the whole Sentence be ſuppoſed ſpoken, not by *Agamemnon*, but the Queſtioner: If it be read *quære*, *Agamemnon* here forbids him to aſk Queſtions, which yet he permits him to do in the next Verſe.

Ergo conſulere, & mox reſpondere licebit?
Conſule. Cur Ajax heros ab Achille ſecundus
Putreſcit, totiens ſervatis clarus Achivis:
Gaudeat ut populus Priami Priamuſque inhumato,
Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere ſepulchro?
Mille ovium inſanus morti dedit, inclutum Ulixen
Et Menelaum una mecum ſe occidere clamans.
Tu cum pro vitula ſtatuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras, ſpargiſque mola caput, inprobe, ſalſa;
Rectum animi ſervas? quorſum? inſanus quid enim Ajax
Fecit? cum ſtravit ferro pecus; abſtinuit vim
Uxore & gnato, mala multa precatus Atridis:
Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipſum violavit Ulixen.
Verum ego, ut hærentis adverſo litore navis

Eriperem,

a happy and proſperous Voyage in its return to *Greece.* With your Majeſty's permiſſion, I ſhall take the liberty to propoſe ſome Queſtions, and to make my Replies to the Anſwers you give me. *Aga.* With all my heart. *Ster.* Why does *Ajax*, that celebrated Heroe, who ſo often preſerv'd the *Grecian Army*, and was next in valour to *Achilles* himſelf, lie rotting above ground? Is it that *Priam* and the *Trojans* may exult, to ſee that Heroe lie naked and expos'd, by whoſe good Sword ſo many of their beſt and braveſt Warriours were depriv'd of the benefit of being buried with their Anceſtors? *Aga.* No ſuch thing, I aſſure you; 'tis becauſe he ran mad, and ſlew in his Fury a whole Flock of Sheep, crying out, at the ſame time, that he had kill'd *Ulyſſes*, *Menelaus*, and my ſelf. *Ster.* And what were you, when, inſtead of a Heifer, you ſacrific'd the lovely charming *Iphigenia* upon the Altar at * *Aulis?* Was you right in your Senſes? [or *in your right Mind?*] *Aga.* Pray explain your ſelf. *Ster.* *Ajax* in a Fit of Madneſs ſlew only a few Sheep, and what is that? He offer'd no violence to his Wife or Son; 'tis true, in his Fury he let fall ſome unbecoming Imprecations againſt You and *Menelaus*; but for *Teucer* and *Ulyſſes*, whom he mortally hated, he never attempted to do them any Miſchief. *Aga.* But as for me, my View was only to get my Fleet out of the Harbour, where it was detain'd by contrary Winds, and for that end I, like a prudent General, endeavour'd

* *Aulis*, a City of *Bœotia*, ſituated upon the Streight of *Negropont*, famous for a Harbour belonging to it, where *Agamemnon*, *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*, and all the *Græcian Captains* rendezvous'd, before they ſet ſail for *Troy*.

Eriperem, prudens placavi ſanguine Divos.
Nempe tuo, furioſe. Meo, ſed non furioſus.
Qui ſpecies alias, veri ſceleriſque tumultu
Permixtas, capiet, commotus habebitur: atque
Stultitiane erret, nihilum diſtabit, an ira.
Ajax, cum inmeritos occidit, deſipit, agnos:
Tu, prudens ſcelus ob titulos cum admittis inanes,
Stas animo? & purum eſt, vitio tibi cum tumidum eſt cor?
* *Si quis lectica nitidam geſtare amet agnam;*
Huic veſtem, ut gnatæ, paret, ancillas, paret aurum;
Rufam aut Poſillam adpellet, fortique marito
Deſtinet uxorem; interdicto huic omne adimat jus
Prætor, & ad ſanos abeat tutela propinquos.
Quid? ſi qui gnatam pro muta devovet agna,
Integer eſt animi? ne dixeris. ergo ubi prava
Stultitia, hic ſumma eſt inſania: qui ſceleratus,
Et furioſus erit: quem cepit vitrea fama,
Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.

* To treat Things as being what they are not, is a plain Renunciation of all Senſe of Truth, an open Denial of the Exiſtence of any thing ——It was a monſtrous Abſurdity in *Caligula* to treat his Horſe as a Man. To uſe a Lamb as my Daughter, is to act againſt the Nature and Truth of Things; and if ſo, 'tis equally as abſurd to uſe my Daughter as a Lamb.

Nunc,

to appeaſe the Gods with Blood. *Ster.* Mad Prince, ſay 'twas with your own Blood, that you endeavour'd to appeaſe them. *Aga.* Yes, with my own, but that proves not I was mad. *Ster.* He who, thro' an Exceſs of Paſſion, is not able to diſtinguiſh that which is innocent from that which is criminal, will be eſteem'd mad, and it will be all one whether his Error ariſes from Folly or Anger. If *Ajax* without diſpute was mad, in ſlaying ſo many innocent Sheep; are you in your Senſes, when, out of a vain Deſire of Glory, you, like a prudent General (as you ſay) commit ſo execrable a Wickedneſs? Can all be right with you, when your Heart is ſwell'd with the Vice of Ambition? Shou'd a Man bear a Lamb about with him in a Chariot, richly dreſs'd, and attended with a ſuitable Equipage, as if ſhe were his Daughter; ſhould he call her his little Dear, and ſeek out a proper Huſband for her, the Prætor would take away from him all Power of managing his Eſtate, and give the Care of That and his Perſon to his ſober Relations. And what if a Man, inſtead of a Lamb, ſhou'd ſacrifice his Daughter? Is he in his wits? Do not offer to ſay ſo: Folly join'd with Impiety is Madneſs in perfection; 'tis impoſſible for any one to be wicked, and at the ſame time not to be mad. I dare be bold to ſay, that *Bellona*, who delights in Blood and Slaughter, hath thunder'd that Mortal out of his Senſes, who greedily thirſts after honourable Titles, which are as frail and brittle as the Glaſs it ſelf.

Nunc, age, luxuriam & Nomentanum arripe mecum:
Vincit enim ſtultos ratio inſanire nepotes.
Hic ſimul accepit patrimonî mille talenta,
Edicit, piſcator uti, pomarius, auceps,
Unguentarius, ac Tuſci turba impia vici,
Cum ſcurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum
Mane domum veniant. qui cùm venere frequentes,
Verba facit leno: Quicquid mihi, quicquid & horum
Cuique domi eſt, id crede tuum; & vel nunc pete, vel cras.
Accipe, quid contra juvenis reſponderit æquus.
Tu nive Lucana dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego: tu piſcis hiberno ex æquore verris:
Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum poſſideam. aufer;
Sume; tibi decies: tibi tantundem: tibi triplex,
Unde uxor media currit de nocte vocata.
Filius Æſopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
(Scilicet ut decies ſolidum abſorberet) aceto
Diluit inſignem baccam: quî ſanior, ac ſi
Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam?

IF we proceed to conſider the luxurious Man, Reaſon will tell you that he is as mad as the reſt. As ſoon as *Nomentanus* had got into his hands a thouſand * Talents, which were left him by his Father, he immediately gives order, that all the Fruiterers, Perfumers, Cooks, Poulterers, Fiſhmongers, Butchers, Bawds, Pimps, and Buffoons, ſhould attend him at his Levée the next Morning. Accordingly they meet. The Pimp, being the moſt eloquent Man in the Company, makes a Speech for the reſt: *Sir*, ſays he, *whatever I or my Friends are poſſeſs'd of, is entirely at your ſervice; you may command it when you pleaſe.* Now obſerve the Anſwer which this wiſe young Gentleman returns to this Addreſs. Honeſt Huntſman, ſays he, I am very ſenſible of your good Services; you lie booted all Night in the *Lucanian* Snow, to kill a Boar for my Supper. You, Fiſherman, notwithſtanding the tempeſtuous Seaſon, provide Fiſh for my Table, whilſt I, unworthy of ſo great a Bleſſing, indulge my ſelf in Sloth and Idleneſs; 'tis very reaſonable, that you ſhou'd both be Partakers with me of my preſent Fortune; here, Huntſman, take an hundred Pounds; there's as much for you, Fiſherman; but you, my dear Friend, turning himſelf to the Procurer, ſhall have three times that Sum. Luxury and Intemperance another kind of Madneſs.

BUT theſe Extravagancies are nothing in compariſon of that of young *Æſop*, who took a very valuable Pearl from the Ear of *Metella*, and diſſolv'd it in Vinegar, that at one Draught he might ſwallow the worth of a Million of Seſterces. Now was not this Action altogether as mad, as if he had thrown it into the River, or the Common-Sewer?

* A Talent is worth of our Money, 187 *l.* 10 *s.*

THE

Quinti progenies Arrî, par nobile fratrum,
Nequitia & nugis pravorum & amore gemellum,
Luſcinias ſoliti inpenſo prandere coëmtas:
Quorſum abeant? ſanin' creta, an carbone notati?
Ædificare caſas, ploſtello adjungere mures,
Ludere par inpar, equitare in arundine longa,
Si quem delectet barbatum; amentia verſet.
Si puerilius his ratio eſſe evincet amare;
Nec quicquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
Quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
Sollicitus plores: quæro, faciaſne quod olim
Mutatus Polemon? ponas inſignia morbi,
Faſciolas, cubital, focalia; potus ut ille
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpſiſſe coronas,
Poſtquam eſt inpranſi correptus voce magiſtri?
Porrigis irato puero cum poma, recuſat:
Sume, Catelle; negat: ſi non des, optet, amator

Excluſus

THE Sons of *Arrius* were true Brothers in every thing that was fooliſh and extravagant; ſo great was their Profuſion, that they frequently bought Nightingales at an exceſſive Price, to gratify their Luxury. What are your Thoughts of ſuch Men as theſe? Are they in their Senſes? Will you abſolve 'em, and rank 'em with the Wiſe, or condemn 'em for their Follies?

The Folly of Love.

IF a Man in years ſhou'd make Clay-Houſes, have a little Chariot drawn by Mice, ride upon a Hobby-Horſe, or play at even or odd; wou'd not every one that ſaw him pronounce him mad? Now if it appears, that it is much more childiſh for a Man to be in Love, and that there is no difference between building Caſtles (which Boys generally do at three or four Years of Age) and ſighing and whining for a jilting Miſtreſs; if this excellent Truth be clearly prov'd, let me aſk you, Will you do what *Polemon* did, when he was made a Convert? Will you lay aſide the Marks of your Diſtemper, I mean, your foppiſh Dreſs? as he, tho' drunk, is ſaid to have ſtolen his Garland unobſerv'd off from his Head, when he grew wiſe upon hearing the Diſcourſe of the temperate Philoſopher * *Xenocrates?*

IF you offer a little Child ſome Apples when he is angry, he'll be ſure to refuſe 'em: Take them, my Dear; no, he won't; but if you ſay he ſhan't have 'em, then he'll cry for 'em immediately.

* *Xenocrates*, a Philoſopher of *Chalcedon*, the Diſciple of *Plato*, he govern'd the School of *Athens* for 25 Years; he was ſent Ambaſſador by the *Athenians* to *Philip* of *Macedon*, and afterwards to *Antipater*; in which Employment he ſhew'd an extraordinary Prudence and Moderation. He was ſucceeded in his School by *Polemon*.

THIS

Excluſus quî diſtat? agit ubi ſecum, eat, an non,
Quo rediturus erat non arceſſitus; & hæret
Inviſis foribus: Ne nunc, cum me vocat ultro,
Accedam? An potius mediter finire dolores?
Excluſit; revocat: redeam? non, ſi obſecret. ecce
Servus non paullo ſapientior: O here, quæ res
Nec modum habet neque conſilium, ratione modoque
Tractari non volt. in amore hæc ſunt mala: bellum,
Pax rurſum. hæc ſi quis tempeſtatis prope ritu
Mobilia, & cæca fluitantia ſorte, laboret
Reddere certa ſibi; nihilo plus explicet, ac ſi
Inſanire paret certa ratione modoque.
Quid? cum Picenis excerpens ſemina pomis,
Gaudes, ſi cameram percûſti forte; penes te es?
Quid? cum balba feris annoſo verba palato,

Ædificante

THIS is juſt the Caſe of a puleing Lover*, when his Miſtreſs has forbid him her Houſe; tho' he knows very well that he ſhall return thither uninvited; and that, notwithſtanding his Proteſtations never more to enter her doors, he cannot help hankering about 'em; yet being deſir'd, he pretends to debate the Matter with himſelf, whether he will ſee her again or not: No, ſays he, I won't go tho' ſhe calls me; I am reſolv'd henceforward to put an end to my Sufferings; ſhe has turn'd me out of doors, and now ſhe calls me back again, and ſhall I return? No, tho' even ſhe herſelf ſhall come and entreat me. But obſerve that the Servant is not a little wiſer than his Maſter: Sir, ſays he, Reaſon and Moderation are not to be made uſe of in thoſe Caſes, which will not admit of them: 'Tis natural in Love, for War and Peace to ſucceed each other; and he that endeavours to fix thoſe things, which depend upon the Humour and Caprice of Fortune, which, like the Tides and Tempeſts, are always changing and in continual Agitation, will ſucceed no better, than if he attempted to be mad by Rule and Reaſon.

YOU are ſtrangely delighted, if you hit the Ceiling with the Kernel of an Apple; Are you in your wits? When, forgetting your Age, you affect to liſp and ſpeak Half-words, the better to ingratiate your ſelf with your Miſtreſs; Are you more in your Senſes than the Man that

* Theſe eight Verſes are taken from *Terence*'s *Eunuchus*, *Act* I. *Scene* I. which our Poet has very happily imitated. Mr. *Aſcham* (in his ſecond Book teaching the ready Way to the *Latin* Tongue) ſpeaking of the Uſe of turning Proſe into Verſe, ſays, that *Horace* has ſo turn'd the Beginning of *Terence*'s *Eunuchus*, that he can never compare theſe two Places together, and not admire them, *p.* 125.

builds

Ædificante casas quî sanior? adde cruorem
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare. modo, inquam,
Hellade percussa, Marius cum præcipitat se,
Cerritus fuit? an conmotæ crimine mentis
Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,
Ex more inponens cognata vocabula rebus?
Libertinus erat, qui circum compita siccus
Lautis mane senex manibus currebat, &, Unum
(Quid tam magnum? addens) unum me surpite morti,
Dîs etenim facile est, orabat; sanus utrisque
Auribus atque oculis, mentem, nisi litigiosus,
Exciperet dominus, cum venderet. hoc quoque volgus
Chrysippus ponit fecunda in gente Menenî.

Jupiter,

builds Houſes of Mud? To this Folly of Love add the Cruelty which is often the Effect of it, by which a bad Jobb is made a much worſe one, and (as the Proverb has it) a * Sword is put into a Mad-man's hands. What think you of *Marius*, who, having kill'd his Miſtreſs *Hellas*, threw himſelf headlong from the top of a ſteep Rock; Was he not diſtracted? Or denying him to be mad, will you condemn him as a wicked Man; and, according to your uſual Cuſtom, give Names to Things which differ in appearance, but are in effect the ſame?

THERE was an old Man, who before he had drank any thing, and after he had regularly waſh'd his Hands, us'd to run about the Streets in a Morning, crying out, O ye Gods, grant that I may never die, 'tis a ſmall thing for you to make one Man immortal.

THIS Man cou'd both ſee and hear perfectly well; but if any Maſter were to ſell him, unleſs he delighted in being litigious, he cou'd not warrant him ſound and perfect; he ought to except his Underſtanding.

ALL theſe different ſorts of People are rank'd by *Chryſippus* in the large and numerous Family of the † *Menenii*.

* Πῦρ μαχαίρᾳ μὴ σαλεύειν, ſtir not up the Fire with a Sword, that is, we ought not to inflame Perſons who are already at variance. See *Dacier*'s Life of *Pythagoras*, Symbol the 5th.

† The Family of the *Menenii* was one of the moſt conſiderable among the *Romans*; it receiv'd no ordinary Luſtre from *Menenius Agrippa*, who triumph'd o'er the *Sabines*, and was particularly famous for appeaſing a very dangerous Inſurrection, by that celebrated Apologue of the Members of the Body declaring War againſt the Belly. This Family, in the time of *Horace*, was fallen to decay, inſomuch that there remain'd but one Perſon of it, who was little better than a Fool.

GREAT

Jupiter, ingentis qui das adimisque dolores,
Mater ait pueri mensis jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit; illo
Mane die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
In Tiberi stabit. Casus medicusve levarit
Ægrum ex præcipiti; mater delira necabit
In gelida fixum ripa, febrimque reducet.
Quone malo mentem concussa? timore Deorum.
Hæc mihi Stertinius, sapientum octavus, amico
Arma dedit, posthac ne compellarer inultus.
Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet; atque
Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.
Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris;
Quam me stultitiam (quoniam non est genus unum)
Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.
Quid? caput abscissum manibus cum portat Agave
Gnati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?
Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris)
Atque etiam insanum: tantum hoc edisserе, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio. Accipe: primum

Ædificas;

GREAT *Jupiter*, ſaith the Mother, who giveſt and takeſt away our Pains, (her Son lying ill of a Quartan Ague, which had held him five Months) if my Boy get free of his Diſtemper, he ſhall ſtand in the Morning naked in the *Tiber*, the next Faſt-Day. Now when Chance, or the Phyſician, ſhall occaſion his recovery, this delirious Mother will be ſure to bring the Fever again, and kill her Son, by putting him into the cold River. *Dam.* What ſtrange and unaccountable Madneſs did poſſeſs her? *Ster.* She was over-ſuperſtitious. The Folly and Madneſs of being ſuperſtitious.

Dam. to *Hor.*

THESE are the Arms which *Stertinius* the Eighth Wiſe Man furniſh'd me with, that for the future I might be reveng'd upon all thoſe that attack me. Whoever henceforward ſhall call me Mad-man, I ſhall return him the ſame Compliment, and deſire him to look into that part of the Wallet which is behind him. *Hor.* In recompence for your former Loſſes, may you now ſell every thing for treble advantage. But pray let me know, ſince there are ſeveral ſorts of Madneſs, which you think I labour under; for to tell you the truth, I think that I am right in my ſenſes. *Dam.* Did * *Agave* think her ſelf mad, when ſhe carry'd her unhappy Son's Head about with her, which ſhe her ſelf had cut off? *Hor.* Well, to make an ingenuous Confeſſion, I am a Fool and a Madman too; but what is my particular Folly? *Dam.* You have more than one. In the firſt

* *Agave*, the Daughter of *Cadmus* and *Hermione*, Wife of *Echion* the *Theban*, by whom ſhe had *Pentheus*; who, deſpiſing the Myſteries of *Bacchus*, was torn Limb from Limb by his Mother, in the midſt of her *Bacchanalian* Fury.

Ædificas; hoc eſt, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad ſummum totus moduli bipedalis: & idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis
Spiritum & inceſſum: quî ridiculus minus illo?
An quodcumque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum eſt,
Tantum diſſimilem, & tanto certare minorem?
Abſentis ranæ pullis vituli pede preſſis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens
Belua cognatos eliſerit. illa rogare,
Quantane? num tantum, ſufflans ſe, magna fuiſſet?
Major dimidio. Num tantum? cum magis atque
Se magis inflaret; Non, ſi te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris. hæc a te non multum abludit imago.
Adde poëmata nunc; hoc eſt, oleum adde camino;
Quæ ſi quis ſanus fecit, ſanus facis & tu.
Non dico horrendam rabiem. Jam deſine. Cultum
Majorem cenſu. Teneas, Damaſippe, tuis te.
Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores.
O major tandem parcas inſane minori.

SATIRA

place, you build, that is, you are hardly two Foot high, and yet vainly affect to appear as tall as others; when * *Turbo* is in Arms, you laugh at his haughty Strut, and think it not at all agreeable to ſo little a Body as his is: But is not your Behaviour full as ridiculous? Becauſe *Mæcenas* does a thing, muſt you therefore do it, who are ſo very unlike him, and ſo very unfit to rival him? An Ox by chance trod on ſome young Frogs in the abſence of the old one. One that eſcap'd told his Dam, that a great hugeous Beaſt trod upon his Brethren, and cruſh'd them to pieces. How big was he, ſaid the old one? Was he as big as I am, ſwelling her ſelf? Bigger by half, cries the young one. What, was he ſo big? replied the Dam, ſwelling her ſelf ſtill bigger and bigger. Oh! Mother, ſaid the Son, forbear your ſwelling, for you can never be as big as he was, tho' you burſt your ſelf with ſtraining.

SEE your Character in this Fable, in which your Picture is drawn to the Life; add to this your Inclination to Poetry, which, conſider'd with your other Vices, is like throwing Oil into the Fire; tho' I muſt confeſs, that, if ever a Poet was not mad, you are not. I ſay nothing how ſubject you are to Paſſion. *Hor.* I entreat your ſilence. *Dam.* Nor of your Extravagance in your Clothes, which is much greater than your Eſtate will bear; nor of your Love to—— *Hor.* Good Dear *Damaſippus*, confine your ſelf to a Detail of your own Faults, and be not ſo ſevere upon me who am but a Youngſter in compariſon of you.

* *Turbo*, a *Gladiator* of ſmall Stature, but very courageous.

SATIRA IV.

UNDE, & quo Catius? Non eſt mihi tempus aventi
Ponere ſigna novis præceptis; qualia vincant
Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.
Peccatum fateor, cum te ſic tempore lævo
Interpellarim: ſed des veniam bonus, oro. 5
Quod ſi interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox:

Sive

SATIRE IV.

HORACE *and* CATIUS.

Hor. CATIUS, whence come you? whither ſo faſt? *Cat.* I have not leiſure to talk with you at preſent; I am contriving how I may make proper Images in my Mind, the better to retain ſome new Precepts, in compariſon of which thoſe of * *Pythagoras*, † *Socrates*, and ‖ *Plato*, are not to be mention'd. *Hor.* I beg your pardon for interrupting you ſo unſeaſonably; I was infinitely in the wrong for doing ſo; but, if any thing has eſcap'd you for the preſent, you are ſo particularly happy both

Precepts to be obſerv'd in making a Feaſt.

* *Pythagoras*, a Philoſopher of *Samos*, the Author of the *Italian* Sect; to avoid the Tyranny of *Polycrates*, he left his Country and retir'd to *Crotona*, a Town in that Part of *Italy* which is called *Magna Græcia*, where he had a conſiderable Share in the Government. He underſtood many Sciences, eſpecially the *Mathematicks*, and was the firſt that took upon him the Title of Philoſopher. He liv'd in the Reign of *Tarquinius Superbus*, and not in that of *Numa*, as is generally believ'd, A. U. C. 240.

† *Socrates*, the Diſciple of *Anaxagoras*; who, notwithſtanding his great Inclination to Study, was not wanting upon occaſion to give ſignal Proofs of his Courage, in fighting in defence of his Country: He was poſſeſs'd of the whole Train of Virtues, to which he had ſo habituated himſelf, that they became natural to him. His Thoughts of God were awful and rational; he derided the Plurality of the Heathen Deities; upon which account being accus'd of Impiety by *Anytus* and *Melitus*, he was condemn'd to death by the *Athenians* in the 95th *Olympiad*, being 70 Years of Age.

‖ *Plato*, ſee *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

Sive eſt naturæ hoc, ſive artis, mirus utroque.
Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem;
Utpote res tenuis, tenui ſermone peractas.
Ede hominis nomen; ſimul & Romanus an hoſpes.
Ipſa memor præcepta canam: celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut ſucci melioris, & ut magis alma rotundis,
Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum.
Caule ſuburbano, qui ſiccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior: inriguo nihil eſt elutius horto.
Si veſpertinus ſubito te oppreſſerit hoſpes;
Ne gallina malum reſponſet dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam muſto merſare Falerno:
Hoc teneram faciet. pratenſibus optima fungis
Natura eſt: aliis male creditur. ille ſalubris
Æſtates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore ſolem.
Aufidius forti miſcebat mella Falerno,
Mendoſe: quoniam vacuis committere venis
Nil niſi lene decet. leni præcordia mulſo
Prolueris melius. ſi dura morabitur alvus;
Mitulus & viles pellent obſtantia conchæ,
Et lapathi brevis herba; ſed albo non ſine Coo.

Lubrica

in a natural and artificial Memory, that you will eaſily recover it. *Cat.* No ſuch thing, I aſſure you; I was then thinking what Method to pitch upon, the better to retain them. The Maxims are fine and curious, and the Expreſſions have an Air of Delicacy in them. *Hor.* Pray, who is the Author? Is he a *Roman*, or a *Foreigner? Cat.* No Names I beſeech you; as for the Precepts, I'll repeat them, if you pleaſe.

WHEN you would bring Eggs to Table, remember to make choice of the long ones; they taſte better, and are more nouriſhing than the round ones, becauſe their Shells have a Male Yolk in them.

THE Colworts that grow in Fields that are never water'd, are ſweeter than thoſe which grow in the Gardens without the City-walls, which are taſteleſs and inſipid by being too often water'd.

IF a Stranger come upon you unexpectedly in the Evening, and you deſign to treat him with a Fowl for Supper, to prevent its being tough, dip it while alive in new *Falernian* Wine, and it will eat extreamly tender.

THE beſt Muſhrooms grow in the Meadows, the reſt are dangerous.

LET him who wou'd be healthy in Summer, eat ripe Mulberries after Breakfaſt, which were gather'd before the Heat of the Day.

'TWAS *Aufidius*'s Practice to mingle Honey with rough *Falernian*; but in this he was miſtaken, for nothing but ſoft Wine ought to be drunk faſting: The beſt Draught for the Stomach is ſoft Wine mix'd with Honey.

IF you are coſtive, eat Limpins and Cockles; Sorrel mix'd with white *Coan* Wine is an excellent Remedy.

Lubrica naſcentes inplent conchylia lunæ.
Sed non omne mare eſt generoſæ fertile teſtæ.
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris:
Oſtrea Circæis, Miſeno oriuntur echini:
Pectinibus patulis jactat ſe molle Tarentum.
Nec ſibi cœnarum quivis temere arroget artem,
Non prius exacta tenui ratione ſaporum.
Nec ſatis eſt cara piſcis averrere menſa,
Ignarum quibus eſt jus aptius, & quibus aſſis
Languidus in cubitum jam ſe conviva reponet.
Umber, & iligna nutritus glande, rotundas
Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem:
Nam Laurens malus eſt, ulvis & arundine pinguis;
Vinea ſubmittit capreas non ſemper edules.

Fecundæ

ALL Shell-fiſh are beſt when the Moon is increaſing, but they are not equally good in all Places. The Muſcles of the * *Lucrine Lake* are much to be preferr'd to the † *Baian Murret*; ‖ *Circe* has the beſt Oyſters, ‡ *Miſenum* excels in Crawfiſh, and the luxurious ** *Tarentines* do juſtly boaſt of their large Cockles.

LET no one pretend to underſtand fine Eating, unleſs he knows to perfection the different Taſte of each ſort of Meat, and how it ought to be dreſs'd. 'Tis not ſufficient for a Man to provide the beſt Fiſh at a very great Price, unleſs he knows which ſort is beſt to be ſtew'd, and which, if it were roaſted wou'd make the Gueſts, tho' already ſatisfy'd, upon ſeeing them, fall to again with a freſh Appetite.

THEY who diſreliſh all flabby Meat, ſhould eat the wild Boar, that feeds on Acorns in the *Umbrian* Foreſt; the Boars of *Laurentum*, which are fatted in Fenny Marſhy Grounds, are not near ſo good.

THE Kids, which feed on nothing but Vines, are not fit to be eaten.

WHEN a Hare that is ſo young as not to be paſt breeding, is ſerv'd up at Table, if you're

* The *Lucrine Lake*, famous for its great plenty of excellent Fiſh, was between *Baia* and *Puteoli*.

† *Baia*, a Noble Delicious Town in *Campania*, famous for many ſtately Villas and Country-Seats, which were round about it; it is parted from *Puteoli* by an Arm of the Sea, about three Miles in length, over which the Emperor *Caligula* built a Bridge. It is now fall'n to decay.

‖ *Circe*, a little Town and Promontory in *Campania*, not far from *Baia*.

‡ *Miſenum*, a little Town and Promontory in *Campania*, not far from *Circe*.

** *Tarentum*, ſee *Book* I. *Sat.* VI.

Fecundæ leporis ſapiens ſectabitur armos.
Piſcibus atque avibus quæ natura & foret ætas,
Ante meum nulli patuit quæſita palatum.
Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum cruſtula promit.
Nequaquam ſatis in re una conſumere curam:
Ut ſi quis ſolum hoc, mala ne ſint vina, laboret:
Quali perfundat piſcis ſecurus olivo.
Maſſica ſi cælo ſubpones vina ſereno;
Nocturna, ſi quid craſſi eſt, tenuabitur aura,
Et decedet odor nervis inimicus: at illa
Integrum perdunt lino vitiata ſaporem.
Surrentina vafer qui miſcet fæce Falerna
Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo:
Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
Toſtis marcentem ſquillis recreabis & Afra
Potorem cochlea: nam lactuca innatat acri
Poſt vinum ſtomacho: perna magis, ac magis hillis
Flagitat inmorſus refici: quin omnia mavolt,
Quæcumque inmundis fervent adlata popinis.
Eſt operæ precium duplicis pernoſcere juris
Naturam. Simplex e dulci conſtat olivo.
At pingui miſcere mero muriaque decebit,
Non alia quam qua Byzantia putuit orca:

Hoc

a Man of an exquiſite Palate, carve a Wing for your ſelf.

I WAS the firſt who cou'd diſtinguiſh by the Taſte the ſeveral kinds of Birds and Fiſhes; I cou'd alſo tell what Age they were of.

SOME content themſelves with having found out a new ſort of Patees, but to employ all one's Care about one thing, is not ſufficient; 'tis, as if a Man ſhou'd be careful to provide good Wine, and at the ſame time be utterly negligent what kind of Oil his Fiſh is dreſt with.

IF your *Maſſick* Wine be thick, ſet it out of doors at Night in the Serene, and it will fine it: Beſides, the Smell of it, which is ſo bad for the Nerves, will go off. But if you ſtrain it thro' Linnen, it will loſe its ſtrength, and become flat and inſipid.

HE that mingles *Surrentinian* Wine with the Lees of *Falernian*, muſt remember to fine it down with a Pigeon's Egg; the Yolk will draw all the thick part to the bottom.

WHEN you have loſt your Stomach with hard Drinking, eat roaſted Shrimps, or *African* Cockles; ſome ſay Lettice is good, but they are miſtaken, it ſwims in the Stomach, turns ſour, and is not eaſily digeſted. Sauſages and Bacon are excellent things to reſtore a loſt Appetite; even the Meat which is ſold at the Cooks Shops, how naſty ſoever, is much better than Lettice.

IT is worth one's while to be nicely inform'd in the Nature of Sauces, of which there are two Sorts, Simple and Compound: The Simple is made of pure ſweet Oil only; the Compound is beſt made of new Wine and the Caveare, which comes from * *Byzantium*, and grows to

* Non aliâ, quàm *quæ Byzantia* putruit orcâ.

Hoc ubi confuſum ſectis inferbuit herbis,
Corycioque croco ſparſum ſtetit; inſuper addes
Preſſa Venafranæ quod bacca remiſit olivæ.
Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia ſucco:
Nam façie præſtant. Venucula convenit ollis:
Rectius Albanam fumo duraveris uvam.
Hanc ego cum malis, ego fæcem primus & allec,
Primus & invenior piper album cum ſale nigro
Incretum puris circumpoſuiſſe catillis.
Inmane eſt vitium, dare millia terna macello,
Anguſtoque vagos piſcis urguere catino.
Magna movet ſtomacho faſtidia; ſeu puer unctis
Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurrit:
Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæſit.
Vilibus in ſcopis, in mappis, in ſcobe, quantus
Conſiſtit ſumtus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.

Ten'

its proper Degree of Decay in Jars; to theſe you muſt add Herbs cut ſmall, and ſet all together on the Fire; as ſoon as it boils, put in a little Saffron, and then pour upon it the right *Venafrian* Oil.

THE Apples of * *Tivoli* are fairer and more beautiful than thoſe of † *Ancona*, but not ſo juicy. The *Venuſian* Grapes muſt be preſerv'd in Pots, thoſe of *Alba* are beſt dried in the Smoke.

I WAS the firſt who invented the Faſhion of ſerving up theſe Apples and Grapes in little Diſhes; I was alſo the Author of the delicious Sauce now ſo much in requeſt; 'tis an agreeable Mixture of *Anchovies*, *Vinegar*, *White-Pepper* and *Salt*.

'TIS a horrible Crime to lay out a large Sum at Market, and afterwards ſerve up your Fiſh in a Diſh that is too little for them. It turns a Man's Stomach to have Wine given him in a naſty Glaſs, which the Valet has handled with his greaſy Fingers, which but juſt before he dipt in the Sauce: Nor is an antient Family-Cup with Dirt, as it were, incorporated into it, leſs diſagreeable. 'Tis no great Expence to provide your ſelves with Whiting, Brooms and Rubbing-Cloths, but to be without them is a Crime of the higheſt nature.

* *Tivoli*, a Town in *Campania*; Latin Authors call it *Tibur*; 'tis about fifteen Miles from *Rome*; it is much viſited by Travellers for its Paintings, Antiquities, Fountains, Palaces, and Gardens; which make it one of the fineſt Places in *Italy*.

† *Ancona*, a conſiderable City in *Italy*, ſeated on the *Adriatick Sea*, belonging to the Pope; the Emperor *Trajan* built the Harbour, and adorn'd it with a Triumphal Arch, which is ſtill remaining.

Ten' lapides varios lutulenta radere palma,
Et Tyrias dare circum inlota toralia veſtis;
Oblitum, quanto curam ſumtumque minorem
Hæc habeant, tanto reprehendi juſtius illis,
Quæ niſi divitibus nequeant contingere menſis?
Docte Cati, per amicitiam Divoſque rogatus,
Ducere me auditum, perges quocumque, memento.
Nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cuncta;
Non tamen interpres tantundem juveris. adde
Voltum habitumque hominis; quem tu vidiſſe beatus
Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi cura
Non mediocris ineſt, fontis ut adire remotos,
Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.

SATIRA

Is it fitting to ſweep a Floor of *Moſaick* Work with dirty Brooms? or to ſpread a Purple Carpet on a Couch that is not clean? The leſs Care and Expence there is in theſe things, the Fault is the greater, and is more taken notice of by Perſons of a good taſte, than if you had been wanting in providing thoſe Dainties which are only expected at Great Mens Tables.

Hor. O learned *Catius!* I adjure you by the Gods, and by that intimate Friendſhip with which you honour me, that you carry me where I may hear theſe Oracles, how diſtant ſoever the Place may be. For tho' you repeat them all with a wonderful Exactneſs, yet foraſmuch as you are only an Interpreter, they do not leave ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion, as if I heard them from the Author himſelf.

I DEPEND upon you to give me a ſight of this incomparable Man; his Air and Aſpect will increaſe my Satisfaction; you eſteem this as nothing, becauſe you have enjoy'd it; but with me 'tis a Matter of no ſmall importance, who deſire with Paſſion to go as far as to this very Fountain of Science, and to furniſh my ſelf with ſuch excellent Precepts, as conduce ſo much to the Happineſs of Life.

SATIRE

SATIRA V.

HOC quoque, Tireſia, præter narrata, petenti
Reſponde: quibus amiſſas reparare queam res
Artibus atque modis. quid rides? Jamne, doloſe,
Non ſatis eſt Ithacam revehi, patrioſque penatis
Aſpicere? O nulli quicquam mentite, vides, ut
Nudus inopſque domum redeam, te vate: neque illic
Aut apotheca procis intacta eſt, aut pecus. atqui
Et genus & virtus, niſi cum re, vilior alga eſt.
Quando pauperiem miſſis ambagibus horres;
Accipe, qua ratione queas diteſcere. turdus,
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi; devolet illuc,
Res ubi magna nitet domino ſene. dulcia poma,
Et quoſcumque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,

Ante

SATIRE V.

*ULYSSES *and* †TIRESIAS.

Ulyſ. BESIDES what you have already told me, *Tireſias*, I beg to be inform'd by you, how I may repair my broken Fortunes: What makes you ſmile? *Tir.* Is it not enough, thou ſubtle Fellow, to return to * *Ithaca*, and ſee again your Houſhold Gods? *Ulyſ.* Great Prophet, whoſe Oracles always prove true; you ſee that I am returning home indeed, as you propheſy'd, but in a naked and indigent Condition: And that at home neither my Cellar, nor my Cattle, is ſafe from the hands of my *Penelope*'s Suitors: And you know, *Tireſias*, that Nobility and Virtue without an Eſtate, are not worth a ruſh. *Tir.* Since you deal roundly and plainly with me, and give me to underſtand that you are afraid of Poverty: Take courage, Man, I will tell you a Secret how to grow rich. If any one makes you a Preſent of wild Fowls, or of any thing elſe that is rare and extraordinary, ſend it immediately to ſome old rich Man who has no Children. If your Garden produces any thing that is excellent, let him be ſure to taſte it firſt, even in

The Way to get an Eſtate.

* *Ulyſſes*, King of *Ithaca*, an Iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, a famous Commander at the Siege of *Troy*, where he continu'd ten Years, and was ten Years more wandering about the Seas, before he return'd to his Kingdom; he was kill'd, thro' a Miſtake, by *Telegonus* his Son by *Circe*.

† *Tireſias*, a famous blind Soothſayer.

Ante Larem guſtet venerabilior Lare dives:
Qui quamvis perjurus erit, ſine gente, cruentus
Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus; ne tamen illi
Tu comes exterior, ſi poſtulet, ire recuſes.
Utne tegam ſpurco Damæ latus? haud ita Trojæ
Me geſſi, certans ſemper melioribus. Ergo
Pauper eris. Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo;
Et quondam majora tuli. tu protenus, unde
Divitias, æriſque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.
Dixi equidem, & dico. captes aſtutus ubique
Teſtamenta ſenum: neu, ſi vafer unus & alter
Inſidiatorem præroſo fugerit hamo,
Aut ſpem deponas, aut artem inluſus omittas.
Magna minorve foro ſi res certabitur olim;
Vivet uter locuples ſine natis, inprobus, ultro
Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius eſto
Defenſor: fama civem cauſaque priorem
Sperne; domi ſi natus erit, fecundave conjunx.
Quinte, puta, aut Publi, (gaudent prænomine molles

Auriculæ)

preference to the * *Lares* themſelves. Is he a Fugitive or perjur'd Perſon? Is he of a mean and ignoble Family? Has he murder'd his Brother? What of all this? If he deſires your Company, never ſcruple the matter, but give him the wall and go along with him. *Ulyſ.* What! Muſt I walk ſide by ſide with [or cheek by jowl with] the infamous *Demetrius?* I behav'd my ſelf quite otherwiſe at *Troy*; there I always contended with thoſe that were my Betters. *Tir.* Then you will die a Beggar. *Ulyſ.* Well, I will make my ſtout Soul bear this too patiently; it has formerly born much greater Evils; but pray, good Prophet, go on to inform me, how I may grow rich. *Tir.* I have already told you, and do tell you again, that you muſt dextrouſly inſinuate your ſelf into the Affections of old Men, that they may put you in their Wills; and tho' one or two be too cunning for you, and eſcape the Bait, be not diſcourag'd, but continue to put my Precepts in practice. In a Trial at Bar, let the Matter of it be little or great, be ſure to be on his ſide who is rich and childleſs, notwithſtanding that he be a very wicked Fellow, and brings a litigious Suit againſt an honeſt worthy Man; if the other Party be marry'd, if he has Children, or is like to have any, never trouble your ſelf with the Juſtice of his Cauſe, or with the Character of the Man, 'tis not worth your while to meddle with it.

WHEN you make your court to the old rich Man, call him *Quintus*, or *Publius:* The Slave's Ears love to be tickled with ſuch Names as belong only to *Roman* Citizens; tell him that

* *Lares,* ſee *Sat.* III. *Book* II.

Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum:
Jus anceps novi: causas defendere possum:
Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quam te
Contemtum cassa nuce pauperet: hæc mea cura est,
Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis jocus. ire domum, atque
Pelliculam curare jube: si cognitor ipse:
Perstа, atque obdura; seu rubra Canicula findet
Infantis statuas, seu pingui tentus omaso
Furius hibernas cana nive conspuet Alpis.
Nonne vides (aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens
Inquiet) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?
Plures adnabunt thunni, & cetaria crescent.
Si cui præterea validus male filius in re
Præclara sublatus aletur; ne manifestum
Cælibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
Adrepe officiosus, ut & scribare secundus
Heres; & si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,

In

his Virtue, and a thouſand other prevailing good Qualities, have made you his Friend; that you underſtand the moſt intricate Points of the Law; that you are very ſucceſsful in pleading; and that you will ſooner ſuffer your Eyes to be torn out, than ſee him defrauded, tho' it be but of a Nut-ſhell; that it ſhall be your particular Care that no Man ridicule him, or do him the leaſt Injury. This ſaid, you may perſuade him not to trouble himſelf any further, but to go home, and take care of his Health; adding withal, that you will take the whole Care of the Cauſe upon you. Then you muſt be ſure to be indefatigably induſtrious; you muſt perſevere and force your way thro' all Obſtacles whatſoever, tho' the Heat or Cold be never ſo exceſſive; or (to ſpeak in the Stile of the fat-gutted *Furius*) whether the Heat of the Dog-ſtar rends in twain the ſpeechleſs Statues, or *Jove* in Winter ſpits down hoary Snow upon the *Alpine* Mountains. Do you not obſerve, (ſaith one of the Standers-by to another, jogging his Elbow) how incredibly diligent this Man is? How eager he is in the Service of his Friends? With what Zeal does he plead, and how careful he is to omit nothing which may be ſerviceable to his Intereſt? This is the way to draw Fiſh to your Net; by this means your Ponds will never be empty.

THAT it may not appear that you make your court only to rich old Batchelors, find out ſomebody who has a Son as well as a large Eſtate, but let it be ſuch a Son as is of a weakly Conſtitution; and wind your ſelf by degrees into the Father's favour, that he may appoint you his ſecond Heir, that in caſe his Son die,

In vacuum venias. perraro hæc alea fallit.
Qui teſtamentum tradet tibi cumque legendum,
Abnuere, & tabulas a te removere memento:
Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima ſecundo
Cera velit verſu: ſolus, multiſne coheres,
Veloci percurre oculo. plerumque recoctus
Scriba ex quinque viro corvum deludet hiantem;
Captatorque dabit riſus Naſica Corano.
Num furis, an prudens ludis me, obſcura canendo?
O Laërtiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non:
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.
Quid tamen iſta velit ſibi fabula, ſi licet, ede.
Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus, ab alto
Demiſſum genus Ænea, tellure marique
Magnus erit; forti nubet procera Corano
Filia Naſicæ, metuentis reddere ſoldum.
Tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas ſocero dabit, atque
Ut legat orabit: multum Naſica negatas
Accipiet tandem, & tacitus leget; invenietque

Nil

you may come in for the Whole. This Artifice ſeldom fails.

IF any one offers you his Will to peruſe, be ſure to refuſe it; but do it however in ſuch a manner, as to ſteal a Look over the ſecond Line of the firſt Page, that you may know whether you are ſole Heir, or whether others are join'd with you.

IT frequently happens, that an old cunning* Notary, like *Æſop*'s Fox who cheated the Crow, diſappoints thoſe Perſons who think themſelves ſure of being his Heirs; and how ſubtle ſoever *Naſica* may be, he only gives an occaſion to *Coranus* to laugh at him. *Ulyſ.* Are you really inſpir'd, or do you delude me with ambiguous Predictions? *Tir.* Hear me, *Ulyſſes*, every thing that I foretell will be, or will not; *Apollo* has given me the Art of Divination. *Ulyſ.* Permit me then to aſk you to explain the Meaning of the Story you told me of *Naſica* and *Coranus*. *Tir.* 'Tis this: When a young Prince, the Terror of the *Parthians*, who derives his Pedigree from the Great *Æneas*, ſhall be equally powerful both by Sea and Land; it ſhall come to paſs, that the covetous *Naſica*, who never lov'd to pay his Debts, ſhall give his Daughter in Marriage to *Coranus*, in hopes of being Heir to his Eſtate. *Coranus* being acquainted with *Naſica*'s Deſign, after ſome time gives him his Will to peruſe; *Naſica* at firſt declines it, but being at length prevail'd upon, he reads it over to himſelf, and finds to his confuſion, that *Co-*

* *Scriba ex quinque viro:* In the *Roman* Colonies, there were ſeveral inferior Magiſtrates call'd *Quinque Viri*; they who had gone thro' theſe Offices, had a Right to be Publick Notaries, whoſe Buſineſs it was to take an Account of the Proceedings in the Courts of Judicature.

Nil ſibi legatum, præter plorare, ſuiſque.
Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier ſi forte doloſa,
Libertuſve ſenem delirum temperet; illis
Aceedas ſocius: laudes, lauderis ut abſens.
Adjuvat hoc quoque: ſed vincit longe prius ipſum
Expugnare caput. ſcribet mala carmina vecors?
Laudato. ſcortator erit? cave te roget: ultro
Penelopam facilis potiori trade. putaſne,
Perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,
Quam nequiere proci recto depellere curſu?
Venit enim (indignum) donandi parca juventus,
Nec tantum veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ.
Sic tibi Penelopa frugi eſt: quæ, ſi ſemel uno
De ſene guſtarit tecum partita lucellum,
Ut canis a corio numquam abſterrebitur uncto.
Me ſene quod dicam factum eſt. anus improba Thebis
Ex teſtamento ſic eſt elata: cadaver
Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit heres:
Scilicet, elabi ſi poſſet mortua; credo,
Quod nimium inſtiterat viventi. cautus adito:
Neu deſis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.
Difficilem & moroſum offendes garrulus ultro.
Non etiam ſileas. Davus ſis comicus; atque

ranus had left him and his Daughter nothing but an inexhauſtible Fund of Grief and Sorrow.

I HAVE yet ſomewhat more to ſay upon this Subject. When you perceive an old doating rich Fellow to be entirely govern'd by his Man, or Maid-Servant, aſſociate your ſelf with them, commend them to their Maſter, and they in return will not be wanting in your Commendations. This Method of proceeding is very ſucceſsful; but it will avail you more to gain a perſonal Intereſt in him. If you find that he has an Inclination to Poetry, do not neglect to extol his Verſes, tho' never ſo bad. I will tell you what happen'd when I was an old Man: A malicious Woman died at * *Thebes*, who by her Will order'd her Heir to anoint her with Oil, and to carry her naked Body upon his Shoulders to her Funeral Pile. She made this Order, as I ſuppoſe, with deſign that when dead, ſhe might ſlip out of his hands, who had never ſtirr'd from her while ſhe was living.

IT concerns you much to obſerve a ſtrict and prudent Conduct; as you muſt be careful not to neglect them, ſo on the other hand, you muſt be equally careful, that you do not tire them with your Importunities. Men in Years are fickle and moroſe, they hate nothing ſo much as a prating Fellow; but it does not follow, that you muſt therefore be eternally ſilent. The Example of *Davus* in the Comedy, is very worthy of your Imitation; you muſt affect a Reverential Poſture, with your

* *Thebes*, a very magnificent City of *Greece* in *Bœotia*, which was utterly demoliſh'd by *Alexander* the Great: It was afterwards repair'd, or rather built by *Caſſander* the Son of *Antipater*; it is now an inconſiderable Borough call'd *Stives*, ſubject to the *Turks*.

Head

Stes capite obſtipo, multum ſimilis metuenti.
Obſequio graſſare: mone, ſi increbruit aura,
Cautus uti velet carum caput: extrahe turba
Oppoſitis humeris: aurem ſubſtringe loquaci.
Importunus amat laudari? donec Ohe jam!
Ad cælum manibus ſublatis dixerit, urgue; &
Creſcentem tumidis infla ſermonibus utrem.
Cum te ſervitio longo curaque levarit;
Et certum vigilans, Quartæ eſto partis Ulixes,
Audieris, heres: Ergo nunc Dama ſodalis
Nuſquam eſt? unde mihi tam fortem, tamque fidelem?
Sparge ſubinde: &, ſi paullum potes inlacrimare, eſt
Gaudia prudentum vultu celare. ſepulcrum
Permiſſum arbitrio, ſine ſordibus exſtrue. funus
Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. ſi quis
Forte coheredum ſenior male tuſſiet; huic tu
Dic, ex parte tua ſeu fundi, ſive domus ſit
Emtor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. ſed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina. vive, valeque.

Head inclining a little on one ſide; you muſt conquer him by your Civility; if the Wind blows hard, ſee that his precious Head be cover'd: If he is in a Croud, ſhoulder all about you, till you have brought him ſafe out of it. If he loves to talk much, hear him patiently: If he delights in his own Commendation, be laviſh in his Praiſes; and be ſure that you never leave off extolling him, till, lifting up his Hands to Heaven, he ſays it is enough. When by his Death you ſhall at length be freed from this tedious Service; and, being broad-awake, ſhall hear that *Ulyſſes* is Heir to the Fourth of his Eſtate, then do not fail to fill the Houſe with Lamentations, crying out in a mournful and paſſionate Tone, *Demetrius* is no more, the beſt Friend that I had in the world is dead: where ſhall I find another Friend ſo generous and faithful as *Demetrius* was? Theſe Complaints muſt be now and then repeated, and then, if poſſible, ſhed a Flood of Tears; 'tis requiſite alſo to diſguiſe your Joy under a ſad and melancholy Aſpect. If his Interment be committed to your Care, let it be ſumptuous and magnificent, that all the Neighbours may commend the Pomp and Splendour of it; and if it ſo happen, that any of the Co-Heirs is ſomething antient, and has a conſumptive Cough, apply your ſelf to him, ſay, that you are willing to ſell your Part of the Inheritance, be it in Land or Houſes, for what he pleaſes. But imperious * *Proſerpine* calls me back to my Abode. Live and be happy.

* *Proſerpine*, the Daughter of *Ceres*, and Wife to *Pluto*, whom the Poets feign'd to be King of Hell.

SATIRE

SATIRA VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paullum silvæ super his foret. auctius atque
Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, & cetera præter
Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis,

Ergo

SATIRE VI.

A LITTLE Farm, and a pleaſant clear Spring; a Garden and a Grove were the utmoſt of my Wiſhes; the Gods in their Bounty have exceeded my hopes, and I am contented. O * *Mercury*, I deſire nothing more than that theſe Bleſſings may be continued to me. If I have neither increas'd my Eſtate by any baſe diſhoneſt Practices, nor leſſen'd it by Debauchery; If I trouble Heaven with no idle Petitions; If I am not always wiſhing, Oh that I had that little ſpot of Ground which wou'd make my Garden ſo uniform and regular; that Fortune wou'd conduct me to ſome hidden Treaſure, as once ſhe did a labouring Hind, who, having † *Hercules* for his Friend, found ſo much Gold, that he purchas'd the Field which he was ploughing for another. If then I make no unneceſſary Prayers, if I am eaſy and ſatisfied with my preſent Condition; If I am truly thankful for it; Continue, I beſeech thee, thy wonted Goodneſs and Protection to me, and grant that my Cattle may be fat, and that they and all things elſe belonging to me may be heavy, except my Underſtanding.

* *Mercury*, the Son of *Jupiter* by *Maia*, the Patron of the Poets, the Diſpoſer of Riches, and God of the Fields. He is the ſame with *Sylvanus*.

† *Hercules* the Son of *Jupiter* by *Alcmena*, he was appointed to be *Mercury*'s Aſſociate in the Diſtribution of Riches.

WHEN,

Ergo ubi me in montis & in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius inluſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinæ quæſtus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Inſtituunt (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium: Romam ſponſorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, & facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, inſane, & quam rem agis? improbus urguet
Iratis precibus. tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori ſi mente recurras.

Hoc

WHEN, leaving *Rome*, I retire to my little Caſtle upon a Hill, how can I better employ my time than in writing *Satires*, in an eaſy ſimple natural Stile, in a Stile that comes nearer Proſe than Verſe? In this my Solitude, the Charms of Ambition are not able to move me; I find no Inconvenience from the Southern Winds; the ſickly Autumn, which is ſo beneficial to the * Undertakers, affects me not. The Benefit and Advantages of a Country Retirement.

O FATHER of the Morning! or rather *Janus*, if that Name delights thee more; thou, who preſideſt at the Birth of all things, and from whom, by the Decree of Heaven, Men are wont to implore a Bleſſing on their Labours, be thou propitious to my preſent Undertaking. The Trouble and Fatigue of a City-Life.

YOU hurry me to *Rome*, to be Surety for my Friend: Make haſte, ſay you, leſt another prevent you in ſo humane an Action: Let it rain or ſnow, go I muſt; tho' the Days be ſhort, and the cold North Wind blows dreadfully boiſterous, yet no Excuſe will be admitted. Having declar'd my ſelf his Bail, in a very loud diſtinct Voice, which I may probably repent of hereafter; the next Difficulty is, how to get thro' the Croud: I puſh thoſe before me, for not going faſter. What wou'd this Fellow have, what, are you mad? Surely you are in mighty haſte, ſays an impudent Fellow, who liberally beſtows his Curſes upon me; what, cries he, muſt you throw down all before you, becauſe you have made an Appointment with *Mæcenas?*

* *Libitina*, a Goddeſs who had a Temple at *Rome*, wherein was kept whatſoever was neceſſary to Funeral Solemnities, which was bought or borrow'd of the *Libitiarii*, as every one had occaſion.

Hoc juvat, & melli eſt; ne mentiar. at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput & circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Inprimat his cura Mæcenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit, & inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero: dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par:
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. noſter ludos ſpectaverit una:
Luſerit in campo: Fortunæ filius, omnes.

Frigidus

THAT this laſt Reproach is a Pleaſure to me, 'tis a folly to diſſemble: But this is not all; as ſoon as ever I reach the *Eſquilias*, I am preſently beſet with a thouſand Suitors. *Roſcius*, ſaith one, deſires you wou'd not fail of being before Eight at the * *Prætor's Tribunal.* The Secretaries (ſays another) deſir'd me to put you in mind of coming to Town to-day upon ſome publick Buſineſs that is new and of great importance: A third preſſes me to get *Mæcenas* to ſign his Papers; if I ſay, that I will uſe my beſt endeavours, he immediately replies, that I can do it if I pleaſe; Sir, I conjure you to give me your aſſiſtance.

IT is now near eight Years ſince *Mæcenas* firſt honour'd me with his Friendſhip, with no other Deſign than to take me with him in his Coach, when he went into the Country, to paſs away his leiſure Hours, with aſking and anſwering little trifling Queſtions; as, What is it a clock? Is the *Thracian Gladiator* as brave as the *Syrian?* The Mornings begin to be cold, they feel it to purpoſe, who do not cloath themſelves accordingly; with many other things of the like importance, which one may ſafely truſt with a Blab-Tongue. From that time I have been more and more envied; this *Horace*, ſay they, is Fortune's Favourite, laſt Night he was at the Play with *Mæcenas*; Ye-

* The *Romans*, when a Thunder-bolt fell upon a Place without a Roof, took ſpecial care to have a Cover built over it, which they call'd *Puteal*; this had the Name of *Puteal Libonis*, ſee *Epiſt.* 19. *Book* I. and *Scribonium Puteal*, it being erected by *Scribonius Libo*, by order of the Senate. The Prætor's Tribunal, ſtanding juſt by, is often ſignified in Authors by the ſame Expreſſion.

Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicumque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone, (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Numquid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilentî.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

ſterday they perform'd their Exerciſes together in the * *Field of Mars*. If the Report of any ill News be ſpread about the City, I am preſently accoſted by all that meet me. Sir, ſay they, you live at Court; you are acquainted with the Emperor's Miniſters, hear you nothing of the † *Dacians?* Nothing at all, Sir. What will you be always mocking [fooling] us? May I die, if I know any thing. Will the Diſtribution of Lands, which *Cæſar* has promis'd to his Soldiers, be in ‖ *Sicily* or *Italy?* I proteſt to them, that I know nothing of theſe Matters: they wonder at it, and ſay to themſelves, that I am an excellent Man in keeping a Secret.

THUS it is, that I waſte away the Day; not without a thouſand Prayers and Wiſhes: O my dear Farm, when ſhall I ſee you? When ſhall I have it in my power, agreeably to put all Thoughts of Buſineſs out of my head, by ſpending my time one while in reading old Authors, and another while in dozing and trifling away the Hours? O delicious Bean, thou near

The Sweets and Pleaſures of a Country-Life.

* The *Campus Martius* was a large open Field, lying near the *Tiber*, for which reaſon it is ſometimes call'd *Tiberinus*; it was named *Martius*, from its being conſecrated by the old *Romans* to the God *Mars*; here the young Noblemen learn'd the uſe of all ſorts of Arms; here they conſtantly exercis'd themſelves in running Races, either with Chariots, or with ſingle Horſes.

† The *Dacians* are the Inhabitants of *Hungary*, *Tranſylvania*, *Valachia*, and all *Moldavia*; all theſe are contained in the Limits of the antient *Dacia*.

‖ *Sicily*, the greateſt and moſt fertile Iſland in the *Mediterranean Sea*; it was of old join'd to *Italy*, but was ſeparated by an Earthquake, or the beating of the Sea; 'tis call'd in Latin *Triquetra*, from its Triangular Form.

O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes, cenæque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procacis
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inæqualis calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit lætius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, & neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne trahat nos:
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit anilis
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arellî
Sollicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;

Aſper,

Relation to the *Great* * *Pythagoras*, when ſhall I enjoy you? When ſhall I feed upon Herbs and ſweet Bacon? O charming Evenings! O raviſhing Entertainments! with which the Gods might recreate themſelves. With theſe, in the preſence of my Houſhold Deities, I regale my Friends, and give my ſaucy Servants what is left at my Table. This is our Way and Manner of living; we are under no Conſtraint of drinking to exceſs; here every one is free to fill as he pleaſes, be it more or leſs.

IN our Converſation we concern not our ſelves with other Mens Affairs; we never enquire, whether *Cæſar*'s *Mimick* dances well, or ill. Our Thoughts are employ'd on more uſeful Matters, ſuch as all wiſe Men are concern'd to know: We debate with our ſelves whether Vertue or Riches do moſt conduce to the Happineſs of Life; whether Reaſon or Intereſt ſhould principally direct us in the choice of our Friends; What is the nature of that which we call Good, and what is the Chief Good.

MY Neighbour *Cervius* diverts us now and then with a pleaſant old Tale, that is much to the purpoſe, as we talk of theſe things. For inſtance, ſhou'd any one, that is ignorant of the Cares and Anxieties which attend upon Riches, commend *Arellius*'s great Eſtate; he preſently cries, I will tell you a Story.

ONCE upon a time a City-Mouſe made a viſit to an old Acquaintance in the Country, by whom he was very kindly receiv'd. The

* *Pythagoras* was of opinion, that the Bean was form'd out of the ſame Corruption as Man, and at the ſame time. See his Character, *Book* II. *Sat.* IV.

Asper, & attentus quæsitis; ut tamen artum
Solveret hospitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cena
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortalis animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere; domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere: jamque tenebat
Nox medium cæli spatium; cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;

Multaque

Country-Mouſe was of a careful frugal Temper, yet very free in his Entertainments. In ſhort, the beſt Peaſe and Oats, which for a long time had been hoarded up, were immediately produc'd; to theſe were added a dry'd Raiſin and ſome Scraps of Bacon, which were probably the Relicks of a Country Feaſt. This Variety of Meat was ſerv'd up in order, with deſign, if poſſible, to give a new Appetite to his delicate Gueſt, who ſeem'd to touch every thing with an air of Diſdain; all this while the Maſter of the Houſe, ſtretch'd at length upon freſh clean Straw, made ſhift to feed on Tares and Chaff, leaving the beſt Proviſion for his Friend. At laſt, the City-Mouſe being much diſſatisfied with his Entertainment, ſpoke in this manner:

"How can you endure, my dear Friend, "ſaid he, to live on the top of this craggy "Mountain? Do you not think, that Cities "and Men are preferable to this barren deſo-"late Wilderneſs? If you do, go along with "me; all Terreſtrial Beings are ſubject to "Mortality; alas! my Friend, Death cannot "be avoided, both the Great and Small, and "all muſt die; let us therefore be mindful of "the ſhortneſs of our Being, let us live while "Life is continued to us, and gratify our ſelves "with every thing that is pleaſing."

THE Country-Mouſe, being charm'd with this Diſcourſe, was eaſily perſuaded to leave his Cell. They both ſet forward on their Journey together, deſigning by Night to reach the City. They arriv'd about Midnight, and took up their Quarters in a ſtately Palace, where the Purple Coverings on the Ivory Beds made a glorious Appearance; but nothing

Multaque de magna supereſſent fercula cena,
Quæ procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: necnon verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod adfert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, & valeas: me ſilva cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

SATIRA

pleas'd our Travellers better than the Remains of an excellent Supper, which lay heap'd in Baſkets, one upon another. The City-Mouſe, who underſtood good Breeding perfectly well, had no ſooner plac'd his Country-Companion on a Purple Carpet, but, like a good and diligent Hoſt, he plied him with variety of the choiceſt Meats, and at the ſame time perform'd the Office of a Servant, in taſting every thing that was laid before him. The Country-Mouſe, as he lay upon the Tapeſtry, was ſtrangely overjoy'd at ſo happy and unexpected a Change of his Condition, he did all he could to expreſs his Satisfaction; when on a ſudden the Door flew open with ſo terrible a Noiſe, that they both ſcamper'd from the Bed they lay upon. They ran about the Room half-diſtracted with Fear; to encreaſe their Terror, the Maſtiff Dogs made the Houſe to ſhake with their Barking. The Country-Mouſe, being a little recover'd from his Fright, was in haſte to be gone; at parting he told his City-Friend, that this noiſy way of living was by no means agreeable to him, that he wiſh'd him well, that for his part, he was going again to his little Cell, where, tho' I feed, ſaid he, on Tares and Vetches, yet I lead a Life ſecure from Danger, which does more than compenſate the loſs of your good Cheer.

SATIRE

SATIRA VII.

JAMDUDUM auſculto; & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca, reformido. Davuſne? Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod ſit ſatis: hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra.
Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, & urguet
Propoſitum: pars multa natat, modo recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. ſæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modo læva Priſcus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS *and* HORACE.

Dav. FOR a long while, Sir, I have been all Attention; and tho' I have a great deſire to ſay a few words to you, yet, as I am your Slave, I am afraid to take ſo great a Liberty. *Hor.* Is it you, *Davus?* *Dav.* Yes, *Davus*, your Vaſſal that loves his Maſter, and as to waſting his Goods is free enough from that, that is, to ſuch a degree as not to make you ſuſpect him of being ſhort-liv'd. *Hor.* Well, Sir, You may enjoy the Freedom of this preſent Month * *December*, (ſince our Anceſtors have eſtabliſh'd the Cuſtom) and may ſpeak your mind. *Dav.* Some part of Mankind are conſtantly vicious, they perſevere in Wickedneſs, and are always the ſame; others again are ſtrangely changeable and inconſtant; like thoſe who ſwim up and down a River, they float as it were, between Good and Evil, one while they are virtuous, then again they are vicious.

A Servant reprimands his Maſter for his unſettled Temper, and for ſeveral other Vices to which he was ſubject.

'TIS obſerv'd of *Priſcus*, that he ſometimes wears three Rings, ſometimes he has none at all on his left Hand; he knows not what he would be at; he puts on and pulls off his Magiſtrate's Robe every Hour in the Day.

* *Saturnalia.* See *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

Sometimes

Ædibus ex magnis ſubito ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſte:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere: Vertumnis, quotquot ſunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, poſtquam illi juſta cheragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro ſe tolleret atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurna
Conductum pavit, quanto conſtantior idem
* *In vitiis, tanto levius miſer, ac prior ille*
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.
Non dices hodie, quorſum hæc tam putida tendant,
Furcifer? Ad te, inquam. Quo pacto, peſſime? Laudas
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis; & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus ſubito te agat, uſque recuſes:
Aut quia non ſentis, quod clamas, rectius eſſe;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas: abſentem ruſticus Urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis. ſi nuſquam es forte vocatus
Ad cenam, laudas ſecurum olus; ac, velut uſquam

* 'Tis eaſier to be a thorow profligate Villain than be honeſt, and diſhoneſt by Fits and Starts. All between is Inconſiſtency, Irreſolution, Remorſe, Vexation, and an Ague-Fit; from Hot to Cold, from one Paſſion to the contrary; a perpetual Diſcord of Life, and an alternate Diſquiet and Self-Diſlike. *Lord* Shaftſbury's *Characteriſticks*, Vol. I. p. 131.

Vinctus

Sometimes he leaves his ſtately Houſe, and takes a Lodging in ſuch a Hole, as a cleanly Freed-man would bluſh to be ſeen coming out of. He is a Debauchee at *Rome*, and at *Athens* a Philoſopher; he is in all things ſo inconſiſtent, that one would think he was born at the Change of the Moon.

VOLANERIUS the Buffoon, being lame with the Gout, (which his Intemperance had juſtly brought upon him) hir'd a Servant to take up the Dice, and throw 'em in his ſtead. The more ſteady ſuch a Man as that is in Vice, the leſs miſerable is He, than the Man before ſpoken of, who is ſometimes vicious, ſometimes virtuous, and (as it were) walks one while on the ſtrait Rope, another while on the ſlack one.

Hor. SIRRAH, you had beſt tell me what it is you mean by theſe Reflections? *Dav.* They are meant of you. *Hor.* As how, Raſcal? *Dav.* You extol the happy Condition of our Anceſtors, you commend their Temperance and Chaſtity and Moderation; and yet ſhould ſome Divinity require you to live as they did, you would refuſe to do ſo; either becauſe you do not believe what you ſay to be true, or that you are not ſteddy in your Reſolutions. You are ſtill the ſame, notwithſtanding you pretend the contrary; you ſtick faſt in the Mire, and vainly endeavour to pluck your Feet out of it. When you are at *Rome*, you are all for the Country; when in the Country, then nothing ſo pleaſant as a City-Life. When no one has invited you to Supper, then you ſay, that you love to eat in quiet, and enjoy your liberty; then you pretend,

Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis amasque,
Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. jusserit ad se
Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire
Convivam; Nemon' oleum fert ocius? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque.
Mulvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
Discedunt. etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:
Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis; adde, popino.
Tu, cum sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultro
Insectere, velut melior? verbisque decoris
Obvolvas vitium? quid, si me stultior ipso
Quingentis emto drachmis deprenderis? aufer
Me voltu terrere: manum stomachumque teneto.
Non sum mæchus, ais. neque ego, hercule fur, ubi vasa
Prætereo sapiens argentea. tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque

Imposita

tend, that whenever you go abroad, 'tis ſore againſt your inclinations; but if *Mæcenas* ſends for you to Supper, tho' it be late, and the Company be juſt ready to ſit down to Table; then, Where's the Oil! quickly: Does no-body hear? Thus you fill the Houſe with Uproar, and make all the haſte you can to *Mæcenas*'s. *Mulvius* and others, who hang upon you, are oblig'd to ſneak away without Supper; I dare not ſay what they wiſh you on that occaſion. Perhaps ſome one will tell me (and I confeſs it to be true) that I am a Glutton, that I am a Smell-Feaſt, that I am ſlow, lazy, what you will; nay, that I am a Haunter of the Stews. Now ſuppoſing all this to be true, if you are as bad as my ſelf, or perhaps worſe, why ſhou'd you reprimand me, as if you were better, who diſguiſe the Baſeneſs and Deformity of your Vices, by I know not what ſpecious glittering Names? Nay, perhaps you will be found to be a greater Fool than your humble Servant that coſt you but fifty Crowns. Lay aſide, I beſeech you, that ſurly Countenance, refrain your Paſſion, and keep your Hands to your ſelf.

The Slavery of being vicious.

YOU ſay you are no Adulterer; nor am I a Thief, when I am ſo wiſe as to keep my Hands off from Plate, as I go by: But take away the Danger of Puniſhment, and Nature will ſhew it ſelf in both of us, when its Reſtraints are remov'd: Are you fit to be my Maſter who have ſo many Paſſions and Men for your Maſters? The *Prætor* with his * Wand may give you your

* The Ceremony of Manumiſſion was in the following manner. The *Slave* was brought before the *Prætor* by his *Maſter*, who laying his Hand upon his Servant's Head, ſaid to the *Prætor*, *Hunc Hominem liberum eſſe volo*, upon

Impoſita haud umquam miſera formidine privet ?
Adde ſuper, dictis quod non levius valeat : nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret, uti mos
Veſter ait ; ſeu conſervus : tibi quid ſum ego ?
nempe
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer ; atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile ſignum.
Quiſnam igitur liber ? Sapiens : ſibi qui impe-
rioſus ;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula
terrent ;
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis ; & in ſeipſo totus ; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari ;
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna. poteſne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noſcere ? quinque ta-
lenta
Poſcit te mulier, vexat, foribuſque repulſum
Perfundit gelida : rurſus vocat. eripe turpi
Colla jugo : Liber, liber ſum, dic age. non quis :
Urguet enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acris

Subjectat

your Freedom as often as he pleaſes, but it is not in his power to deliver you from your Fears.

WHAT I am going to ſay farther, is of no leſs weight and importance than the former: For if he who is under the Direction of a Slave, be he an Underling (as you Maſters call him); or be he a Fellow-Slave; then what am I to you? For you who command me, are a downright Slave to others, and have no more power over your ſelf than a Puppet which moves by Springs and Wires. *Hor.* Who then is free? *Dav.* The Man that is wiſe; he who governs himſelf with an abſolute Power; whom neither Poverty, nor Chains, nor Death, are able to affright; who has the Courage to bridle his Paſſions, and deſpiſe Honour; whoſe Happineſs depends only upon himſelf: Who gathers himſelf into ſo round a Shape, that no outward Accident can reach him: In ſhort, upon whom the Attempts of Fortune are unſucceſsful. Do you know your ſelf, Sir, by any Part of this Character? Your Miſtreſs teazes you to give her five Talents; ſhe tires you with her Importunities; ſhuts you in her Paſſion out of doors, throws Water upon you, then cooling a little, ſhe calls you back again. For ſhame, for ſhame, deliver your ſelf from ſo infamous a Bondage, and ſay, I am free. But alas! it is not in your power to do ſo;

The Deſcription of a Freeman.

upon which he let him go out of his Hand; then the *Prætor*, laying a Rod upon his Head called *Vindicta*, ſaid, *Dico eum liberum eſſe more Quiritum.* After this, the *Lictor* with the *Prætor*'s Rod ſtruck the Servant ſeveral Blows on the Head, Face, and Back, and nothing now remain'd but to receive a Cap in token of Liberty, and to be enroll'd among the Freemen, with the Reaſon of his obtaining that Favour.

Subjectat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.
Vel cum Pauſiaca torpes, inſane, tabella;
Quî peccas minus atque ego, cum Fulvî Rutubæque
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubrica picta aut carbone, velut ſi
Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri? nequam & ceſſator Davus: at ipſe
Subtilis veterum judex, & callidus audis.
Nil ego, ſi ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cenis reſponſat opimis?
Obſequium ventris mihi perniciosius eſt cur?
Tergo plector enim: quî tu inpunitior illa,
Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, obſonia captas?
Nempe inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ;
Inluſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus. an hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvam
Furtiva mutat ſtrigili? qui prædia vendit,

Nil

a cruel Maſter keeps you under, the Tyrant Paſſion rides you with Spurs till you are tir'd, and turns you which way he pleaſes, whether you will or no.

AGAIN, When you gaze upon a Piece of * *Pauſias*'s, with a ſort of Ecſtaſy, why are you more to be excus'd than I am, when I gaze on the Prize-fightings of † *Fulvius*, *Rutuba*, or *Placideianus*, which are drawn in Charcoal ſo exactly to the life, with all their ſeveral Motions and Geſtures, that you wou'd think you ſaw them fighting? Tho' the Folly is the ſame, yet you paſs for a mighty Critick in the Paintings of the Antients, but *Davus* is a Raſcal, Loiterer, and what not! I am preſently call'd Rogue, if I follow the ſcent of a good ſmoaking Cake; but are you, with all your mighty Virtue and Reſolution, able to reſiſt the Temptation when invited to ſome delicious Supper? 'Tis more dangerous indeed for me to indulge my Appetite, becauſe I am ſure of being whipt; but are not you puniſhed too, for being ſo fond of Diſhes that can't be had for a ſmall Expence? You find that continual Feaſting brings Bitterneſs along with it at laſt, and your Body is ſo pamper'd and bloated, that its tottering Feet cannot ſupport it. If your Foot-Boy by Night ſteals a Comb, and trucks it away for a Bunch of Grapes, is he guilty of a Fault? and does the

* *Pauſias*, a famous Painter of *Sicyone*, the Diſciple of *Pamphylus*, Contemporary with *Apelles*.

† It was cuſtomary, when any Perſon deſign'd to oblige the People with a Fight of *Gladiators*, to ſet up Bills in publick Places, giving an Account of the Time, Number, and other Circumſtances; beſides theſe Bills, they ſet up great Pictures, repreſenting the Manner of the Fight, and the Effigies of ſome of the moſt celebrated *Gladiators*, whom they intended to bring upon the Theatre.

Nil ſervile gulæ parens habet? adde, quod idem
Non horam tecum eſſe potes, non otia recte
Ponere; teque ipſum vitas fugitivus & erro,
Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno fallere curam:
Fruſtra: nam comes atra premit, ſequiturque fugacem.
Unde mihi lapidem? Quorſum eſt opus? Unde ſagittas?
Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit. Ocius hinc te
Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

SATIRA VIII.

UT Naſidieni juvit te cena beati?
Nam mihi convivam quærenti, dictus here illic
De medio potare die. Sic, ut mihi numquam

Man who ſells his Eſtate to gratify his Palate, do nothing mean and ſervile? Beſides, Can you bear being alone, tho' it be but for an Hour? Know you how to employ that little time that lies upon your hands? Like an idle Vagabond you fly from your ſelf; you try to drive away Care ſometimes with Drinking, ſometimes with Sleeping; but all to no purpoſe, the unwelcome Companion preſſes you hard, you cannot fly from it. *Hor.* Where ſhall I find a Stone? *Dav.* At whom wou'd you throw it? *Hor.* O that I had an Arrow! *Dav.* My Maſter is either mad, or making Verſes. *Hor.* Villain, be gone; if you ſtay but a moment, I will ſend you forthwith to thoſe eight Slaves, who are now working at my Farm.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE *and* * FUNDANIUS.

Hor. I SENT you Yeſterday an Invitation, and word was brought me, that you went out about one, to take a Repaſt with the happy † *Naſidienus*; pray how did you like your Enter- A Deſcription of a Feaſt.

* *Fundanius*, an excellent Comedian. See *Book* I. *Sat.* X.

N. B. † Notwithſtanding that *Dacier* and others have ſuppos'd this *Naſidienus* to have been a rich, but ſordid miſerly *Roman*, and that this Feaſt ſhews his Temper, yet nothing in this Satire ſhews it, unleſs the Expreſſions be forc'd and turn'd from their natural Senſe, as they are by *Dacier* for that purpoſe. He was a rich Coxcomb, and the Raillery of the Satire turns upon his

In vita fuerit melius. Dic (ſi grave non eſt)
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit eſca.
In primis Lucanus aper: leni fuit Auſtro
Captus, ut aiebat cenæ pater; acria circum
Rapula, lactucæ, radices, qualia laſſum
Pervellunt ſtomachum, ſiſer, allec, fæcula Coa.
His ubi ſublatis, puer alte cinctus acernam
Gauſape purpureo menſam perterſit, & alter
Sublegit quodcumque jaceret inutile, quodque
Poſſet cenantis offendere; ut Attica virgo
Cum ſacris Cereris, procedit fuſcus Hydaſpes
Cæcuba vina ferens; Alcon, Chium maris expers.
Hic herus; Albanum, Mæcenas, ſive Falernum
Te magis adpoſitis delectat; habemus utrumque.
Divitias miſeras! ſed quis cenantibus una,
Fundani, pulchre fuerit tibi, noſſe laboro.
Summus ego, & prope me Viſcus Thurinus, & infra

(Si

Entertainment? *Fun.* I was never better pleas'd in all my life. *Hor.* If it be not too much trouble, pray tell me what was the firſt Diſh brought upon the Table. *Fun.* The firſt was a *Lucanian* Boar, which, as the Maſter of the Feaſt inform'd us, was taken in time, when little or no South Wind was ſtirring; it was garniſh'd with Roots, Radiſhes, Lettice and Skerrets, which are excellent things to ſharpen the Appetite; the Sauce was Anchovies diſſolv'd in the Lees of *Coan* Wine. The firſt Courſe being remov'd, a Servant came in and wiped the Maple Table with a Purple Napkin, while another was employ'd in removing every thing which lay in the way, and might be offenſive to the Gueſts at Supper. When this was done, his Black, *Hydaſpes*, like an *Athenian* Virgin carrying the Veſſels of the Goddeſs *Ceres*, with a ſolemn Majeſtic Pace, enter'd the Room, bringing *Cæcuban* Wine along with him; *Alcon* follow'd with ſome *Chian* that had no Mixture of Sea-Water in it. Upon this our Hoſt ſaid to *Mæcenas*, Sir, If *Albanian* or *Falernian* Wines pleaſe you better than theſe upon the Table, we have both. *Hor.* What a ridiculous rich Fellow this is! But I long to know who were the Company at this Feaſt, where you were made ſo much of, *Fundanius*. *Fun.* I lay at the Top of one * Bed, *Viſcus Thurinus*

characterizing and commending all his Diſhes, and his being at a great Expence to make a Feaſt, where every thing was ill-judg'd and ill-pair'd, both the Diſhes and the Gueſts.

* The Beds on which the *Romans* lay down to eat, were uſually of the ſame Shape and Make; and did generally hold no more than three Perſons. Over theſe they threw a kind of Quilt ſtuff'd with Feathers, call'd

(Si memini) Varius; cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Mæcenas adduxerat umbras:
Nomentanus erat ſuper ipſum; Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas ſimul abſorbere placentas:
Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, ſi quid forte lateret,
Indice monſtraret digito. nam cetera turba,
Nos inquam, cenamus avis, conchylia, piſcis,
Longe diſſimilem noto celantia ſuccum:
Ut vel continuo patuit, cum paſſeris aſſi, &
Inguſtata mihi porrexerat ilia rhombi.
Poſt hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem
Ad lunam delecta. quid hoc interſit, ab ipſo
Audieris melius. tum Vibidius Balatroni;

Thurinus was next to me, and if I remember right, *Varius* was below him; on another Bed lay *Mæcenas* with *Balatro* and *Vibidius*, whom he brought along with him: The laſt had on it *Nomentanus* and *Porcius*, with *Naſidienus* lying between them. *Porcius*'s Buſineſs was (it ſeems) to make us laugh at his ſwallowing down whole Cuſtards at a Mouthful: But *Nomentanus*'s was this, If there was any Rarity which no body took notice of, to point to it with his Finger, and make the Company obſerve it. For we, I mean the reſt of the Company, in all the Fowl and Fiſh which we ate of, found a Taſte very different from what we were acquainted with; which he ſoon ſhew'd me by helping me to ſome of the Row of roaſted Plaiſe and of Turbot, ſuch as I had never taſted before. He afterwards acquainted me with a conſiderable Secret; the Apples of Paradiſe, ſaid he, are reddeſt when the Moon's in her decreaſe; he beſt can inform you of the Cauſe of this Difference. Come on,

Culcitra. On this Carpet were laid *Pulvini*, Pillows or Cuſhions for the Gueſts to lean their Backs upon.

As to the Manner of the Entertainment, the Gueſts in the firſt place bath'd with the Maſter of the Feaſt, and then chang'd their ordinary Clothes for the *Veſtis Convivalis*, which was a light kind of Frock; the Slaves at the ſame time pull'd off their *Soleæ*, that they might not dirty the Carpet, which was commonly very rich. As to their Places, the firſt Man lay at the head of the Bed, reſting the Forepart of his Body on his left Elbow, having a Cuſhion to prop up his Back; the next Man lay with his Head towards the Feet of the firſt, from which he was guarded by the Cuſhion that ſupported his Back, which commonly reach'd to the Navel of the other Man; the reſt were diſpos'd in the ſame manner. Being ſettled on the Beds they waſh'd their Hands, after which they were ſerv'd with Garlands of Roſes, and other Flowers; the moſt honourable Place was the middle Bed, and the Middle of that.

ſaid

Nos, niſi damnoſe bibimus, moriemur inulti:
Et calices poſcit majores. vertere pallor
Tum parochi faciem, nil ſic metuentis ut acris
Potores: vel quod maledicunt liberius; vel
Fervida quod ſubtile exſurdant vina palatum.
Invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota
Vibidius Balatroque, ſecutis omnibus: imi
Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuere lagenis.
Adfertur ſquillas inter muræna natantis
In patina porrecta. ſub hoc herus, Hæc gravida, inquit,
Capta eſt; deterior poſt partum carne futura.
His mixtum jus eſt; oleo, quod prima Venafri
Preſſit cella; garo de ſuccis piſcis Hiberi;
Vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,
Dum coquitur; cocto Chium ſic convenit, ut non
Hoc magis ullum aliud; pipere albo, non ſine aceto,
Quod Methymnæam vitio mutaverit uvam:
Erucas viridis, inulas ego primus amaras
Monſtravi incoquere; inlotos Curtillus echinos,
Ut melius muria, quam teſta marina remittit.
Interea ſuſpenſa gravis aulæa ruinas
In patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
Nos majus veriti, poſtquam nihil eſſe pericli
Senſimus, erigimur. Rufus poſito capite, ut ſi

Filius

ſaid *Vibidius*, turning himſelf to *Balatro*, this Fellow will talk us to death, and we ſhall die unreveng'd, unleſs we drink him dry; upon this he call'd for larger Glaſſes. The Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but *Naſidienus* turn'd as pale as Death; he fear'd nothing ſo much as your hard Drinkers, either becauſe they are apt to take too great a liberty in their Raillery, or becauſe they loſe all their Delicacy of Taſte for choice Eating. *Vibidius* and *Balatro* with their large Glaſſes quickly emptied the Bottles, the reſt of the Company follow'd their example; but the Bottles were little the worſe for *Naſidienus* and his two Companions. Whilſt the Bumpers went thus merrily round, a Lamprey, with Shrimps ſwimming in the Sauce, in a large great Diſh, was ſet upon the Table: This Lamprey, ſaid our Hoſt, was taken with Young; when once they have ſpawn'd they are good for nothing; and then for the Sauce, 'tis made of the pureſt *Venafrian* Oil, the Pickle of a Lobſter, and while it is boiling we pour in ſome *Italian* Wine full five Years old; but after it has once boil'd, then nothing is ſo good as a little *Chian* Wine, with white Pepper and ſome *Leſbian* Vinegar. I was the Man who found out the Secret of boiling green Roquets and Elicampane; but *Curtillus* was the firſt who boil'd Crawfiſh without waſhing them in freſh Water, which are better than the Cavear which is brought over in ſtinking Pots from *Byzantium*.

As he was going on, the Hangings fell down upon the Diſh, and made a greater Duſt than ever the North-Wind was known to raiſe in all *Campania*. At firſt we were afraid that it was ſomething worſe, but when we ſaw that there was no Danger, we took heart again. *Naſi-*

dienus

Filius inmaturus obiſſet, flere. quis eſſet
Finis, ni ſapiens ſic Nomentanus amicum
Tolleret? Heu, Fortuna, quis eſt crudelior in nos
Te Deus? ut ſemper gaudes inludere rebus
Humanis! Varius mappa compeſcere riſum
Vix poterat. Balatro ſuſpendens omnia naſo,
Hæc eſt conditio vivendi, aiebat: eoque
Reſponſura tuo numquam eſt par fama labori.
Tene, ut ego accipiar laute, torquerier omni
Sollicitudine diſtrictum; ne panis aduſtus,
Ne male conditum jus adponatur; ut omnes
Præcincti recte pueri comtique miniſtrent?
Adde hos præterea caſus: aulæa ruant ſi,
Ut modo; ſi patinam pede labſus frangat agaſo.
Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
Adverſæ nudare ſolent, celare ſecundæ.
Naſidienus ad hæc: Tibi Di, quæcumque preceris,
Commoda dent; ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis:
Et ſoleas poſcit. tum in lecto quoque videres

Stridere

dienus fell down upon the Bed, weeping and mourning, as if he had loſt his only Son: He had continued his Lamentations, had not *Nomentanus* wiſely interpos'd with ſome Words of Conſolation. Oh! Fortune, ſaid he, thou of all the Divinities art our greateſt Enemy. How thou takeſt a pleaſure in ſporting with poor Mortals? *Varius*, tho' he put his Napkin to his Mouth, could ſcarcely refrain from laughing; but *Balatro*, who was wont to railly every thing, immediately replied, 'Tis the hard Condition of human Life, that all our Joys are mix'd and unſincere: You muſt not expect, that Fame can ever do juſtice to your Merits. Why ſhould you ſuffer theſe Afflictions, to entertain others? Why ſhould you trouble and perplex your ſelf leſt the Bread be burnt, or the Sauce ill-ſeaſon'd? That your Servants be decently dreſs'd; or that they do their duty in their ſeveral Stations? There are many other intervening Accidents which are not leſs afflicting: For inſtance, if the Hangings ſhou'd fall down, as they did juſt now; or if a Groom ſhou'd come ſtumbling in, and break a Diſh. But let this be your Comfort, 'tis with a Maſter of a Feaſt, as with a General of an Army, it often happens that Adverſity ſhews his Genius which had never been known in Proſperity. May the Gods (ſaid *Naſidienus* upon this) always hear your Prayers favourably; you are ſo good a Man, and a Gueſt ſo ready to excuſe all Faults: This ſaid, he call'd for his * Slippers. Upon this a general Whiſper ran

* *Solea*, a ſort of Sandals without any upper Leather, ſo that they cover'd only the Sole of the Foot, being faſtned above with Straps and Buckles: They properly belong'd to the Ladies, and therefore were eſteem'd as ſcandalous

Stridere ſecreta diviſos aure ſuſurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos ſpectaſſe: ſed illa
Redde, age, quæ deinceps riſiſti. Vibidius dum
Quærit de pueris, num ſit quoque fracta lagena,
Quod ſibi poſcenti non dentur pocula; dumque
Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone ſecundo:
Naſidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte
Emendaturus fortunam. deinde ſecuti
Mazonomo pueri magno diſcerpta ferentes
Membra gruis, ſparſi ſale multo non ſine farre,
Pinguibus & ficis paſtum jecur anſeris albi,
Et leporum avolſos, ut multo ſuavius, armos,
Quam ſi cum lumbis quis edit. tum pectore aduſto,
Vidimus & merulas poni, & ſine clune palumbis;
Suavis res, ſi non cauſas narraret earum, &
Naturas dominus: quem nos ſic fugimus ulti,
Ut nihil omnino guſtaremus; veluti ſi
*Canidia adflaſſet, pejor ſerpentibus * atris.*

* I read *Afris*; for *ater* is not an Epithet for *Serpens*, tho' *atra* be for *Vipera*, as in Od. l. 3. Book IV. but the *African* Serpents are often mention'd by the Poets.

ran thro' the Company; nothing certainly in nature cou'd be more diverting, 'twas a perfect Comedy.

Hor. HAD you nothing elſe to laugh at?

Fun. YES, truly; Ho Boys, ſaid *Vibidius*, are the Bottles all broke, that you give me no Wine when I call for it? While we were laughing at this Jeſt, which *Balatro* mimick'd admirably well, *Naſidienus* return'd with a joyful Countenance, having by his Wit repair'd his Misfortune; his Boys follow'd him with a prodigious Diſh, wherein was a Crane cut up and grill'd with Salt and Flower; the Liver of a white Gooſe who was fatted with Figs; ſeveral Wings of Hares, which (as he ſaid) eat much the ſweeter when cut off from the Loins: We had ſerv'd up too ſome over-roaſted Blackbirds and Pidgeons without Rumps; all which I muſt confeſs were very excellent in their kind, and would have been very grateful to us, if the Maſter had not been ſo confoundedly troubleſome in his Lectures upon them. We reveng'd our ſelves upon him for his tedious Harangues, in riſing from the Table without touching a Morſel, as if his Victuals had been blown upon by *Canidia*, whoſe Breath is worſe than that of an *African Serpent*.

ſcandalous in the other Sex. *Cicero* expoſes *Verres* and *Clodius* for wearing them, and we are inform'd by *Livy*, that the Great *Scipio* was cenſur'd on this very account.

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM LIBER PRIMUS.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende camenâ,
Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. Veianius, armis
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;

HORACE's EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

To MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, as my Verſes began, they muſt end with you. I have long ſince bid adieu to the *Muſes*, have gain'd ſome Reputation, and receiv'd my * Diſcharge. Why wou'd you bring your Poet again upon the Stage? Alas! I have more of Years, and my Genius for Poetry is not the ſame it formerly was. † *Vejanius* did wiſely in hanging up his Arms in *Hercules*'s Temple; he now lives quiet

* The *Rudis* was a Mark of Favour conferr'd upon thoſe *Gladiators* that came off Conquerors; if the Perſon that obtain'd it was a Slave, it procur'd him a Diſcharge from any farther Performance in Publick; if a Freeman, it reſtor'd him to a full Enjoyment of his Liberty.

† 'Twas a Cuſtom for all Perſons when they laid down any Art or Employment, to conſecrate the proper Inſtruments of their Profeſſion to the particular Deity who preſided over it; in Conformity to which the *Gladiators*, when diſcharg'd, hung up their Arms to *Hercules*, who had a *Temple* by every *Amphitheatre*.

Ne populum extrema totiens exoret arena.
Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque & verſus & cetera ludicra pono:
* *Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum:*
Condo, & conpono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
† *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,*
Quo me cumque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
Nunc agilis fio, & merſor civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos, rigiduſque ſatelles:
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus

* The Taſt of Beauty, and the Reliſh of what is decent, juſt, and amiable, perfect the Character of the Gentleman and the Philoſopher. And the Study of ſuch a Taſt or Reliſh will, I believe, ever be the great Employment and Concern of Him, who covets as well to be wiſe and good, as agreeable and polite.

† *Horace* here ſeems to ridicule the Practice of the Philoſophers, who oblig'd their Scholars *jurare in Verba Magiſtri:* This they judg'd a very proper Way to diſtinguiſh their ſeveral Schools from each other; and among their own Diſciples, this Method of Argumentation, eſpecially in ſpeculative Matters, was no leſs eaſie than conciſe. But the *Romans* were too wiſe to regard the Tenets of the Sect they eſpous'd, as a certain infallible Rule of Life. Accordingly we find, that the Uſe and only Uſe they made of 'em was, to improve their Invention, and to teach 'em to reaſon cloſely and properly upon every Occaſion.

Pupillis,

and retired in the Country, and is no longer under the miſerable Neceſſity of ſupplicating the Grace and Favour of the People, when diſtreſs'd by his * Adverſary.

I HEAR a Voice perpetually ſounding in my Ears, Turn an old Horſe looſe, and do not any longer run Races with him, leſt he flag in the Courſe, and loſe the Glory of his former Conqueſts. For this Reaſon I now take my Leave of Lyric Verſe, and of all other trifling Amuſements whatſoever; I am now employ'd in ſearching after Truth, and what we call the *Decorum* in Life; and in this Search my whole Time is taken up. What I collect, I lay up as a Treaſure, which may hereafter be ſerviceable to me. Don't aſk me what Sect or Party I am of; for I tie my ſelf down to the Tenets of no one Maſter in Philoſophy, but ſail juſt as the Stream carries me: Sometimes I engage in an Active Life, and plunge my ſelf over Head and Ears in Publick Affairs, ſtrictly adhering at the ſame time to what is truly virtuous. At other times I ſteal back again into the Precepts of † *Ariſtippus*, and preferring a pleaſant Life before a virtuous one, I try to make my Circumſtances comply with my Temper, inſtead of ſhaping my Temper to them, as I ought to do. As the Night ſeems long to an impatient Lover, whoſe Miſtreſs has deceiv'd him; as the Day ſeems ſlow to the weary Labourer who muſt

* When a *Gladiator* was worſted, he ſubmitted his Arms, acknowledg'd himſelf conquer'd; but this was not ſufficient to ſave his Life without the Conſent of the People; and therefore he made Application to them to pity him.

† *Ariſtippus*, ſee *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataq; tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque;
Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.
Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis:
Non possis oculos quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungui:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.
Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.
Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator;

Nemo

work 'till Evening; as the Years are heavy and tedious to a Minor who is under the Government of a ſtrict Mother; no leſs tedious and irkſome are the Nights and Days and Years to me, 'till I can bring my ſelf to the ſteady Practice of thoſe Precepts, which, if duly obſerv'd, will be equally profitable both to the Rich and Poor; but if neglected, will be equally ruinous to the Old and the Young.

IT remains therefore that I comfort my ſelf, and govern my Life by theſe following Maxims: If your Eyes are ſore, will you neglect to anoint them, becauſe you cannot ſee as far as * *Lynceus* could? Will you refuſe to be cur'd of the Gout, becauſe you deſpair of † *Glycon*'s Strength? It is ſome Satisfaction to have made what Progreſs we cou'd in Wiſdom, when we can go no farther.

ARE you given to Covetouſneſs? Do you thirſt after Riches? There are Rules and Precepts which will ſoften the Paſſion, and, in a great Meaſure, take away the Diſtemper. Are you deſirous of Glory? There are certain Remedies, which, upon your carefully reading the Book that contains them, ‡ thrice over with a ſincere and honeſt Intention, will reſtore you to your ſelf. The Envious and Paſſionate, the Drunkard, the Debauch'd and Idle Perſon may be reform'd; nay, even the moſt Brutal Na-

* *Lynceus*, the Son of *Aphareus*, had ſo piercing a Sight, that, if you will believe the Poets, he cou'd ſee what was done in Heaven and Hell: The Ground of this Fable was, that he underſtood all the ſecret Powers of Nature, Celeſtial and Terreſtrial.

† *Glycon*, a Philoſopher, who was very remarkable for his great Strength.

‡ He ridicules the Superſtition of the Stoicks, who held the Number 3 to be ſecret and myſterious.

Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
* *Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; & ſapientia prima,*
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quæ maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore.
Inpiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignis:
† *Ne cures ea, quæ ſtulte miraris & optas,*
Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos & circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ?
Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum eſt;
Virtus poſt nummos: hæc Janus ſummus ab imo
Prodocet; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque.
Eſt animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua fideſque;
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint;

* Virtue is the Knowledge of Right and Wrong, join'd with an Affection to purſue the One, and avoid the Other. Or rather Virtue is a ſteady Purpoſe of the Mind to purſue and obey the Dictates of Reaſon; which Reaſon, is nothing elſe but a true Senſe and Judgment both of the Nature and Relation of Things, as far as they concern us.

The avoiding or forſaking of Vice comprehends our Return to Virtue; not to be drunk, is to be ſober; not to oppreſs, defraud, or deal falſly, is to act juſtly and honeſtly.

† The Conſtruction is this: *Non vis dicere & audire & meliori credere ne cures ea quæ ſtultè miraris & optas —ne cures* (i. e.) *ut ne afficiaris cupiditate.*

Plebs

ture may be tamed, if he will but patiently lend an Ear to Inſtruction.

THE Beginning of Virtue is to avoid Vice, and the firſt Step to Wiſdom is not to be a Fool. Do you not obſerve what Pains of Mind and Body Men take to eſcape the two great Evils of Life, Poverty and Diſgrace? To avoid being poor, the unwearied Merchant makes a Voyage to the *Indies*, neither Rocks nor Tempeſts can obſtruct his Paſſage. And won't you ſubmit to hear, and learn, and take Advice from ſuch as are able to give it, that you may be free from all Care about thoſe things, which it is a Folly to admire and long after? What Wreſtler wou'd chooſe to contend in Villages, rather than at the * *Olympick* Games, if he were ſure to carry away the Prize without any Difficulty? Silver is not to be compar'd with Gold, nor Gold with Virtue; and yet, 'tis the general Cry from one End of † *Janus* Street to the other, O Citizens! Citizens! get Money, firſt of all get Money; as for Virtue ſeek it afterwards: Both Young and Old ſing conſtantly this Tune. You are a Man (ſay they) of untainted Integrity, wiſe, valiant and eloquent; and yet, if you have not Four Hundred Thouſand Seſterces, if but Six or Seven Thouſand are wanting, notwithſtanding your good Qualities,

* The *Olympick* Games were inſtituted by *Hercules*, A.M. 2836. They were celebrated every four Years upon the Banks of *Alphæus* near *Piſa* in *Elis*, a Province of the *Peloponneſus*: Theſe Games were reſtor'd by *Iphitus* 442 Years after their firſt Inſtitution, about 22 or 23 Years before the Building of *Rome*. The Deſign of this Inſtitution was to accuſtom the *Young Græcians* to Running, Leaping, and other Manly Exerciſes. They continu'd but five Days; the Victor was call'd *Olympionices*; and to be crown'd there, was as glorious as to triumph at *Rome*.

† See *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

Plebs eris. at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus Curiis, & decantata Camillis?
Isne tibi melius suadet, qui rem facias, rem
Si possis recte; si non, quocumque modo rem;
Ut propius spectes lacrymosa poëmata Pupi;

An

you ſhall ſtill be a [a] *Plebeian.* But the little Boys in their ordinary Paſtimes reaſon much better; Do well, ſay they, and you ſhall be a King. Let us regulate our Conduct by this admirable Maxim; let this be our conſtant perpetual Security, never to do any thing which will wound our Conſciences, and make us to look pale and be aſham'd.

Now which is better? [b] *Roſcius*'s Law, or the Boy's Song, which beſtows a Kingdom on thoſe that do well? The [c] *Curij*, [d] *Camilli*, and the nobleſt *Romans*, ſung this Song, and their Practice was accordingly. This Man perſuades you all he can to get Money, that you may ſit nearer to the Stage in the Play-houſe when [e] *Pupius*'s Plays are acted, which draw Tears from the Eyes of the Spectators: He adviſes

[a] See *Book* I. *Sat.* I.

[b] *Lex Roſcia*, the Author *L. Roſcius Otho*, *Tribune* of the People, ordain'd, that none ſhould ſit in the firſt Fourteen Seats of the *Theatre*, unleſs they were worth Four Hundred Thouſand Seſterces: He likewiſe order'd that no Freeman, or Son of a Freeman, ſhould have the Privilege of being Knighted.

[c] *M. Curius Dentatus*, a *Roman Conſul*, famous for his Victories over the *Samnites*, *Sabines*, and *Lucanians*. After theſe Conqueſts he retir'd into the Country, where he was viſited by the Ambaſſadors of the *Samnites*, as he was boiling Turnips in a Pipkin; who, after ſome Diſcourſe, offer'd him a great Sum of Gold to go into their Intereſt. *Curius* very generouſly refus'd their Offer, told them that he preferr'd his Poverty to their Riches, and that his Ambition was not to be rich, but to command thoſe that were ſo.

[d] *M. Furius Camillus*, *Conſul*, *Military Tribune* and *Dictator*, made himſelf famous by ſeveral conſiderable Victories; he deliver'd *Rome* when beſieg'd by the *Gauls*, whom, about 23 Years after, he defeated a ſecond time in the Plains of *Alba*, A. U. C. 387.

[e] This *Pupius* is ſaid to have been peculiarly happy in raiſing the Paſſions: Nothing now remains of his Writings

An qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
** Liberum & erectum præſens hortatur, & aptat?*
Quod ſi me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem,
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit;
Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent,
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
Bellua multorum eſt capitum. nam quid ſequar, aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit conducere publica: ſunt qui
Cruſtis & pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:
Multis occulto creſcit res fenore. verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit dives; lacus & mare ſentit amorem

* *Aptat te reſponſare fortunæ*, i. e. *aptat te certamini cum fortunâ.*

Feſtinantis

adviſes you to get it lawfully, if poſſible; but if that can't be done, to be ſure to get it. Another, like a true and faithful Friend, is conſtantly with you, and exhorts you, and aſſiſts and forms you all he can to ſtand up againſt Fortune, and oppoſe her Attempts when ſhe means to oppreſs you: Which of theſe two in your Opinion gives the beſt Advice? If the People aſk me whence it comes to paſs, that, as I frequent the ſame Walks, I am not of the ſame Sentiments with them: Why I do not love and hate juſt as they do. My Reply is the ſame which the Fox made to the ſick Lion; All the Footſteps are towards your Den, and none from it; this is the thing which makes me afraid. The People is a many-headed Monſter; whom or what ſhou'd I imitate? Some are fond of farming the Publick Revenues; ſome endeavour with little Preſents to catch rich Widows, and old Men in hopes of inheriting their Eſtate. Others again grow rich by private Uſury. All this proves no more than that many Men have many Inclinations, that one loves one thing, and another another: But can you find the Man, who for an Hour together is of the ſame Mind? If a Perſon of Diſtinction ſay * *Baiæ* is a ſweet delicious Place, in all the World there is not a ſpot of Ground beyond it, in reſpect of its lovely and beautiful Situation; the *Lucrine Lake* is preſently ſenſible of the ardent Deſires which this Man has to ſettle there: But the

Writings but thoſe two Verſes which were happily preſerv'd by *Acron* the *Grammarian*.

Flebunt amici & bene noti mortem meam,
Nam populus in me vivo lachrimavit ſatis.

* *Baiæ*, ſee *Book* II. *Sat.* IV.

very

Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi vitioſa libido
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis fabri. lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:
Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid pauper? viden', ut mutat cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, tonſores; conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
Si curatus inæquali tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet inpar;
Rides. quid mea cum pugnat ſententia ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
Æſtuat, & vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
* *Inſanire putas ſollemnia me, neque rides,*
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A prætore dati; rerum tutela mearum
Cum ſis, & prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem
De te pendentis, te ſuſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,

* *Inſanire putas ſolennia Me* (i. e.) *communi inſania teneri.*

Liber,

very next Day, if his capricious Humour gives him a Hint, then all the Cry is, Go, Workmen, carry your Tools and Materials to * *Teanum*. Is he marry'd? Then nothing appears ſo agreeable to him as a ſingle Life. Is he a ſingle Man? Who then are ſo happy as they who are marry'd? What way ſhall I take to fix this *Proteus*, who is never the ſame Man? Nor is the poor Man leſs inconſtant; he changes his Lodgings, Beds, Baths and Barbers; he hires a Boat, and grows in a little Time as weary of it, as the Great Men of their own Galleys.

IF my Hair be cut awry, if one Side of my Cloak be longer than the other; if my Cloaths be new, and Linnen old, you preſently laugh at me; but when I differ ſo unaccountably from my ſelf; when I contemn what I lately deſir'd, and again deſire what I juſt now contemn'd; when my Mind is in a continual Agitation, and my whole Life is, as it were, one perpetuated Scene of Contradictions; when I pull down and build up again; when I make ſquare Things round, and round ones ſquare; then you forbear to laugh at me any longer, becauſe ſo many Thouſands are like me, and in all Reſpects as great Fools as my ſelf. Then in your Opinion I want no Guardian, neither do I ſtand in need of a Phyſician; and yet, *Mæcenas*, though you are as it were my tutelary Deity, you are angry with your Friend who admires you, and places his whole Dependance upon you, if but my Nails are ill cut. To conclude, the † Wiſe Man is inferiour to none but *Jupiter*; He

* *Teanum*, a little Village of *Campania*, not far from *Baiæ*, famous for its hot Baths.

† The *Stoicks* maintain'd that their Wiſe Man was equal to God, and that he might contend for Happineſs

Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum;
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.

EPISTOLA II.

Ad Lollium.

TROJANI belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi.
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,

Planius

He only is free, rich, beautiful and honourable; He is King of Kings; He always enjoys his Health to Perfection, unleſs it be when he's troubled with * Flegm.

with him; our Poet is more modeſt, he acknowledges God to be the only wiſe Being, and that he is the Author and Giver of Wiſdom.

* He ridicules the *Stoicks*, who confidently aſſerted, that the moſt violent Diſtempers were not capable of making the leaſt Alteration in the Health of their Wiſe Men.

EPISTLE II.

To *Lollius.*

ILLUSTRIOUS *Lollius*, while you are pleading at *Rome*, I have carefully read over * *Homer* at † *Præneſte*; and I cannot but ſay, that he teaches us much better, and with greater Perſpicuity, what is Honourable, what

* *Homer*, ſee *Book* I. *Sat.* X. This Poet, in reſpect of his Leſſons of Morality, according to the common Philoſophical Diviſion of *Good* into the *Pleaſant*, *Profitable* and *Honeſt*, which *Horace* here lays down, has more fully and clearly inſtructed us, than the moſt rigid Philoſophers. And therefore it is not to be wonder'd at, if *Greece*, which afterwards gave the Appellation of *Wiſe* to Men who ſettled *ſingle Sentences* of Truth, ſhould give him the Title of the *Father* of *Virtue*. See Mr. *Pope*'s *Eſſay* on *Homer*, p. 55.

† *Præneſte*, a little Town in *Italy*, about 12 Miles from *Rome*.

Infamous;

Planius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, niſi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum regum, & populorum continet æſtus.
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſſam:
** Quod Paris, ut ſalvus regnet vivatque beatus,*
Cogi poſſe negat. Neſtor componere litis
Inter Peliden feſtinat & inter Atriden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque:
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine, & ira,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.
Rurſum, quid virtus, & quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulixen:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbis
Et mores hominum inſpexit; latumque per æquor,
Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa

* Ad quod Paris negat ſe poſſe cogi, ut ſalvus regnet: *ut* i. e. *quamvis, licet:* See the Note * in *p.* 307.

Pertulit,

Infamous; what is Profitable, what not, than either * *Crantor* or † *Chryſippus*. Hear, if your greater Affairs will permit you, what I have to offer in Defence of my Opinion. The Poet in the *Iliads* deſcribes the mad extravagant Paſſions with which both Kings and People were inflam'd, in the War that broke out between the *Grecians* and *Trojans*; which was occaſion'd by the Love of *Paris*, and laſted ſo long, that the Strength of *Greece* was almoſt exhauſted. ‡ *Antenor*, on the one Part, being willing to put an End to the War, adviſes that *Helen* ſhould be ſent back into *Greece*; but *Paris* declares, that he can never be brought to conſent to this, even tho' the Safety of his Reign and the Happineſs of his Life ſhould depend upon it. *Neſtor*, on the other Side, endeavours all he can to compoſe the Difference between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*; they were both extremely hot and furious; but Love, that Tyrant of the Soul, reign'd in the Heart of *Agamemnon*. Whatever Follies are acted by Princes, their Subjects ſuffer for 'em. Seditions, Intrigues, Love, Anger and Revenge prevail both in the Camp and City. Thus far the *Iliads*.

IN the Perſon of *Ulyſſes*, the Poet ſets before us an excellent Example of Courage and Wiſdom; who, after the taking of *Troy*, travell'd thro' many diſtant Countries, where he diligently obſerv'd the different Cuſtoms and Manners of Mankind. In his Voyage to *Ithaca*, that he and his Soldiers might arrive there

* *Crantor*, an Academick Philoſopher of *Solos*, and Diſciple of *Xenocrates*; he writ an admirable Treatiſe upon Grief, which is much commended by *Cicero*. He flouriſh'd about the 116th *Olympiad*.

† *Chryſippus*, ſee *Book* I. *Sat.* III.

‡ See the Speeches of *Antenor* and *Paris*, Iliad. 7th. l. 348.

Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
Sirenum voces, & Circæ pocula nosti:
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupiduque bibisset;
Sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis & excors:
Vixisset canis inmundus, vel amica luto sus.
Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati,
Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curanda plus æquo operata juventus;
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &
Ad strepitum citharæ cessantem ducere somnum.
Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui

Si

in Safety, he ſtruggled with a thouſand inexpreſſible Difficulties, in all which he came off a Conqueror. You have heard of the * *Sirens* charming Voices, and of † *Circe*'s Enchantments: Had our Heroe ſo greedily drank up the fatal Poiſon as his Companions did, his Return had been impoſſible; he had made himſelf a Slave to an infamous Proſtitute, who wou'd have transform'd him into a Dog, or Sow that lies wallowing in the Mire.

THE Bulk of us Mortals are good for nothing but to eat and drink; we are like the Lovers of *Penelope*, like the Debauchees of ‡ *Alcinous*'s Court, who ſpend all their Time in pampering their Bodies; who glory in lying in Bed 'till Noon, and in lulling themſelves to Sleep at Night with Muſick.

THIEVES and Robbers take the Pains to riſe at Midnight to cut Men's Throats; and won't you awake from your Slumber, to ſave your ſelf? If you will not uſe Exerciſe when you are well, you'll be forc'd to do ſo,

* *Sirens*, according to the Poets, were half Women and half Fiſh; there were but Three, *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucoſia*; the Poets ſay of them, that by the charming Sweetneſs of their Singing they ſtopp'd all Travellers, but *Ulyſſes* by his Prudence happily eſcap'd them.

† *Circe*, a famous Enchantreſs, who, being baniſh'd by her Subjects for poiſoning her Huſband the King of the *Sarmatæ*, came to *Italy*, and kept her Reſidence in a Promontory call'd by her Name; ſhe entertain'd *Ulyſſes* when his Fleet was caſt away upon her Coaſts, made the Stars come down from Heaven in his Preſence, and transform'd his Companions into different Sorts of Beaſts. This Fable is a lively and beautiful Image of ſenſual Pleaſures, which change the braveſt Men into Brutes.

‡ *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæaces*, a People of *Corcyra*, who were much given to Luxury and Intemperance.

Si noles ſanus, curres hydropicus: & ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine; ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis & rebus honeſtis,
Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere. nam cur,
Quæ lædunt oculum, feſtinas demere; ſi quid
Eſt animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cæpit habet. ſapere aude:
Incipe. qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Ruſticus exſpectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Quæritur argentum, puerique beata creandis
Uxor; & incultæ pacantur vomere ſilvæ.
Quod ſatis eſt, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febris,
Non animo curas. valeat poſſeſſor opotet,

Si

to be cur'd of the * Dropſy. If betimes in the Morning, before Break of Day, you do not call for your Book and Candle; if you do not ſeriouſly apply your Mind to ſome uſeful Studies or Buſineſs, you will ſoon become a Prey to your Paſſions; Love and Envy will keep you awake, and put you to the Torture. If a Mote be in your Eye, you take it out immediately; and yet you neglect the Cure of your Mind whole Years together. What a ſtrange and unaccountable Procedure is this? The Work is half done that is begun well. Dare to be wiſe, begin this very Inſtant. He that delays to lead a good Life, is like the Clown in the Fable, who, meeting a River in his way, ſat down on the Bank 'till the Stream ſhou'd paſs him; but alas! that flows and will flow on, 'till Time ſhall be no more.

WE are ſollicitous to get Money, and a Wife that will be happy in bringing us a numerous Offspring; we grub up our Woods, and plough the Lands, which were before untill'd, to increaſe our Eſtates. What occaſion has he, who is already bleſt with a competent Fortune, to wiſh for more? Neither Houſe nor Lands, nor Gold, nor Silver, can cure a Fever, or give ſo much as a Moment's Eaſe to a diſtemper'd Mind. † A Man muſt be well both in Body and

* *Curres Hydropicus, Celſus, Book* III. *Chap.* XXIII. ſpeaking of ſeveral Remedies for the Dropſy, has theſe Words: *Multum ambulandum, currendum aliquando eſt.*

† *Plato* tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour, Riches, and all the other Things call'd *Goods*, are equally as Evil to the Unjuſt, as Good to the Juſt. Agreeable to which is that excellent Saying of *Terence*, *Act.* 1. *Scen.* 2.

Hæc perinde ſunt ut illius animus, qui ea poſſidet:
Qui uti ſcit, ei bona; illi, qui non utitur rectè, mala.

Si conportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit; juvat illum ſic domus & res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
Auriculas citharæ collecta ſorde dolentis.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcumque infundis, aceſcit.
* *Sperne voluptates: nocet emta dolore voluptas.*
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis:
Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. qui non moderabitur iræ,
† *Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit & mens,*
Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis eſt. animum rege. qui, niſi paret,
Imperat; hunc frenis, hunc tu conpeſce catena.
Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magiſter
Ire, viam qua monſtret eques: venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aula,
Militat in ſilvis catulus. nunc adbibe puro

* Preſent Pleaſure is agreeable for the Preſent; but if it be not true, and if he who enjoys it muſt pay more for it than its Value, it cannot be for his Good.

† Dolor & mens *(i. e.)* dolor mentis.

Pectore

Mind to taſte and enjoy the Bleſſings of Life with Comfort and Satisfaction. If the Veſſel be not ſweet, the Wine will turn ſowre. What Joy can Pictures afford that Man whoſe Eyes are ſore? Are Fomentations grateful to one that has the Gout? Can the ſofteſt Muſick be pleaſing to him who has a Deafneſs in his Ear? No more can that Man, who is always rack'd with Deſires and Fears, take any Pleaſure in his vaſt Poſſeſſions.

ABSTAIN from Pleaſure, it is much too dear when purchaſed with Pain. The Covetous Man is always in Want; learn therefore betimes to moderate your Deſires. The envious Man ſickens at his Neighbour's Proſperity. Envy is one of the greateſt Torments; the * *Sicilian* Tyrants, who were Maſters in all the Myſtery of Cruelty, never invented any thing like it. He that knows not how to govern his Anger, will repent of what he did in the Heat of his Paſſion, which is incapable of being appeas'd, and wiſh it a thouſand Times undone. What is Anger? 'Tis a meer Madneſs, tho' of a ſhort Duration. Be Maſter of this Paſſion, it will either be your Tyrant or your Slave; hold it in with a Curb, or keep it under with a Chain.

THE tender Colt is eaſily form'd by the ſkilful Jocky to obey the Check and Motions of his Rider. The young Hound is taught to hunt in the Foreſt, by being bred up to open at a Buck's-ſkin trail'd up and down the Hall,

* No Country was ſo famous for being oppreſs'd with Tyrants as *Sicily:* This gave Occaſion to the Poet's Expreſſion, who, without doubt, alludes in this Place to the *Bull* of *Phalaris*, the Cruel Tyrant of *Agrigentum*.

Pectore verba puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo ſemel eſt inbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu, quod ſi ceſſas, aut ſtrenuus anteis;
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus inſto.

EPISTOLA III.

Ad Julium Florum.

JULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Auguſti privignus, ſcire laboro.
Thracane vos Hebruſque nivali compede vinctus;
An freta vicinas inter currentia terras;
An pingues Aſiæ campi colleſque morantur?
Quid ſtudioſa cohors operum ſtruit? hoc quoque curo.
Quis ſibi res geſtas Auguſti ſcribere ſumit?
Bella quis & paces longum diffundit in ævum?
Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora?

Pindarici

Acquaint your ſelf with theſe excellent Maxims while you are young, and your Mind is pure and uncorrupted: Now is the Time to be taught by thoſe who are wiſer than your ſelf. A new Veſſel will a long Time preſerve ſome Tincture of the Liquor, with which it was firſt ſeaſon'd. * I freely declare, that, in the way of Virtue to which I invite you, as I will not wait for you, if you lag behind; ſo neither will I endeavour to tread on your Heels, if you get before me.

* 'Tis an excellent Remark of the Emperor *Antoninus*, that the Perfection of Virtue conſiſts in being neither too violent, nor too lazy.

EPISTLE III.

To *Julius Florus.*

I AM in Pain to know what is become of *Tiberius*'s Army. Is it in *Thrace*, near the frozen *Hebrus?* Is it on the *Helleſpont?* Or is he encamp'd in the fertile and delicious Plains of *Aſia?* I am no leſs ſollicitous to learn how the Men of Letters ſpend their Time. Who has undertaken to write the Life and Actions of *Auguſtus*, and to tranſmit to future Ages the ſeveral Wars and Treaties of Peace, which have been happily concluded by our mighty Emperor? What is *Titius* doing, whoſe Writings, I doubt not, will in a little Time be in every *Roman* Mouth? He diſdains the Lakes and Rivers where every one may drink; to the Fountain-head he goes, and has the Courage to draw from that

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus,
Faſtidire lacus & rivos auſus apertos:
Ut valet? ut meminit noſtri? fidibuſne Latinis
Thebanos aptare modos ſtudet, auſpice Muſa?
An tragica deſævit & ampullatur in arte?
Quid mihi Celſus agit? monitus, multumque monendus,
Privatas ut quærat opes, & tangere vitet
Scripta, Palatinus quæcumque recepit Apollo.
Ne, ſi forte ſuas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula riſum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. ipſe quid audes?
Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum eſt & turpiter hirtum.
Seu linguam cauſis acuis; ſeu civica jura
Reſpondere paras; ſeu condis amabile carmen:
Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia. quod ſi
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes;
Quo te cæleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium parvi properemus & ampli;
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari.

Debes

that Source whence * *Pindar* himſelf drew. Is he well? Am I ſometimes in his Thoughts? Is he, with the Favour of the Muſes, accommodating the *Theban*'s lofty Numbers to the *Roman Lyre?* or does he rage in the pompous ſwelling Strain of Tragedy? And how does *Celſus* employ himſelf? He has been often admoniſhed, and muſt be ſo again, that he wou'd work upon his own Stock, and not ſteal from the Poems in † *Apollo*'s Library; leſt the Birds return, and take their own Feathers, and he, like the Daw, being ſtripp'd ſtark naked, become the Jeſt of all that know him. And pray tell me what you your ſelf are upon. What Thyme are you gathering? You are a Man of Delicacy and Politeneſs, you have a lofty and elevated Genius. Whether you are preparing to plead Cauſes at the Bar, or to give Advice as a *Civilian*; or whether, for Variety, you write ſome ſoft and pleaſing Verſes, you are ſure of the firſt Prize; no one will dare to diſpute it with you. But if you could be prevail'd on to forſake thoſe cold and feeble Correctives of the Cares of Life, as theſe are, you wou'd aſcend up as high as Celeſtial Wiſdom cou'd carry you. This is what we muſt all apply our ſelves to, if we deſire to be well with our ſelves and dear to our Country.

* *Pindar*, a *Greek* Poet, Prince of the *Lyricks*, and Native of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*. He liv'd in the 76th *Olympiad*. He writ a great many Books, none of which are now remaining but the *Odes*, which he compoſed in Honour of thoſe Perſons, who won the Prize at the *Olympick*, *Iſtmick*, *Pythian*, and *Nemæan* Games.

† *Bibliotheca Palatina*, a famous Library, built by *Auguſtus*, upon *Mount Palatine* near *Apollo*'s *Temple*; the greateſt Honour which a Poet could attain to, was to have his Works and Statue made ſacred, as it were, by being allowed a Place in this Library. See *Book* I. *Sat.* IV.

I SHALL

Debes hoc etiam reſcribere, Si tibi curæ eſt,
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius; an male ſarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, & reſcinditur; ac vos
Seu calidus ſanguis, ſeu rerum inſcitia vexat,
Indomita cervice feros? ubicumque locorum
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus,
Paſcitur in veſtrum reditum votiva juvenca.

EPISTOLA IV.

Ad Albium Tibullum.

ALBI, noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Caſſî Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
An tacitum ſilvas inter reptare ſalubris,
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt?
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
** Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?*
Qui ſapere, & fari poſſit quæ ſentiat; & cui

* He that hath good Thoughts, and cannot expreſs 'em clearly and gracefully, had as good have no Thoughts at all. See *Pericles*'s Speech in the Hiſtory of *Thucydides*, B. II.

Gratia,

I SHALL be glad to know whether you continue your Love to *Munatius* as you ought to do; or whether the unhappy Difference between you is but imperfectly patch'd up. Whatever was the Occaſion of it, whether Heat of Blood, or Want of Experience, I cannot but ſay, that it is not fit, where-ever you are, that two ſuch worthy honeſt Gentlemen, who lov'd like Brothers, ſhou'd live at Variance with each other. I feed a fine young Heifer in my Grounds, which I have vow'd to offer to the Gods upon your happy Return.

EPISTLE IV.

To *Albius Tibullus.*

MY Dear *Tibullus!* Thou good-natur'd impartial Critick of my Works, how do you ſpend your Time in the Country? Are you writing Volumes greater than * *Caſſius*, or do you retire into the Woods, and employ your Thoughts as becomes a wiſe and virtuous Man? You have all the Advantages both of Mind, as well as Body: The Gods have given you Beauty, Riches, and Skill to enjoy them.

CAN a tender Mother, who is paſſionately fond of her beloved Child, wiſh him better, than that he may have right Ideas of Things, and be Maſter of an eaſy graceful Elocution; that

* See *Book* I. *Sat.* X.

he

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et domus, & victus, non deficiente crumena?
Inter ſpem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.
Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem & nitidum bene curata cute viſes,
Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

EPISTOLA V.

Ad Torquatum.

SI potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cenare times olus omne patella;
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes, iterum Tauro diffuſa paluſtris
Inter Minturnas Sinueſſanumque Petrinum.
Si melius quid habes, arceſſe; vel imperium fer.
Jamdudum ſplendet focus, & tibi munda ſupellex.
Mitte levis ſpes, & certamina divitiarum,
** Et Moſchi cauſſam. cras nato Cæſare feſtus*
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies. inpune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno extendere noctem.

* *Caius Cæſar*, the Son of *Agrippa* and *Julia*, was born *Sept.* 1. A. U. C. 734.

Quo

he may be well reſpected, may enjoy a perfect State of Health, and a clear unſpotted Reputation; that he may feed on clean and wholſome Diet, have a good convenient Houſe, and Money at Command? Hopes and Cares, Anger and Fears divide our Life; wou'd you be free from theſe Anxieties, think every Day will be your laſt, and then the future ſucceeding Hours will be the more welcome, becauſe unexpected.

WHEN you are diſpos'd to divert your ſelf with a merry jolly Fellow; all you have to do is to make me a Viſit, I am clean, fat, and in good Condition.

EPISTLE V.

To *Torquatus.*

IF you can lie on *Archias*'s Beds, and content your ſelf with a Meſs of plain Soop, let me ſee you in the Evening. My Wine was tunn'd when *Taurus* was *Conſul* the ſecond time; 'tis of the Growth of *Campania*, which lies between *Minturna* and *Sinueſſa*; if you have better, bring it along with you, or elſe take up with mine.

MY Houſe is in Order, and all Things are ready for your Reception: Lay aſide vain Hopes, and the endleſs Deſire of getting Riches; think on *Moſchus*'s Cauſe another Time. To-Morrow is appointed to be a Day of rejoicing for the Birth of young *Cæſar*; then it is allowable to ſleep in the Morning, and therefore we may better ſpend the Evening in a lively facetious Converſation.

Quo mihi fortunas, ſi non conceditur uti?
Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque ſeverus
Adſidet inſano. potare & ſpargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconſultus haberi.
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit:
Spes jubet eſſe ratas: ad prælia trudit inertem,
Sollicitis animis onus eximit. addocet artis.
Fecundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus: ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget naris; ne non & cantharus & lanx
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,
Et, niſi cœna prior potiorque puella, Sabinum,
Detinet, adſumam. locus eſt & pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; & rebus omiſſis
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

EPISTOLA

To what End are Riches, if we muſt not enjoy them? To deal frankly with you, that Man is a Fool, who, to enrich his Heirs, ſtarves himſelf. Crown me with Flowers, bring me Wine, briſk Wine, the ill-natur'd World may think me mad. What mighty Things are done by Wine! It reveals Secrets, turns Hope into Enjoyment; it makes the Coward brave and valiant; inſtructs the Ignorant in Arts and Sciences; it inſpires the Miſerable with Joy and Gladneſs, and makes the Poor to forget his Poverty. Where is the Man, whom a free Glaſs of Wine does not make eloquent?

I MYSELF will take Care, that all Things be in Order; that the * Carpet and Napkins be clean and neat, and the Pots and Veſſels ſcower'd ſo bright, that you may ſee your Face in them. Reſt aſſured, that no Man ſhall be at Table, who reports abroad what is ſaid among Friends. And the Company ſhall be ſuch as is ſuitable the one to the other. *Butras* and *Septicius* will both be here; nor will *Sabinus* fail, if a better Supper and a Miſtreſs more engaging do not keep him from us. There will be room at Table for more Gueſts, but the preſent Seaſon conſider'd, it will be inconvenient to have too full a Table. Let me know your Pleaſure how many you wou'd have; lay aſide Buſineſs, and while your Clients throng your Gate, ſteal out at the Back-door, and get rid of them.

* The *Romans* on their Beds laid a kind of Quilt ſtuff'd with Feathers, call'd *Culcitra*; over this, in ancient Times, they threw a Goat-ſkin, which was afterwards chang'd for the *Stragulum*, a Carpet, which they ſometimes call'd *Toral*, as belonging to the *Torus*.

EPISTOLA VI.

Ad Numicium.

NIL admirari, prope res est una Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
Hunc solem, & stellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
Inbuti spectent. quid censes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos?
Ludicra, quid, plausus & amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis & ore?
Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem:
Si, quicquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
I nunc, argentum & marmor vetus, æraque & artis

Suspite:

EPISTLE VI.

To *Numicius.*

THE only Way almoſt to be perfectly and conſtantly happy, is to admire nothing. There are thoſe who can behold the Sun and Stars, which move in a regular orderly Courſe, and the certain invariable Succeſſion of Seaſons without any Concern. What think you then? The Riches which the Earth and Sea produce, Plays and Shows, Applauſe and Favour among the People of *Rome*, how ought they to be regarded by us? This is certain, that he who fears the contrary to theſe, admires them as much as he who deſires them. The Paſſion is equally troubleſome to both, they are equally affrighted at every unhop'd for, unexpected Accident. It matters not, whether Joy or Sorrow, whether Fear or Hope has the Poſſeſſion of our Hearts, if when any thing happens either good or ill, which was wholly unlook'd for, we preſently caſt our Eyes down upon the Ground, and grow into Statues. Shew me the Man that is wiſe and juſt; whenever he carries his Deſires too far, in ſtraining even Virtue it ſelf beyond its due Limits, he ceaſes to be ſo. Now, if you pleaſe, admire Riches; gaze on the Marble Statues of your Anceſtors, doat on your curious brazen Veſſels, extol the Works of celebrated Artiſts, and be paſſionately in love with your purple Garments adorn'd

He lays down ſome Rules how to make our ſelves happy.

Suſpice: cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus mane forum, & veſpertinus pete tectum;
Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, & (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas:
Defodiet condetque nitentia. cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa quo devenit & Ancus.
Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare; fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis. virtutem verba putes, &
* *Lucum ligna? cave ne portus occupet alter:*
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas;
Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro &
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, & amicos,
Et genus, & formam, regina Pecunia donat;

* It was uſual with the common People to attribute a kind of Divinity to *Groves*.

with Gems and precious Stones: Rejoyce that the Eyes of Thouſands were upon you when you ſpoke in publick; go to the *Forum* early in the Morning; return late in the Evening, leſt *Mutus*, who had a plentiful Fortune with his Wife, be richer than your ſelf. How unbecoming is it, that one of ſo mean and obſcure a Birth ſhou'd be admired by you, and not rather you be admired by him? O my *Numicius*, the Things which are hidden ſhall in due Time be reveal'd; and thoſe which now appear ſo pompous and magnificent ſhall vaniſh into nothing; even you, who are known by your ſplendid Equipage in *Agrippa*'s *Portico*, and on the *Appian Road*, muſt at laſt retire to that Place, where *Numa* and *Ancus* are gone before you. If you languiſh under any ſharp Diſtemper, ſeek immediately for a Remedy. Wou'd you live a happy and contented Life? Who wou'd not do ſo? Bid a long and laſt Adieu to Pleaſures, apply your ſelf to Virtue, 'tis Virtue alone that can make you happy. But if you look upon Virtue as an empty Name, if you laugh at all Religion, make Haſte, leſt another get to Port before you, and the Profits of your Voyage come to nothing. Endeavour to make up your Eſtate a Thouſand Talents, get another Thouſand, add a Thouſand more, and then, that the Number may be even, make them four Thouſand.

The Power of Money.

*MONEY, forſooth, is the Sovereign Goddeſs of the Univerſe; ſhe creates a Man Friends, makes him Noble and Eloquent, Charming and

* All this Paragraph and the following ones are Ironical, or rather ſpoken according to the Sentiments of *Numicius*, not of *Horace*.

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex.
Ne fueris hic tu. chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
Quî possum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habebo,
Mittam. post paullo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnis.
Exilis domus est; ubi non & multa supersunt:
Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. ergo,
Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum;
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
Si fortunatum species, & gratia præstat;
Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cui libet is fascis dabit; eripietque curule

Cui

Beautiful; the faireſt Ladies with the greateſt Fortunes are not able to withſtand the powerful Addreſſes of a wealthy Man. The King of *Cappadocia* had a Thouſand Slaves, but little or no Money: Be ſure not to be like him. 'Tis reported of *Lucullus*, that being aſk'd to lend the Players a hundred Cloaks; Where, ſaid he, ſhall I have ſo many? However, I will ſee what I have, and of thoſe you may be ſure. Enquiry being made, he immediately ſent Word, that he had Five Thouſand, and that he wou'd lend them part, or all of 'em. That Houſe is but very ill furniſh'd, where there are not a great many ſuperfluous Things, of which the Maſter knows nothing, which Rogues and Thieves may ſteal away, and Nobody the wiſer.

IF after all this you perſiſt in your Opinion, that the Happineſs of this Life conſiſts in Riches, endeavour to be rich; let this be your firſt and laſt Thought too. If Honour and Popularity are the only Happineſs, provide your ſelf a * Servant, who can inform you of every Citizens Name; let him go along with you, and inſtruct you by ſome ſecret Sign, or other, to reach your Hand to this or that Citizen thro' the Crow'd. This Man, ſaith he, has a very good Intereſt in *Fabius*'s *Tribe*; that Man in the *Velian*; make him your Friend and you'll certainly be *Conſul*; 'tis in vain for any

* They who ſtood Candidates for any Office, uſed all the Arts of Popularity; in their Walks round the City, they took the meaneſt Perſons by the Hand, and not only uſed the more familiar Terms of Father, Brother, Friend, and the like, but call'd them by their own proper Names; in this Service they had uſually a Monitor to aſſiſt them, who whiſper'd every Body's Name in their Ears.

Cui volet inportunus ebur: Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque facetus adopta.
Si bene qui cenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos
Differtum transire Forum Campumque jubebat;
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emtum mulus aprum. crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulixei:
Cui potior patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque,
Nil est jocundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

Vive,

Man to hope to be *Ædile* unleſs he pleaſes. You muſt make your Addreſſes with a ſmiling Countenance; call him Father or Brother, and be ſo ſkilful as to give him that Title of Relation which his Age will beſt admit of.

IF Happineſs conſiſts in good eating and drinking; let us make it our Buſineſs, as ſoon as Day breaks, to gratifie our Appetites; let us mind nothing but Fiſhing and Hunting. Such was *Gargilius*'s Way of Living, who, with his Dogs and Horſes, Toils and Spears, affected to paſs in the Morning thro' the crowded *Forum* with a Mule laden with a Boar, which was not taken, as they imagin'd, but bought for that Purpoſe. Let us upon a full Stomach bathe our ſelves; what are the Rules of Decency to us? The * *Cenſor* may brand us for infamous Perſons, he may do as he pleaſes; let us imitate the lewd Companions of *Ulyſſes*, who choſe to riot in unlawful Pleaſures, rather than return to their Native Country.

IF then (as *Mimnermus* pretends to maintain) there is nothing pleaſing and delightful in Life, but Love and Raillery; let Love and Raillery be our conſtant Entertainment. Adieu,

* *Cærites*, a People of *Tuſcany*, who, for preſerving the ſacred Relicks of the *Romans* when the *Gauls* had taken the City, were dignified with the Name of *Roman Citizens*; but revolting afterwards, and being conquer'd by the *Romans*, they continu'd to them the Privilege of being Citizens, in Remembrance of their former Services; but to make 'em an Example, leſt others ſhou'd preſume to commit the like Crimes, they depriv'd them for ever of the Right of Suffrage. Hence the *Cenſors* Tables, where they enter'd the Names of ſuch Perſons as for ſome Miſdemeanour were to loſe their Right of Suffrage, had the Name of *Cærites Tabulæ*.

Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis;
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

EPISTOLA VII.

Ad Mæcenatem.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum rectèque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, & matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, & opella forensis
Adducit febris, & testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis inlinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, & sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget: te dulcis amice, reviset

Cum

live well and be happy. If you know any better Maxims, be ſo kind as to impart them: If not, follow my Example, and make uſe of theſe.

EPISTLE VII.

To *Mæcenas.*

My LORD,

I Promiſed to ſtay but Five Days in the Country, and tho' you was pleas'd to expect me all *Auguſt*, yet I ſtill have fail'd you. If you have any Regard for my Health, I muſt beg of you to allow me the ſame Liberty as you uſed to do, when I was ſick; ſince I fear to be ſo, while the Autumn continues. The * Undertakers are now full of Employment; Fathers and Mothers are in great Concern for their Children: Beſides, Attendance and Buſineſs, at this critical Seaſon, are of dangerous Conſequence; they occaſion Fevers, which proving oftentimes Mortal, are the fatal Cauſe of many Wills being open'd.

The Poet makes his Excuſe to *Mæcenas* for not waiting upon him according to his Promiſe.

WHEN Winter comes on, if *Mount Alba* is cover'd with Froſt and Snow, your Poet deſigns to retire nearer to the Sea, with a firm Reſolution to cloath himſelf warm, indulge much, and ſtudy little. As ſoon as the Swallows and the ſoft Weſt Winds give Notice of

* See *Book* II. *Sat.* VI.

the

Cum zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus & stultus donat quæ spernit & odit.
Hæc seges ingratos tulit & feret omnibus annis.
** Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus:*
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me, etiam † pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, &
Inter vina fugam Cinaræ mærere protervæ.
Forte per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti, pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;
Macra cavum repetes artum, quem macra subisti,
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:

* *Vir bonus & sapiens paratus dignis, ait se esse illis paratum.*

† *Pro laude merentis* (i. e) *laude promerentis.*

Nec

the Spring, he will not fail to ſee you again, if he hears nothing to the contrary.

ALL that I have is from your Bounty; how different is your Treatment from that of the *Calabrian*, who entertain'd his Gueſts with choaky Pears! Pray, Sir, eat, ſays the Hoſt. *Gueſt*. I have eat enough. *Hoſt*. However take ſome. *Gueſt*. You are very liberal. *Hoſt*. They will be no unacceptable Preſent to your Children. *Gueſt*. I thank you as much as if I had them. *Hoſt*. Do as you pleaſe, Sir; what you leave ſhall be given to the Hogs.

He acknowledges his Generoſity, and is very thankful for his Kindneſs to him.

'TIS common for Fools to be very profuſe of what they do not value; ſuch Prodigals as theſe make Men ingrateful, and will always do ſo: But a wiſe and liberal Man, who underſtands Mankind, and knows the Value of what he gives, declares his Preſents are for none but the deſerving. I will therefore endeavour to merit your Favours; you ſhall have no Occaſion to think me ungrateful; but, if you wou'd always have me with you, give me back my former Strength and Vigour, my black curl'd Locks, my eaſy Smile, and graceful Elocution; let me ſweetly complain, as the Cups go round, of the cruel, rigorous, charming *Cinara*, who will not hear me.

ONCE upon a Time, a half-ſtarv'd Mouſe wriggled himſelf thro' a Chink into a Baſket fill'd with Corn; having feaſted very liberally, he endeavour'd to get out again, but in vain: To whom a Weaſel, who ſtood leering afar off, gave this Advice; If you hope, Sir Mouſe, ever to get out, you muſt ſtay 'till you're as lean as when you came in.

IF any one thinks fit to make the Application of this Fable to me, I am ready to reſign

all

Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.
Haud male Telemachus proles patientis Ulixei;
Non est aptus equis Ithace locus, ut neque planis
Porrectus spatiis, nec multæ prodigus herbæ:
Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.
Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut inbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus & fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit, atque foro nimium distare Carinas
Jam grandis natu queritur; conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quendam vacua tonsoris in umbra
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.
Demetri, (puer hic non læve jussa Philippi

Accipie-

all my Poſſeſſions. When I praiſe a Peaſant's quiet Life, 'tis not becauſe I am ſurfeited with Plenty; no! my *Mæcenas*, 'tis my Love of Liberty which makes me deſire it, which I wou'd not exchange for all the Riches in *Arabia*. You have often commended me for my Modeſty; I ſaid in your Preſence, that you were a King and Father to me, and in other Places I have done you Juſtice. Try me, Sir, If I am not willing to reſtore what your Bounty has given me. 'Twas an excellent Reply of young * *Telemachus*, when *Menelaus* would have preſented him with ſome fine Horſes; Sir, ſaid he, "I "do not know what to do with them; there "are no Plains in *Ithaca*, Paſture and Forrage "are very ſcarce; pray keep your Preſent, it "is much fitter for your ſelf than me."

MEAN things beſt become mean Men; *Tibur* and *Tarentum*, the ſweet and peaceful *Tibur* and *Tarentum* delight me more than the Palaces of *Rome*.

PHILIP, a great and eminent Lawyer, and no leſs renown'd for his Military Capacity, as he went home one Day from Pleading, full of Complaints, that the *Forum* and † *Carinas* were too diſtant from each other for a Man in Years, as he was, ſaw a Freed-Man juſt ſhaved, ſtanding alone in a Barber's Shop, who was paring his Nails in a very careleſs negligent Manner. *Demetrius*, ſaid he, (this was his Foot-boy, and knew how to take a Meſſage

* *Telemachus*, the Son of *Ulyſſes* by *Penelope*. His Speech to *Menelaus* in *Homer*, Odyſ. Book 4. is here very happily tranſlated by our Poet, as you may ſee by comparing 'em together.

† *Carinas*, a Street of *Rome* between *Mount Eſquiline* and *Mount Cælius*.

Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer; unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quove patrono.
It, redit, & narrat, Volteium nomine Menam
Præconem, tenui censu, sine crimine natum,
Et properare loco & cessare, & quærere & uti,
Gaudentem parvisque sodalibus & lare curto,
Et ludis & post decisa negotia Campo.
Scitari libet ex ipso, quodcumque refers. dic
Ad cenam veniat. non sane credere Mena:
Mirari secum tacitus. quid multa? Benigne,
Respondet. Neget ille mihi? Negat improbus, & te
Negligit, aut horret. Volteium mane Philippus,
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
Occupat, & salvere jubet prior. ille Philippo
Excusare laborem & mercenaria vincla,
Quod non mane domum venisset; denique quod non
Providisset eum. Sic ignovisse putato
Me tibi, si cenas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Post nonam venies: nunc i, rem strenuus auge.

very well) Go, enquire, and bring me Word who that Man is; let me know his Father, Family, Condition and Patron. The Servant went and return'd in a trice, and told his Maſter, that the Man's Name was *Vulteius Mena*, by Profeſſion a Cryer, of a ſmall Eſtate, but of honeſt Parents; one who perfectly knew how to work and to be idle, to get and to ſpend too: He uſually kept Company with none but his Equals, had a little Houſe of his own, and, when Buſineſs was over, never ſcrupled to divert himſelf with a *Comedy*, or in taking a Walk in the *Campus Martius*. I wou'd hear what you ſay, from himſelf, ſaid *Philip*; go, and invite him from me to Supper. *Demetrius* went, and came back and told his Maſter, that *Mena* was ſo ſurpriz'd at the Invitation, that he wou'd not believe him; nevertheleſs he return'd his Thanks in a very civil obliging Manner. What, did he refuſe me, cry'd *Philip*? Sir, reply'd *Demetrius*, he either fears or neglects you.

THE next Morning *Philip* happen'd to meet him, as he was ſelling Frippery to the poorer People: He immediately addreſs'd him, and bad him good Morrow. *Vulteius*, being all in Confuſion at ſo unexpected an Honour, began to excuſe himſelf, that the Meanneſs of his Trade, to which he was a Slave, prevented his waiting on him in the Morning, and that he begg'd his Pardon for not ſeeing him firſt. I will eaſily excuſe you, ſaid *Philip*, upon Condition that you ſup with me in the Evening. *Vulteius* made Anſwer, that he was at his Service. I uſually, ſaid *Philip*, eat after Three; in the mean time I wou'd adviſe you to mind your Buſineſs, and to get what you can.

Ut ventum ad cenam eſt; dicenda, tacenda locutus
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. hic ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva; jubetur
Rura ſuburbana inditis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cælumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare. videt, ridetque Philippus:
Et ſibi dum requiem, dum riſus undique quærit,
Dum ſeptem donat ſeſtertia, mutua ſeptem
Promittit; perſuadet, uti mercetur agellum.
Mercatur. ne te longis ambagibus ultra
Quam ſatis eſt morer; ex nitido fit ruſticus, atque
Sulcos & vineta crepat mera: præparat ulmos:
Immoritur ſtudiis, & amore ſeneſcit habendi.
Verum ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;
Offenſus damnis, media de nocte caballum
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædis.
Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus;
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentuſque videris

Eſſe

SUPPER-TIME being come, *Vulteius* went according to his Promiſe; he talk'd at Random of a thouſand Things, and at length took Leave. *Philip* perceiving that *Mena* (like a Fiſh that nibbles at the Bait) was conſtantly at his Levé, and that he was always a ſure Gueſt at Supper, gave him an Invitation to paſs the * Holidays with him in the Country. Accordingly into the Country they went; *Vulteius* being mounted on an excellent Pad, cry'd out in a Rapture, Oh the ſweet Air! Oh the delicious *Sabine* Fields! *Philip* was exceedingly pleas'd to ſee his Tranſports, and, as he ſtudied his own Eaſe and Pleaſure, immediately gave him Seven Thouſand Seſterces, and promis'd to lend him as much more, provided he wou'd buy a little Farm that was near his Seat, and ſettle in the Country. *Vulteius* accepts of *Philip*'s kind Offer, and buys the Farm. To make ſhort of the Story, the Citizen turns Farmer, and now all his Diſcourſe is of Vines and Furrows, and planting of Elms; He almoſt kills himſelf with Pains, and grows Old with the Purſuit after Riches. But at laſt his Sheep were ſtol'n; his Kids dy'd; his Harveſts were bad; his Oxen were kill'd with working too hard. Being quite diſcourag'd with ſo many Loſſes, he riſes at Midnight, mounts his Horſe, and goes to *Philip* in the utmoſt Confuſion; who ſeeing him make ſuch a rough and clowniſh Figure, ſaid, *Vulteius*, you take too much

* *Latinæ Indictæ*, Feſtivals celebrated upon *Mount Alba*, in Memory of a Treaty of Peace concluded between the *Romans* and the *Hernici Volſci*, and the other People of *Latium*. Theſe Feaſts continu'd four Days; the Time of their Celebration was at the Pleaſure of the *Conſul*.

Eſſe mihi. Pol me miſerum, patrone, vocares;
Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.
Quod te per Genium dextramque, Deoſque Penates,
Obſecro, & obteſtor; vitæ me redde priori.
Qui ſemel aſpexit, quantum dimiſſa petitis
Præſtent; mature redeat, repetatque relicta.
Metiri ſe quemque ſuo modulo ac pede, verum eſt.

EPISTOLA VIII.

Ad Celſum Albinovanum.

* *CELSO gaudere & bene rem gerere Albinovano,*
Muſa rogata, refer, comiti ſcribæque Neronis.
Si quæret, quid agam; dic multa & pulchra minantem,
Vivere nec recte, nec ſuaviter: haud quia grando
Contuderit vitis, oleamve momorderit æſtus;
Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in agris:
Sed quia mente minus validus quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil diſcere, quod levet ægrum:
Fidis offendar medicis, iraſcar amicis,
Cur me funeſto properent arcere veterno.

* *Gaudere & bene rem gerere* (i. e.) *refer' Gaudium & bonam rerum geſtionem.*

Quæ

Pains, you are over ſollicitous. *Mena* reply'd, O my Patron, if you will call me by my proper Name, ſay I am a poor and miſerable Wretch: But I conjure you by the Gods, by your own Right Hand and happy *Genius*, reſtore me again to my former Condition. As ſoon as ever any Man has found, that the Way of Life which he has quitted is preferable to that which he is in, let him make haſte back to it, and take it up again; for this is a ſure Maxim, that every one ſhould examine his Capacity, and direct himſelf accordingly.

EPISTLE VIII.

To *Celſus.*

GO, my Muſe, I intreat you, to *Celſus*, *Nero*'s Secretary; you will find him among that Prince's Retinue; ſay that I wiſh him all Health and Happineſs. If he aſks you, how I do, tell him, that after all the fair Promiſes I have made, I live neither a good Life nor a pleaſant one: It is not becauſe my Vines or Olives are utterly ruin'd by the Hail and Heat; nor becauſe my Flocks, who feed abroad in diſtant Paſtures, are in a languiſhing Condition; but being diſtemper'd more in Mind than Body, I cannot endure to hear of a Remedy. I chide my Friends, and am angry with them, when, like faithful Phyſicians, they endeavour to awake me from my Lethargy. I eagerly purſue

Quæ nocuere sequar, fugiam quæ profore credam:
Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus, Tibure Romam.
Post hæc, ut valeat; quo pacto rem gerat & se;
Ut placeat Juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet, Recte: primum gaudere, subinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento;
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

EPISTOLA IX.

Ad Claudium Neronem.

SEPTIMIUS, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias. nam cum rogat, & prece cogit
Scilicet, ut tibi se laudare & tradere coner,
Dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis;
Munere cum fungi propioris censet amici;
Quid possim, videt ac novit me valdius ipso.
Multa quidem dixi, cur excusatus abirem:
Sed timui, mea ne finxisse minora putarer,
Dissimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni.

Sic

ſue what is hurtful to me, and as eagerly avoid that which is good. I am ſo inconſtant, that when I am at *Rome*, I want to be at *Tibur*; when at *Tibur*, I wiſh to be at *Rome*. Having told him all this, inform your ſelf concerning his Health; enquire how Affairs go with him? whether he is a Favourite with the Prince and Court? If he ſays, he is; Congratulate him upon it; and then be careful gently to remind him, that as he behaves himſelf under his good Fortune, ſo ſhall we, his Friends, behave our ſelves towards him.

EPISTLE IX.

To *Claudius Nero*.

My Dear Prince,

He recommends his Friend *Septimius* to *Claudius*'s Favour.

ONE wou'd imagine, that none but *Septimius* knows what a Value you have for me; for when he importunes, and even forces me to recommend him to your Favour, as one worthy to attend upon your Highneſs, who chooſe none but the Deſerving; when he fancies that I have the Honour of an intimate Friendſhip with you, he, forſooth, knows better than I do, the Intereſt which I have in you. I uſed a great many Arguments why I ought to have been excus'd from venturing upon it; but in Truth I was afraid of being thought to repreſent your Regard for me as leſs than it is, and to diſſemble my Power with you, that I

Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ,
Frontis ad urbanæ descendi præmia. quod si
Depositum laudas ob amici jussa pudorem;
Scribe tui gregis hunc, & fortem crede bonumque.

EPISTOLA X.

Ad Fuscum Aristium.

URBIS amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores; hac in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles: at cetera pene gemelli,
Fraternis animis: quicquid negat alter, & alter:
Adnuimus pariter: vetuli notique columbi,
Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amæni
Rivos, & musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo & regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo.

Utque

might the better promote my own private Intereſt: And thus avoiding the being reproach'd with a Crime of a worſe Sort, I ſubmitted to put on a little Town-Aſſurance*. But if you can excuſe the laying aſide of Modeſty, when it is only to comply with the Commands of a Friend, receive *Septimius* into your Retinue, and believe me, when I aſſure you that he is a Man of Courage and Virtue.

* I fancy that the Phraſe of *frontis urbanæ præmia* was uſed by ſome Poet of the Age, and that *Horace* brings it in here as a ridiculous one: A thing which the Criticks think he has done more than once in his Writings.

EPISTLE X.

To *Fuſcus Ariſtius.*

He prefers the Country to the City.

I WISH my Friend *Fuſcus* all imaginable Happineſs; you love the Town and I the Country; but let us not be the leſs dear to each other, ſince in all Things elſe our Sentiments are the ſame. Never two Brothers had more Affection for one another. Our Harmony is like that of two kind Turtles, who, Time out Mind, have been Mates together. You ſit upon the Neſt, while the Brooks, and Groves, and Grottoes are my Delight. The very Moment I depart from *Rome*, which you and others commend to the Skies, I am as Happy, and as Great as an Emperor; like ſome Prieſt's Servant,

Utque ſacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuſo;
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ ſi convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda eſt area primum;
Noviſtine locum potiorem rure beato?
Eſt, ubi plus tepeant hiemes? ubi gratior aura
Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,
Cum ſemel accepit ſolem furibundus acutum?
Eſt, ubi divellat ſomnos minùs invida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur ſilva columnas,
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ proſpicit agros.
* *Naturam expelles furca; tamen uſque recurret,*
Et mala perrumpet furtim faſtidia victrix.
Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus oſtro
Neſcit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,
Certius accipiet damnum, propiuſve medullis;
Quam qui non poterit vero diſtinguere falſum.
Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. ſi quid mirabere, pones
Invitus. fuge magna. licet ſub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vita præcurrere amicos.

* Nothing that is oppoſite to Nature can long prevail; do what we will, Nature will ſtill be endeavouring to recover her ſelf, and to free her ſelf from the Violence which is offer'd to Her.

Cervus

Servant, I am cloy'd with Cakes, I prefer good wholſome Bread to Sweetmeats.

IN order to a pleaſant delicious Life, the firſt Thing to be conſider'd is, where to ſettle. What Place can you pitch upon that is preferable to the Country? Is there any Place where the Winters are warmer? Where a cooler Air ſoftens the ſultry Autumn's Heat, and calms the Rage and Fury of the Lion, when the ſcorching Sun is got into that Sign? Is there any Place where you can ſleep more ſecure from Cares? Does not the ſweet Smell and the Beauty of our Herbs and Flowers excel your fineſt *Libyan* Marble? The Water that is forc'd into Leaden Pipes, is it purer than that of our murmuring Brooks, which run in a conſtant natural Courſe? How much are thoſe Seats eſteem'd in *Rome*, which have a Proſpect of a ſort of Country within them? How do Men affect to plant Trees between the Columns of Marble of diverſe Colours, by which the nobleſt Porticoes are ſupported? 'Tis impoſſible to make Nature change her Biaſs; if you ſhut her out at the Door, ſhe'll come in at the Window, and by Stealth, as it were, become victorious over all your falſe irrational Diſguſts. The Merchant who don't know the Cloth dyed with *Italian* Purple from the *Tyrian*, will not be more ſenſibly a Sufferer, than he who cannot diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood. He that is too much elevated in Proſperity, will moſt certainly be dejected in an adverſe State. If you love any Thing above Meaſure, the Loſs of it will grieve you: Fly Greatneſs; a poor Man in a lonely Cell, as to the real Pleaſures of Life, may be happier than a King and all his Nobles.

ONCE

Cervus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
Pellebat; donec minor in certamine longo
Inploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit:
Sed poſtquam victor victo diſceſſit ab hoſte,
Non equitem dorſo, non frenum depulit ore.
Sic qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
*Libertate caret, dominum vehit * improbus; atque*
Serviet æternum, quia parvo neſciet uti.
Cui non conveniet ſua res, ut calceus olim
Si pede major erit, ſubvertet; ſi minor, uret.
Lætus ſorte tua vives ſapienter, Ariſti:
Nec me dimittes incaſtigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam ſatis eſt, ac non ceſſare videbor.
Imperat aut ſervit collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna ſequi potius quam ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam poſt fanum putre Vacunæ;
Excepto, quod non ſimul eſſes, cætera lætus.

* Improbus *(i. e.)* improbè.

EPISTOLA

ONCE upon a Time, the Stag, having got the better of the Horſe, drove him out of the Common; the Horſe, to be reveng'd, implor'd Man's Aſſiſtance, and gladly ſuffer'd himſelf to be bridled: But his Revenge coſt him dear; for tho' by this Means he ſubdu'd his Enemy, yet he found afterwards that he could not get the Rider off from his Back, or the Bit out of his Mouth. And thus, whoſoever ſells his Liberty, which is more precious than Gold, thro' the Fear of Poverty, unjuſtly gives up ſhamefully to another the Maſtery of him, and is a Slave for Life, becauſe he knows not the Art of being happy with a little. If a Man's Circumſtances don't fit him, he will find them like his Shoes, if too big for his Feet, they will trip him up; if too little, they will pinch him. O *Ariſtius*, if you are wiſe, live contented with your Condition. If ever I lay up more than what is ſufficient, and don't ſtop my Hand, I give you Leave to reprimand me. Money is every Man's Maſter, or his Slave; but it is much better that it ſhould follow, than lead him.

P. S. FROM behind the Temple of the Goddeſs * *Vacuna:* I want nothing to compleat my Happineſs, but your good Company.

* *Vacuna*, the Goddeſs of the Peaſants. She was very favourable and propitious to thoſe who ſought their Quiet; they celebrated her Feaſt in *December*.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA XI.

Ad Bullatium.

QUID tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi regia Sardis?
Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minorane fama?
Cunctanè præ Campo & Tiberino flumine sordent?
An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una?
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?
Scis, Lebedus quid sit: Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem;
Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis,
Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem.
Sed neque qui Capua Romam petit imbre lutoque
Aspersus, volet in caupona vivere; nec qui
Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatam plene præstantia vitam:
Nec si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto,
Idcirco navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos & Mitylene pulchra facit, quod

Penula

EPISTLE XI.

To *Bullatius.*

BULLATIUS, how were you pleas'd with *Chios* and the celebrated *Leſbos?* What are your Thoughts of *Samos* and *Smyrna*, of *Colophon* and *Sardis*, where the mighty *Cræſus* kept his Court? Do they exceed the common Report, or come ſhort of it? Are they not all much inferiour to *Rome?* Have they any Thing that equals our *Campus Martius*, or the celebrated *Tiber?* Were you not charm'd with the Cities in *Aſia?* Had you not rather ſettle at *Lebedos*, than expoſe your ſelf anew to the Fatigues of Travelling by Sea and Land? *Bull.* You know well enough what a Place *Lebedos* is; *Gabii* and *Fidenæ* are not ſo unpeopled as that is: And yet I could wiſh to take up my Abode there, and to ſee nothing of the raging Ocean but from a Diſtance, forgetting all my Acquaintance, and being forgotten by them. *Hor.* But yet they who in travelling from *Capua* to *Rome* arrive at an Inn all wet and dirty, tho' they find it a convenient Place, do not deſire to ſettle there: A good Fire and a Bath may be very acceptable to one whoſe Limbs are benum'd with Cold, but they do not compleat the Happineſs of Life. Becauſe you have been toſt in a Tempeſt at Sea, muſt you therefore ſell your Ship when you come to Land? If you have entirely conquer'd your Paſſions, neither *Rhodes* nor *Mi-*

A Man may be happy in any Place.

Penula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
Dum licet, ac voltum servat fortuna benignum,
Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos absens.
Tu, quamcumque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Grata sume manu; neu dulcia differ in annum:
Ut, quocumque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas. nam si ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert;
Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt;
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. quod petis, hic est,
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus.

EPISTOLA XII.

Ad Iccium.

FRUCTIBUS Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,
Si recte frueris; non est ut copia major

tylene, how charming ſoever, are of any more Uſe than a Cloak in Summer, and a Silk Waiſt-coat when it ſnows, *Tiber* in Winter, or a Fire in *Auguſt*. While you enjoy a proſperous Fortune, and have all that you can wiſh for at your Command, if I may adviſe you, return to *Rome:* There you may be laviſh in your Panegyricks of *Rhodes*, *Chios* and *Samos*. Be thankful to the Gods for the happy Moments they beſtow upon you; enjoy the preſent Pleaſures, and do not defer them to another Time. Let every Place be ſtill the ſame to you, and reſt contented wherever you are. For if Reaſon and Prudence only take away Cares, it is not the happy Situation of any Town that will cure you; in vain you croſs the Seas, the Climates are different, but your Mind is the ſame. The Pains which we take are all to no Purpoſe, they are a kind of laborious Idleneſs; we compaſs Sea and Land in purſuit of Happineſs; and yet what you ſeek is at Home, it is even to be found at *Ulubræ*, if you can keep your Paſſions under Subjection.

EPISTLE XII.

To *Iccius*.

He adviſes his Friend to be contented with his Condition.

IF you make a right Uſe of the Fruit you gather from the Lands which you hold of **Agrippa* in *Sicily*, you are ſufficiently happy: Away

* *Agrippa* having entirely defeated the Younger *Pompey* in a Sea-Fight near *Meſſina*, *Auguſtus* in Recompence

Ab Jove donari poſſit tibi. tolle querelas:
Pauper enim non eſt, cui rerum ſuppetit uſus.
Si ventri bene, ſi lateri eſt, pedibuſque tuis; nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
Si forte in medio poſitorum abſtemius, herbis
*Vivis & urtica; ſic vives * protinus, ut te*
Confeſtim liquidus fortunæ rivus inauret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia neſcit,
Vel quia cuncta putas una virtute minora.
Miramur, ſi Democriti pecus edit agellos
Cultaque, dum peregre eſt animus ſine corpore velox?
Cum tu inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia lucri

* *Protinus vives,* (i. e.) *vives uno eodemque tenore.*

Nil

Away with Complaints; for he that wants nothing, cannot be Poor: If you are but provided for Back and Belly, and have all the Neceſſaries of Life, 'tis not in the Power of *Jove* himſelf to make you richer. If it be true*, that in the midſt of what you poſſeſs, you drink nothing but Water, and eat nothing but Herbs with Nettles among them, you will live on ſtill after the ſame manner, even though † Riches ſhould come rolling in haſtily upon you; either becauſe it is not in their Power to alter your Nature, or becauſe it is your ſettled Opinion, that theſe are not to be regarded in Compariſon of Virtue. Do we wonder that *Democritus*, when his Soul was, as it were, gone Abroad from his Body, to ſearch into the Secrets of Nature, left his Field as a Prey to his Neighbours Cattle? And is it not much more wonderful, that, in this avaritious degenerate Age, when Men, as I may ſay, infect each other with the Love of Money, you ſhou'd ſo entirely withdraw your Mind from the Things of this World, as to give up your

for ſo great a Service, beſtow'd upon him ſeveral conſiderable Lordſhips in *Sicily*.

* *If it be true*, &c. This Place has hitherto been miſunderſtood by the Commentators and Interpreters of *Horace*, but is here ſet right by rendring *ut*, *tho'*; a Senſe which is frequently given to it in good Authors, and even in *Horace* himſelf, as might be ſhewn by Inſtances, if there were Occaſion: The 10th and 11th Verſes are (according to this Interpretation) good Reaſons why Increaſe of Riches would not alter *Iccius*'s Temper. But as this Paſſage is commonly underſtood, they are no Reaſons at all for any thing ſaid before.

† The Poet alludes in this Place to *Pactolus* and *Tagus*, the one a River of *Spain*, whoſe Source is in *Caſtile* on the Borders of *Arragon*; the other of *Libya*, now call'd *Sarabat*; both celebrated by the Poets for their Golden Sands.

Nil parvum ſapias, & adhuc ſublimia cures:
Quæ mare compeſcant cauſſæ: quid temperet annum:
Stellæ ſponte ſua, juſſæne vagentur & errent:
Quid premat obſcurum lunæ, quid proferat orbem:
Quid velit & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors:
Empedocles, an Stertinium deliret acumen.
Verum ſeu piſcis, ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas,
Utere Pompeio Groſpho; &, ſi quid petet, ultro
Defer: nil Groſphus niſi verum orabit & æquum.
Vilis amicorum eſt annona, bonis ubi quid deeſt.
Ne tamen ignores, quo ſit Romana loco res:
Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis
Armenius cecidit: jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæſaris accepit, genibus minor. aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno defundit Copia cornu.

EPISTOLA

ſelf to the ſublime Study of Nature, to know what it is that bounds the Sea, and occaſions ſuch an agreeable Variety of Seaſons; to know, whether the Planets move of themſelves, or act in Obedience to ſome higher Cauſe? You carefully enquire, what occaſions the conſtant regular Increaſe and Decreaſe of the Moon, and what is the Nature and Power of the Elements, which, tho' always at Variance with one another, unite together in preſerving the Univerſe: Whether * *Empedocles* or *Stertinius* has given a whimſical Account of theſe Matters. But whether you delight to feed on Fiſh, or Onions and Garlick are your only Entertainment, afford my Friend *Groſphus* a kind Reception. If he aſk any Favour, grant him his Requeſt; aſſure your ſelf, that *Groſphus* is ſo wiſe and modeſt a Man, that he will aſk you nothing but what is very juſt and reaſonable. Surely Friends muſt be a Drug, when good Men are ſuffer'd to be in Want!

I CANNOT conclude without acquainting you with the preſent Condition of our Affairs: *Agrippa* has entirely conquer'd the *Spaniards*; *Tiberius* the *Armenians*; *Phraates* on his Knees has ſubmitted to *Cæſar*, and own'd himſelf his Vaſſal; the Goddeſs of Plenty has diffus'd her Riches thro'out all *Italy* with a moſt liberal Hand.

* *Empedocles*, a Philoſopher of *Agrigentum*, now *Gergenti* in *Sicily*; he liv'd about the 84th *Olympiad*.

EPISTOLA XIII.

Ad Vinnium.

UT proficiſcentem docui te ſæpe diuque,
Auguſto reddes ſignata volumina, Vinni;
Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet:
Ne ſtudio noſtri pecces, odiumque libellis
Sedulus inportes, opera vehemente miniſter.
Si te forte meæ gravis uret ſarcina chartæ;
Abjicito potius, quam quo perferre juberis
Clitellas ferus inpingas, Aſinæque paternum
Cognomen vertas in riſum, & fabula fias.
Viribus uteris per clivos, flumina, lamas.
Victor propoſiti ſimul ac perveneris illuc,
Sic poſitum ſervabis onus: ne forte ſub ala
Faſciculum portes librorum, ut ruſticus agnum,
Ut vinoſa glomus furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ,
Ut cum pileolo ſoleas conviva tribulis.
Neu volgo narres te ſudaviſſe ferendo
Carmina, quæ poſſint oculos auriſque morari

Cæſaris,

EPISTLE XIII.

To *Vinnius.*

ACCORDING to the many repeated Inſtructions which I gave you, before you went from me, ſee that you remember to deliver my Poems ſeal'd to *Auguſtus*; and that by no means you preſent him with them, unleſs he be well, in good Humour, and deſirous to know the Contents of my Packet; but more eſpecially take Care, leſt by being too officious you do me a Diſſervice.

IF you find your ſelf overcharg'd with the Load of my Papers, throw them away, rather than ſtumble in *Cæſar*'s Preſence; leſt the Courtiers, alluding to your Father's Name, ſay you are an Aſs, and make you the Subject of their Mirth and Raillery. Uſe all your Strength in paſſing o'er the Mountains, Bogs and Rivers; and, when you come to Court, ſo order your ſelf as to conceal my Poems; do not carry them under your Arm, as a Peaſant carries a Lamb to the Market; or as a Gueſt his Cap and Slipper, when he returns from a Neighbour's Feaſt; or, as drunken *Pyrrhia*, who carry'd the Bottom of Yarn ſhe had ſtol'n, in ſo publick a Manner, that the Theft was diſcover'd.

BUT above all, tell not every Paſſenger, how much you have ſweated in carrying ſuch Verſes, as may poſſibly engage even *Cæſar* himſelf to hear or read 'em. I conjure you, *Vin-*

Cæſaris, oratus multa prece, nitere. porro
Vade, vale: cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.

EPISTOLA XIV.

Ad Villicum Suum.

VILLICE ſilvarum & mihi me reddentis agelli,
Quem tu faſtidis habitatum quinque focis, &
Quinque bonos ſolitum Variam dimittere Patres;
Certemus, ſpinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro: & melior ſit Horatius, an rus.
Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas & cura moratur
Fratrem mærentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Inſolabiliter; tamen iſtuc mens animuſque
Fert, & avet ſpatiis obſtantia rumpere clauſtra,
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in Urbe beatum.
Cui placet alterius, ſua nimirum eſt odio ſors.
Stultus uterque locum inmeritum cauſſatur inique.

In

nius, to proceed on your Journey; go, fare you well; be ſure that you don't ſtumble and loſe your Errand by the way.

EPISTLE XIV.

To *his Bailiff.*

He gives his Reaſons, why he prefers the Country to the City.

BAILIFF, who haſt the Care of my Woods and of my Farm, the Place to which when I retire from Buſineſs, I am my ſelf again; the Place, which, tho' you undervalue it, had anciently five Families in it, and us'd to ſend as many good Houſekeepers up to * *Varia* upon every publick Meeting: Come, Bailiff, let you and I make a Trial, which of us is moſt induſtrious, you in Weeding my Fields, or I my Mind; and whether *Horace* or his Lands are beſt cultivated. Tho' my Love to *Lamia*, who is ſenſibly afflicted at his Brother's Death, detains me at *Rome*; yet my Heart is with you: I long for nothing more, than to break thro' thoſe Barriers which keep me here. You place your Felicity in a City-Life; but 'tis the Country alone, that can make me happy. He who envies his Neighbours Circumſtances, is diſſatisfied with his own. We are both in the wrong to lay the Blame upon the Place where we are. Alas! the Fault is in

* *Varia*, a little Village in the Country of the *Sabines*, ſituated between the *Tiber* and *Horace*'s Seat.

the

In culpa eſt animus, qui ſe non effugit umquam.
Tu mediaſtinus tacita prece rura petebas:
Nunc Urbem & ludos & balnea villicus optas.
Me conſtare mihi ſcis; & diſcedere triſtem,
Quandocumque trahunt inviſa negotia Romam.
Non eadem miramur: eo diſconvenit inter
Meque & te. nam quæ deſerta & inhoſpita teſqua
Credis, amæna vocat mecum qui ſentit; & odit
Quæ tu pulchra putas. fornix tibi & uncta popina
Incutiunt Urbis deſiderium, video; & quod
Angulus iſte feret piper & tuus ocius uva;
Nec vicina ſubeſt vinum præbere taberna
Quæ poſſit tibi; nec meretrix tibicina, cujus
Ad ſtrepitum ſalias terræ gravis: & tamen urgues
Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
Disjunctum curas, & ſtrictis frondibus exples:
Addit opus pigro rivus, ſi decidit imber,
Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
Nunc age, quid noſtrum concentum dividat, audi.
Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.
Quem ſcis inmunem Cinaræ placuiſſe rapaci,
Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,

Cena

the Mind; and the Mind, you know, cannot fly from it ſelf. When you were the loweſt of my Menial Servants, how often did you pray to be my Country-Bailiff? Now you are ſo, you grow weary of your Place, and deſire again to be at *Rome*. You know very well, that in this Particular I am much more conſtant; whenever I am forc'd away to *Rome* by that odious Thing call'd Buſineſs, I go with a ſad and aking Heart. Our Inclinations are entirely different, we cannot admire one and the ſame Thing. Nothing is ſo diſagreeable to you as the Country, to you it ſeems a Deſart; but to me, and to thoſe who delight in Solitude, 'tis irreſiſtibly charming; they and I can't endure to live at *Rome*, but you eſteem it as your only Happineſs. You long to enjoy a Bottle and a Miſtreſs, and that is the Reaſon why you wiſh to be there. You complain that my Lands will ſooner bring forth Frankincenſe and Pepper, than the generous Grape; that there is no Publick-Houſe to ſupply you with Wine; nor kind fair Minſtrel to provoke your Heavineſs to dance to her hoarſe untuneable Voice. You are moreover oblig'd to till the Ground, which Time out of Mind has been neglected; you muſt fodder the Oxen when looſned from the Plough; and what is yet more, in Rainy Weather, when you hop'd to enjoy a little Eaſe, you muſt dam up the Rivers to prevent Inundations.

Now learn the Reaſons, why you and I cannot accord: 'Tis confeſs'd, that formerly I lov'd to be Gay; fine Cloaths and powder'd Hair were my Delight; the covetous *Cynara* entertain'd me *gratis*; I oftentimes ſpent whole Nights in drinking, but now a little Supper

contents

Cena brevis juvat, & prope rivum ſomnus in herba.
Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
Non iſtic obliquo oculo mea commoda quiſquam
Limat, non odio obſcuro morſuque venenat:
Rident vicini glebas & ſaxa moventem.
Cum ſervis tu urbana diaria rodere mavis.
Horum tu in numerum voto ruis: invidet uſum
Lignorum & pecoris tibi calo argutus & horti.
Optat ephippia bos: piger optat arare caballus.
Quam ſcit uterque libens, cenſebo, exerceat artem.

EPISTOLA XV.

Ad C. Numonium Valam.

QUÆ ſit hiems Veliæ, quod cælum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, & qualis via: (nam mihi Baias
Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius: & tamen illis

Me

contents me: I covet no greater Happineſs than to ſleep on the Banks of ſome peaceful Stream. 'Tis no Shame for a Man to have been extravagant, but to continue ſo.

WHEN I am in the Country, no Man envies my Condition; I live ſecure from poiſonous Tongues, nor does any one, that I know of, hate me in ſecret: My Neighbours ſmile when they behold me working in my Fields: You, on the contrary, want to be in Town to eat with my Footmen: They, on the other ſide, envy your Condition, and wiſh they had Horſes and Woods and Gardens, to make uſe of as they pleaſed. The Ox wou'd be Saddled, and the lazy Horſe wou'd go to Plough; but 'tis my Advice, that every one ſhou'd diligently mind his own Buſineſs.

EPISTLE XV.

To his Friend Vala.

I AM about to leave * *Baiæ* and its Waters; † *Antonius Muſa* adviſes me againſt them. The Inhabitants are much incens'd againſt me, He deſires to be inform'd of the Conveniencies of the Place, whither he deſigns to retire for his Health.

* See *Book* II. *Sat.* IV.

† *Antonius Muſa*, a *Græcian*, Phyſician to *Auguſtus*, whom he cur'd of a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs by Bathing: In Recompence of which Cure the *Romans* erected a Statue to him, near that of *Æſculapius*. He was the firſt Phyſician that adviſed the Uſe of the Cold Bath.

becauſe

Me facit inviſum, gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus. ſane murteta relinqui,
Dictaque ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit; invidus ægris,
Qui caput & ſtomachum ſubponere fontibus audent
Cluſinis, Gabioſque petunt & frigida rura.
Mutandus locus eſt, & deverſoria nota
Præteragendus equus. Quo tendis? non mihi Cumas
Eſt iter aut Baias; læva ſtomachoſus habena
Dicet eques: ſed equis frenato eſt auris in ore.)
Major utrum populum frumenti copia paſcat;
Collectoſne bibant imbris, puteoſne perennis
Dulcis aquæ: (nam vina nihil moror illius oræ:
Rure meo poſſum quodvis perferre patique:
Ad mare cum veni, generoſum & lene requiro,

Quod

becauſe I deſign to try the Cold Bath in the midſt of Winter. They complain of my leaving their Myrtle Groves, and neglecting their Waters, which by reaſon of their Sulphur are deſervedly famous for curing of the Gout. They cannot bear that any ſick Perſons ſhou'd uſe the Cold Baths of [a] *Cluſium* and [b] *Gabij*. To calm their Reſentments, I reſolve to remove, and my Horſe muſt not ſtop at the uſual Stages. I ſhall grow angry with him by the Way, and turning my Bridle to the Left, ſhall cry, Whither would you go? I don't deſign for [c] *Cumæ* or *Baiæ*: But I ſhall be a Fool for talking to him, for it is the Rein only that can make him underſtand me. Tell me therefore, good *Vala*, is the Winter kind at [d] *Velia* and [e] *Salernum?* Is the Air healthy? What ſort of People are the Inhabitants, and which is the readieſt Way to go thither? Does *Velia* or *Salernum* abound moſt in Corn? How is their Water? Do they keep it in Ciſterns, or have they Plenty of Wells? As for the Wine of thoſe Parts, I have no great Opinion of it: I can make ſhift with any in the Country, tho' never ſo ordinary; but when I come to a Sea-Port Town, give me ſome no-

[a] *Cluſium*, now *Chiuſi*, a City of *Tuſcany*, where King *Porſenna* kept his Court.

[b] *Gabij*, a little City ſituate between *Præneſte* and *Rome*.

[c] *Cumæ*, a ſmall Town not far from *Baiæ*, famous for ſeveral curious Antiquities, particularly for the *Grotto* of the *Sibylla*.

[d] *Velia*, a City of *Lucania*.

[e] *Salernum*, now *Salerno*, a City in the Kingdom of *Naples*, which was a *Roman* City and Colony call'd *Urbs Picentorum*. The School of the Phyſicians, which is kept here, is deſervedly famous for the great Men it has produc'd, and for the Book of Verſes known by the Name of *Schola Salernitana*.

Quod curas abigat, quod cum ſpe divite manet
In venas animumque meum, quod verba miniſtret,
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.)
Tractus uter pluris lepores, uter educet apros;
Utra magis piſcis & echinos æquora celent;
Pinguis ut inde domum poſſim Phæaxque reverti:
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos adcredere, par eſt.
Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter abſumtis urbanus cæpit haberi;
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præſepe teneret;
Inpranſus non qui civem dignoſceret hoſte;
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria figere ſævus;
Pernicies & tempeſtas barathrumque macelli,
Quicquid quæ fierat, ventri donaret avaro:
Hic, ubi nequitiæ fautoribus & timidis nil
Aut paullum abſtulerat, patinas cenabat omaſi,
Vilis & agninæ; tribus urſis quod ſatis eſſet:
Scilicet ut ventres lamna candente nepotum
Diceret urendos corrector Beſtius. idem
Si quid erat nactus prædæ majoris; ubi omne
Verterat in fumum & cinerem, Non hercule miror,
Aiebat, ſi qui comedunt bona: cum ſit obeſo
Nil melius turdo, nil volva pulchrius ampla.
Nimirum hic ego ſum: nam tuta & parvula laudo,

Cum

ble Wine, which will drive away my Cares, inſpire my Heart with Hope and Gladneſs, and make me eloquent. Are there many Hares and Boars in theſe Places? Are their Seas well ſtock'd with Fiſh? Have they Plenty of Cray-fiſh? Which of 'em have moſt? As I have no ſmall Confidence in you, I deſire to be fully inform'd in theſe Particulars, that, at my Return, I may appear as plump and healthy as if I had liv'd at *Alcinous*'s Court.

MÆNIUS having ſquander'd away his Eſtate, ſet up for a Wit; he had no conſtant Eating-place, but was forc'd to dine where he cou'd: When he was hungry he wou'd be very ſcurrilous, at ſuch times he ſpar'd neither Friend nor Foe, all were alike to him; he was the very Ruin and Deſtruction of the Market, whate'er he got, he ſpent upon his Belly. When he met with little or nothing abroad, from thoſe who lov'd to encourage Extravagance, or who ſometimes gave him a Meal's Meat out of Fear of him, he wou'd devour as much Guts and Garbage as wou'd ſerve Three Bears; and then, putting on a ſerious Air, like another *Beſtius*, he wou'd ſay, that no *Epicure* deſerv'd to live, that their Bellies ſhou'd be ſear'd with a red-hot Iron, as a Puniſhment for their Luxury. At other times when he glutted himſelf with better Fare, I do not wonder (ſaid he) that Men ſpend their Eſtates in eating well; for certainly, nothing in the World can be more excellent than an Hog's Harſlet, and a fine fat Thruſh. Thus it is with me. When I am forc'd to feed on coarſe homely Food, I praiſe a quiet frugal Life, and like a Philoſopher, ſeem perfectly contented with my Condition; but when I ſit at a Great Man's Table,

Cum res deficiunt; satis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contingit & unctius; idem
Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

EPISTOLA XVI.

Ad Quintium.

NE perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo pascat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ,
Pomisne, an pratis, an amicta vitibus ulmo;
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter & situs agri.
Continui montes; ni dissocientur opaca
Valle: sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,
Lævum decedens curru fugiente vaporet.
Temperiem laudes. quid, si rubicunda benigni
Corna vepres & pruna ferunt? si quercus & ilex
Multa fruge pecus, multa dominum juvat umbra?
Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum.
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.
Hæ latebræ dulces, & (jam si credis) amænæ,
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.

Tu

who eats nothing but what is exquiſitely fine; they only, then ſay I, are wiſe and happy, who lay out their Money in Lands and Houſes, and are Maſters of large and plentiful Eſtates.

EPISTLE XVI.

To *Quintius.*

Deareſt QUINTIUS,

TO prevent your Enquiries concerning my Farm, whether it yields me Hay or Corn in Plenty; or whether it abounds in Olives, or Apples, or Vines, I here ſend you a Deſcription of it. 'Tis pleaſantly ſituated in a continued Ridge of Mountains, which are only divided by a ſhady Valley; the Right is to the Eaſt, the Left to the Weſt; the Climate is exceeding temperate, it is neither too hot, nor too cold. Did you but ſee how my Quickſets abound with Sloes and Cornels, how my Oaks give Plenty of Acorns to my Cattle, and to me a ſweet and delightful Shade; you wou'd think your ſelf at the charming **Tarentum.* Here is alſo a Fountain, which is large enough to give Name to a River, not *Hebrus*'s Waters are purer, or cooler; it has, over and above, this extraordinary Quality, that it is very good for the Head and Cholick. It is this ſweet and delicious Solitude, which preſerves me in Autumn from all Diſeaſes. The Deſcription of his Farm.

* See *Book* I. *Sat.* VI.

Tu recte vivis, ſi curas eſſe quod audis.
Jactamus jampridem omnis te Roma beatum.
Sed vereor, ne cui de te plus quam tibi credas;
** Neve putes alium ſapiente bonoque beatum:*
Neu, ſi te populus ſanum recteque valentem
Dictitet, occultam febrem ſub tempus edendi
Diſſimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Si quis bella tibi terra pugnata marique
Dicat, & his verbis vacuas permulceat auris;
Tene magis ſalvum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo, qui conſulit & tibi & Urbi,
Juppiter: Auguſti laudes agnoſcere poſſis.
Cum pateris ſapiens emendatuſque vocari;
Reſpondeſne tuo, dic ſodes, nomine? nempe
Vir bonus & prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.
Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, ſi volet, auferet: ut ſi
Detulerit faſcis indigno, detrahet idem.
Pone, meum eſt; inquit: pono, triſtiſque recedo.

* Alium ſapiente bonoque (*i. e.*) diverſum ab eo qui ſapiens bonuſque ſit.

Idem,

You are truly happy, if you endeavour to be what Men ſay you are. It is a long Time ſince all *Rome* ſpoke of you, as a happy Man. I am mightily afraid, that you believe what others ſay of you, rather than your ſelf; and that you think a Man may be happy tho' he be neither Wiſe nor Good. What if others are pleas'd to ſay you look well, muſt you therefore diſſemble your Fever ſo long, 'till the Fit ſeizes you at Supper? It is owing to a falſe and vitious Modeſty that Fools often conceal their Sores, ſo that no * Care is taken of them. Shou'd any one flatter you ſo far as to ſay, that you have gain'd conſiderable Battles both by Land and Sea; and wiſh that *Jupiter*, who preſerves the City in preſerving you, may ſtill keep us in Suſpence, whether you are more zealous of the Safety of the *Romans*, or they of yours. Shou'd any one, I ſay, addreſs you in this Manner, you wou'd preſently reply, That ſuch Praiſes as theſe belong only to *Auguſtus*. But when they give you the flattering Titles of Wiſe and Good, tell me, my *Quintius*, how can you take them, as if they were your Due? *Quin.* O! very eaſily, I am pleas'd with the Character, and am as much delighted with being thought a Wiſe and Good Man, as you your ſelf can be. *Hor.* But the People who give you theſe flattering Titles, can take them away as their Fancy moves them: As they make a Man *Conſul*, and remove him at Pleaſure. Come, ſay they, lay down your good Cha-

Advice concerning a happy Life.

* *Curare ulcus* and *ſanare ulcus* differ much; the laſt ſignifies *to heal a Sore*, the firſt only *to dreſs it*, or *take Care* of it. So *Hor.* Ep. l. 2. Ep. 2. 150 ——— Fugeres radice vel herba proficiente nihil curarier.

Idem, ſi clamet furem, neget eſſe pudicum,
Contendat laqueo collum preſſiſſe paternum,
Mordear opprobriis falſis, mutemque colores?
Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem, niſi mendoſum & medicandum? Vir bonus
eſt quis?
Qui conſulta Patrum, qui leges juraque ſervat;
Quo multæ magnæque ſecantur judice lites;
Quo res ſponſore, & quo cauſſæ teſte tenentur.
Sed videt hunc omnis domus & vicinia tota
Introrſus turpem, ſpecioſum pelle decora.
Nec furtum feci, nec fugi; ſi mihi dicit
Servus: Habes pretium; loris non ureris, aio.
Non hominem occidi: Non paſces in cruce corvos.
Sum bonus, & frugi: renuit negitatque Sabellus.
Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque
Suſpectos laqueos, & opertum miliùs hamum.
Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore:
Tu nihil admittes in te, formidine pœnæ.
Sit ſpes fallendi, miſcebis ſacra profanis.
Nam de mille fabæ modiis cum ſubripis unum;

Damnum

racter; it is we who gave it you: I lay it down, but muſt I do it with Grief and Dejection? And ſo, if the People ſhould on the other hand report, that I am a Thief, that I lead a lewd and infamous Life, that I murder'd my Father; ſhall I ſuffer ſuch Calumnies as theſe to move me, ſhall they make me turn pale, or create in my Face the leaſt Diſorder? To be pleas'd with a good Name, and to be afraid of a bad one, when we don't deſerve either, ſhews that we have Faults which ought to be corrected. Who then is a good Man? *Quin.* He, who obeys the Laws of the Senate, and inviolably adheres to the Rules of Juſtice; who is choſen Arbitrator in the greateſt Matters; whoſe Truth and Integrity are ſo well known, that, when he is Security, the Debt is a good one; and they, for whom he appears as a Witneſs, are ſure to gain their Cauſe. *Hor.* And yet this wiſe good Man you ſpeak of, notwithſtanding his formal ſpecious Appearance of being a juſt and upright Man, is known by his Domeſticks to be a Knave at the Bottom, and is generally thought ſuch by all the Neighbourhood. If my Servant ſay, I am no Thief, nor did I ever deſert your Service: I reply, 'tis well; you have eſcap'd being whip'd. I am no Murderer; if you were, you would be crucified. If he continues, I am a good and vertuous Man; that I deny: For the Wolf, Hawk and Kite are afraid of the Snares which Men lay for them. They that are good, refrain from Vice out of Love to Vertue; but you refrain for Fear of being puniſh'd. Cou'd you be ſure of paſſing undiſcover'd, not the Temples of the Gods wou'd then eſcape you. If from a thouſand Buſhels of Beans you ſteal but one,

* *Damnum est, non facinus, mihi pacto lenius isto.*
Vir bonus, omne forum quem spectat & omne tribunal,
Quandocumque Deos vel porco vel bove placat,
Jane pater, clare, clare cum dixit, Apollo:
Labra movet metuens audiri; Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri:
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.
Quî melior servo, quî liberior sit avarus,
In triviis fixum cum se demittit ob assem,
Non video. nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque: porro
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit umquam.
Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deseruit, qui
Semper in augenda festinat & obruitur re.
Vendere cum possis captivum, occidere noli:
Serviet utiliter: sine pascat durus aretque:
Naviget, ac mediis hiemet mercator in undis:
Annonæ prosit, portet frumenta penusque.
Vir bonus & sapiens audebit dicere, Pentheu
Rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique

* Damnum est non facinus, &c. (*i. e.*) hoc pacto lenius mihi damnum est, non autem lenius est facinus.

Indignum

the Damage is leſs to me, but the Crime is not ſo to you. That Oracle of the Law, whom you lately mention'd, who is ſo much reſpected in all the ſeveral Courts of Juſtice; when he offers a Hog or Ox in Sacrifice, cries with a loud and audible Voice, Hear me, Father *Janus*, O *Apollo* hear me! Then, ſhutting his Lips, he mutters to himſelf, "Beauteous * *Laverna!* grant me the Art of deceiving Mankind; let the World believe me Juſt and Honeſt, and let all my wicked fraudulent Practices be buried in Darkneſs." And then for the Covetous Man; in what Reſpects is he better than a Slave, when, in paſſing the Streets, he fooliſhly ſtoops down to take up a Penny that ſticks to the Ground? In Truth there is little Difference between 'em, they are both Slaves; he that is Covetous lives in Fear, and Fear and Slavery are one and the ſame Thing. The Man that perpetually fatigues himſelf, and impairs his Health in heaping up Riches, is like a Soldier that has loſt his Arms, and deſerted from his Colours; he has baſely quitted the Cauſe of Vertue, and is good for nothing. As one ſhould not kill a captive Slave, when one can ſell him; ſo this Man's Drudgery will be of Uſe; let him live hard in the Employment of Grazing and Ploughing: Let him go to Sea, if he will, for Merchandize, and winter in the midſt of the Waves: Let him increaſe the Stock of Corn, and bring Home Wheat and other Proviſions. Whereas a Good and Wiſe Man will dare to ſay (as *Bacchus* does in the Tragedy), O *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, What Puniſhment will you inflict on

* *Laverna*, the Patroneſs of Thieves, ſhe had a ſtately Temple at *Rome*, ſhe was adored in *Greece* under the Name of *Praxidica*.

me.

Indignum coges? Adimam bona. Nempe pecus, rem,
Lectos, argentum: tollas licet. In manicis &
Compedibus ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.
Ipſe Deus, ſimul atque volam, me ſolvet. opinor,
Hoc ſentit; Moriar. mors ultima linea rerum eſt.

EPISTOLA XVII.

Ad Scævam.

QUAMVIS, Scæva, ſatis per te tibi conſulis, & ſcis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;
*Diſce, docendus adhuc quæ cenſet * amiculus: ut ſi*
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit: tamen aſpice, ſi quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.
Si te grata quies & primam ſomnus in horam
Delectat; ſi te pulvis ſtrepituſque rotarum,
Si lædet caupona; Ferentinum ire jubebo.
Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis;

* *Horace*, as He ſays of Himſelf, was of a very low Stature; in Alluſion to which it is probably conjectur'd, that *Quintius* in Raillery, uſed to call him his little Friend.

Nec

me, who am innocent? *Pen.* I will take away your Goods. *Bac.* You mean my Beds and Money and Cattle; you may take them. *Pen.* I will confine you cloſe Priſoner, load you with Irons, and appoint you a hard and cruel Goaler. *Bac.* A God, as ſoon as I pleaſe, will give me a Deliverance. I ſuppoſe that he means this, *I will die:* Death is the End of all our Miſeries.

EPISTLE XVII.

To *Scæva.*

He adviſes his Friend *Scæva*, how he ought to demean himſelf in the Company of Great Men.

THOUGH you have Judgment enough to adviſe your ſelf, and know how to behave your ſelf among your Superiours, yet vouchſafe to learn of your little Friend, who Himſelf ſtands in Need of your Inſtructions, what his Sentiments are upon this Matter: Tho' I muſt own that it is like a Blind Man's pretending to ſhew the Road; yet however ſee if I have not ſomething to offer on the Subject, which you may think worth the putting in Practice. If you deſire to take your Eaſe, and ſleep 'till Seven or Eight in the Morning; if you cannot endure the Clattering of Coaches, nor the more tumultuous roaring Noiſe, which uſually abounds in all Publick Houſes, take my Advice and retire to * *Ferentino.* For it is not the rich Man only who is Happy; nor was he

* *Ferentino*, a ſmall Village in *Italy*, about ten Miles from *Agnania*, which was formerly a very conſiderable City, but now almoſt ruin'd.

Nec vixit male, qui natus morienſque fefellit.
Si prodeſſe tuis, paulloque benignius ipſum
Te tractare voles; accedes ſiccus ad unctum.
Si pranderet olus patienter; regibus uti
Nollet Ariſtippus. Si ſciret regibus uti;
Faſtidiret olus, qui me notat. utrius horum
Verba probes & facta, doce: vel junior, audi
Cur ſit Ariſtippi potior ſententia. namque
Mordacem Cynicum ſic eludebat, ut aiunt;
Scurror ego ipſe mihi, populo tu: rectius hoc &
Splendidius multo eſt. equus ut me portet, alat rex,
Officium facio: tu poſcis vilia rerum,
Dante minor; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.
Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color & ſtatus & res,

Tentantem

a miſerable one who lived and died in an obſcure Retreat. But if you deſire to ſerve your Friends, and give a little more Indulgence to your ſelf, come from your own ſpare Diet to the Tables of the Great [a]. If [b] *Ariſtippus*, ſaid *Diogenes*, knew how to dine on Herbs, he wou'd not be ſo often at Great Men's Tables. *Ariſtippus* reply'd; If [c] *Diogenes* knew how to make his Court to Princes, he wou'd ſoon diſdain his Dinner of Herbs. Which of theſe two was in the right? Either tell me your Opinion, or learn from me, who am older than your ſelf, why I give my Vote for *Ariſtippus*. I divert the Great, ſaid *Ariſtippus* to the ſnarling *Cynick*, and am plentifully rewarded; you divert the common People, and have nothing for your Pains. I make my Court, and eat with Princes; [d] you beg your Bread from Door to Door; and tho' you pretend that you want for nothing, yet by accepting the Alms, you ſhew your ſelf poorer than thoſe who relieve you. As for [e] *Ariſtippus*, all

[a] *Tables of the Great.* The Latin is *unctum*, which ſignifies a Feaſt, or delicious Entertainment, as in *Art. Poet.* v. 422.

Si verò eſt, unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit.

[b] See *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

[c] *Diogenes*, a *Cynick* Philoſopher, born at *Sinope*, A.U.C. 341. He embrac'd a voluntary Poverty, and liv'd in a Tub. See the Particulars of his Hiſtory and Sayings in *Diogenes Laertius*, l. 6.

[d] In Caſe, ſays *Epicurus*, our wiſe Man ſhou'd be reduc'd to want the common Neceſſaries of Life, yet will he not with the *Cynicks* betake himſelf to the common Refuge of Begging, but rather undertake the Inſtruction of others in Wiſdom, and by ſo doing act according to the Dignity of his Prudence, and at the ſame time deſervedly accommodate himſelf with what he wants, from thoſe that have Abundance.

[e] There is no Condition that does not ſit well upon a wiſe Man. For this Reaſon I ſhall never quarrel with a Phi-

Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum:
Contra, quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.
Alter purpureum non exspectabit amictum;
Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet;
Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.
Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angui
Vitabit chlamydem; morietur frigore, si non
Rettuleris pannum: refer, & sine vivat ineptus.
Res gerere & captos ostendere civibus hostis,
Attingit solium Jovis & cælestia tentat.
Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet: esto:
Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter? atqui
Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. hic onus horret,

all Stations, Conditions, and Circumſtances of Life ſat gracefully on him: He was commonly trying to mend his Fortune, yet was always contented with what it was. But, on the other hand, as for that Fellow, wrapt round with Patience, and a double-breaſted Great-Coat, I mean *Diogenes*, I ſhould wonder much if any other Way of Life ſhould become him. The firſt will never ſtay to put on his beſt Cloaths, but will paſs thro' Places of the greateſt Reſort with a Thread-bare Coat on his Back, and yet both Parts will become him, that of a Beau, and that of a Sloven. But ſhou'd you offer a Scarlet Cloak to *Diogenes*, he wou'd ſhun it as he wou'd a Dog or Serpent; rather than wear it, he wou'd go in his Shirt and die with Cold: Give him his Weather-beaten Cloak again, and let him ſuffer for his Folly.

To gain great Victories, and to ride in Triumph thro' the City of *Rome* with a Train of Captives, are Things ſo truly great and glorious, that they make a Man almoſt equal to the Gods. Nor is it a mean and ordinary Accompliſhment to be able to pleaſe Great Men; few there are who know how to do ſo. He that doubts of Succeſs, chooſes to ſit ſtill, and not expoſe himſelf. Agreed. But what will you ſay of him that ſucceeds? Is he not a very gallant Man? Either here or no where the Perſon is to be found that we are enquiring after. The one is afraid that the Enterprize is too

a Philoſopher for living in a Palace, but ſhall at the ſame Time not excuſe him, if he can't content himſelf with a Cottage. I ſhall not be ſcandaliz'd to behold him in the Apparel of Kings, provided he has not their Ambition. *Monſieur* Evremont *in his Reflections upon the Doctrine of* Epicurus.

great;

Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus :
Hic ſubit, & perfert. aut virtus nomen inane eſt,
Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.
Coram rege ſuo de paupertate tacentes
Plus poſcente ferent. diſtat, ſumaſne pudenter,
An rapias. atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
Indotata mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis nec paſcere firmus,
Qui dicit ; clamat, Victum date. ſuccinit alter,
Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.
Brundiſium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur ſalebras & acerbum frigus & imbris,
Aut ciſtam effractam & ſubducta viatica plorat ;
Nota refert meretricis acumina, ſæpe catellam,

Sæpe

great; that neither his Strength nor Courage is ſufficient: The other boldly undertakes the Matter, and is crown'd with Succeſs. Now you muſt confeſs, that Virtue is only an empty Name; or that he who knows how to make his Addreſs to Men of Quality, deſerves both to be commended, and rewarded for it.

THEY who ſay nothing of their Poverty before their Patron*, will get more than the Importunate and Craving. And even when a Preſent is made you, there is a wide Difference between catching greedily at it, and receiving it modeſtly: This is a Precept of the higheſt Importance. He who ſays, I have a Siſter unprovided of a Fortune; my Mother is poor; I cannot live on the Income of my Eſtate, and am ſo tied up, that I cannot ſell it; ſays, in effect, Give me ſomewhat to ſubſiſt me. Another ſtarts up, and immediately ſubjoyns, Let me, I beſeech you, Sir, ſhare in your Bounty. But if the Raven would eat his Meat in Quiet, he wou'd have more of it; and no one wou'd enter into Conteſt with him, or envy his good Fortune.

A MAN of Quality makes an Invitation to one that waited on him at his Levé, I ſhall be glad, Sir, ſays he, of your Company to *Brindes* or *Surrentum*, 'tis a ſweet Place. The Man replies, the Weather is cold, the Ways are bad and plaſhy, that his Cabinet was lately broke open, and his Money ſtol'n. He that expreſſes himſelf after this manner, gives us to underſtand what he wou'd be at, and his Reward is accordingly. It is with him as with Women

* *Their Patron. Coram Rege ſuo*, ſo I read, and not *ſuâ*, as if it were to be joyn'd with *paupertate*. If *Horace* had

Sæpe periſcelidem raptam ſibi flentis : uti mox
Nulla fides damnis veriſque doloribus adſit.
Nec ſemel inriſus triviis attollere curat
Fracto crure planum. licet illi plurima manet
Lacrima ; per ſanctum juratus dicat Oſirin,
Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum :
Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.

EPISTOLA XVIII.

Ad Lollium.

SI bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis ſpeciem præbere, profeſſus amicum.
Ut matrona meretrici diſpar erit atque
Diſcolor, infido ſcurræ diſtabit amicus.
Eſt huic diverſum vitio vitium prope majus,
Aſperitas agreſtis & inconcinna graviſque :
Commendat quæ ſe intonsâ cute, dentibus atris ;

Dum

Women of the Town, who, by often pretending imaginary Loſſes, make their real ones to be diſbeliev'd. He that has once been ſoundly laugh'd at for relieving a Cheat, will be very cautious that he be not couzen'd a ſecond Time. The impotent Vagrant may cry his Eyes out; he may ſwear by * *Oſiris* that he is no Deceiver; hear me ye cruel-hearted Men! inſtead of relieving him, the whole Neighbourhood immediately cry out upon him, Get you gone you Raſcal to thoſe that do not know you.

* *Oſiris*, the Patron of Vagrants, he is the ſame as *Apis* and *Serapis*; by *Oſiris* ſome underſtand the Sun.

EPISTLE XVIII.

To *Lollius.*

He adviſes his Friend how to get the Love of all his Acquaintance.

IF I know any thing of your Temper, *Lollius*, you are too ſincere to flatter your Friends. A Friend in all his Actions and Behaviour is as different from a Flatterer, as a vertuous Lady, both in her Dreſs and Converſation, from a Woman of the Town. But there is a Vice quite oppoſite to this, which is more inſupportable: I mean a clowniſh, diſagreeable, uncultivated Roughneſs of Behaviour, which

ſaid *Coram Rege ſuâ*, &c. then *Rex* ſhould have ſignified a King in general; but he is in this Epiſtle ſpeaking of the Arts of making Court to the Great among the *Romans*; and Patrons were called the *Reges* of their Clients; ſo *Horace* tells *Mæcenas*;

——— *Rexq; Paterq;*
Audiſti coram. ——— Epiſt. 7. v. 37.

Dum volt libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.
* *Virtus eſt medium vitiorum, & utrimque reductum.*
Alter in obſequium plus æquo pronus, & imi
Deriſor lecti, ſic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit;
Ut puerum ſævo credas dictata magiſtro
Reddere, vel partis mimum tractare ſecundas:
Alter rixator de lana ſæpe caprina, &
Propugnat nugis armatus: Scilicet ut non
Sit mihi prima fides? &, vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem? pretium ætas altera ſordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Caſtor ſciat an Docilis plus;
Brundiſium Minucî melius via ducat, an Appî.
Quem damnoſa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,
Gloria quem ſupra vires & veſtit & unguit,
Quem tenet argenti ſitis inportuna fameſque,
Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga, dives amicus,
Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior, odit & horret:

* Vice, for the moſt part, conſiſts in Extremes, which are direct Contraries; and are either the Defect or Exceſs of ſome Virtue; ſo that there are not only two Vices to every Virtue, but both are Extremes running counter to each other. Between theſe are the Paths of Virtue, which lie right forward, and, like parallel Lines, never interfere.

under the Diſguiſe of Virtue and plain Dealing, takes a Liberty of treating all Mankind with Inſolence and Brutality.

TRUE Virtue is the Medium between two Extremities. The Paraſite is all Complaiſance to the rich Man, at whoſe Table he is, and is ever playing upon thoſe who ſit on the loweſt Couch at Dinner: He pays ſuch a Regard even to the Nod of the Maſter of the Feaſt, ſo catches up his Words and repeats them, that you would think him like a School-boy ſaying his Leſſon after his Maſter, or rather like one who acts an inferior Part in a Play, and does it in ſuch a Manner as to ſet off the principal Actor. The other rude unconverſable Mortal, having little or no Knowledge of the World, and being over-full of himſelf, diſputes about Trifles. What, ſays he, ſhall I not be believ'd ſooner than another? Shall I not freely ſpeak my Thoughts? Were I to live a hundred Years longer, on Condition I were ſilent, I wou'd much rather chooſe to die, than be debarr'd of the Liberty of maintaining my Opinions. Now what do you think was the Occaſion of all this Heat? Why, 'twas only, whether *Caſtor* or *Docilis* was the beſt Fencer; whether the *Minucian* or *Appian* Way is the ſhorter or better Way to *Brindes*.

NOTHING is more common, than for a rich Man to hate thoſe of his Acquaintance, who have ſpent their Eſtates in Play, or on Women; who are Covetous or Ambitious, or affect to live beyond their Circumſtances, and chooſe to do any Thing, tho' never ſo diſhonourable, to avoid being poor. He cannot ſo much as bear the Sight of them, tho' he himſelf

Aut si non odit, regit ; ac, veluti pia mater,
Plus quam se sapere & virtutibus esse priorem
Volt : & ait prope vera ; Meæ (contendere noli)
Stultitiam patiuntur opes : tibi parvula res est :
Arta decet sanum comitem toga : desine mecum
Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa. beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia & spes ;
Dormiet in lucem ; scorto postponet honestum
Officium ; nummos alienos pascet ; ad imum
Threx erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.
Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius umquam ;
Commissumque teges, & vino tortus & ira.
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes :
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poëmata panges.
Gratia sic fratrum geminorum Amphionis atque
Zethi dissiluit ; donec suspecta severa

Conticuit

ſelf is guilty of the ſame, or greater Vices. If he does not deteſt them; like a tender Mother, he adviſes them to be better and wiſer than himſelf. And certainly in ſome Senſe, the Counſel which he gives is juſt and reaſonable. My Fortune, ſaith he, will bear me out in a thouſand Follies; you have but a ſmall Income: He that lives upon another's Table (if he is wiſe) will cut his Coat according to his Cloth; then don't pretend to dreſs at me.

EUTRAPELUS, an old crafty Courtier, when any one offended him, took his Revenge in the following Manner. He preſented the Man with fine Cloaths and a ſplendid Equipage; Theſe, ſaid he to himſelf, will fill his Mind with different Ideas; he will affect to live Great, ſleep 'till Noon, take up Money at exceſſive Intereſt, and ſacrifice his Honour and Conſcience to his Pleaſures; 'till at laſt he is forc'd to turn Gladiator and fight for a Subſiſtence; or, what is as bad, hire himſelf to ſome poor Gardener, to drive his Horſe laden with Cabbages to the Market.

BE not over-ſollicitous to be made acquainted with your Friend's Secrets; but if, unaſk'd, he entruſts you with them, let not Wine or Provocations force you to betray him. Neither cenſure others, nor commend your ſelf. If your Friend at any Time aſks you to go a Hunting, let not the Muſes be your Excuſe. Such a Pretence as this created a Difference between * *Zethus* and *Amphion* who were Twins, nor

* *Zethus* and *Amphion*, the Twin-Sons of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, their Inclinations were extreamly different; *Zethus* lov'd Hunting, and *Amphion* delighted in nothing but Muſick; but as *Zethus* was of a rough and ſavage

Conticuit lyra. fraternis ceſſiſſe putatur
Moribus Amphion: tu cedè potentis amici
Lenibus imperiis: quotienſque educet in agros
Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta caneſque;
Surge, & inhumanæ ſenium depone Camenæ,
Cenes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus emta:
Romanis ſollemne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris: præſertim cum valeas, &
Vel curſu ſuperare canem, vel viribus aprum
Poſſis. adde, virilia quod ſpecioſius arma
Non eſt qui tractet. ſcis quo clamore coronæ
Prælia ſuſtineas campeſtria: denique ſævam
Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tuliſti
Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum ſigna refigit
Nunc; &, ſi quid abeſt, Italis adjudicat armis.
Ac ne te retrahas, & inexcuſabilis abſtes;
Quamvis nil extra numerum feciſſe modumque

Caras,

nor had they ever been reconcil'd, had not *Amphion* laid aſide his Muſick, and comply'd with his ſurly humourſome Brother. When your powerful Friend does but mention his Mind, obey it as readily as if it was a Command: When he leads out his Dogs and Horſes to the Field, let Poetry be neglected, which renders you unſociable; get up and hunt, and be in with the foremoſt, and enjoy with Pleaſure your Portion of the Prey.

HUNTING is a noble and generous Recreation, the *Romans* love it; 'tis Reputable and Healthy; it makes the Limbs more pliant and active: But above all Things, 'tis moſt proper for you, who enjoy the Prime and Bloom of Youth. No Man handles his Arms with a better Grace, in Swiftneſs you excel the fleeteſt Hounds, and in point of Strength, the fierceſt Boars are nothing to you. With what Applauſe do you perform your Exerciſes in the Field of *Mars?* When you were little better than a Boy, you made with Honour a Campaign in *Spain*, under that famous and renowned *General*, whoſe victorious Arms have recover'd our Banners from the *Parthian* Temples, and, if any thing is wanting to compleat his Glory, are now advancing to ſubdue the few remaining Parts of the Univerſe, which refuſe to ſubmit to the *Roman* Power. It wou'd be an unpardonable Fault in you, wholly to abſtain from this noble Recreation: For tho' no Man obſerves a juſt *Decorum* more ſtrictly than

Diſpoſition, and conſequently had no Ear for Muſick, he cou'd not endure that his Brother *Amphion* ſhou'd play upon the Harp; he quarrel'd ſo often with him about it, that at laſt *Amphion* was oblig'd for Quietneſs to bid adieu to Harmony.

your

Caras, interdum nugaris rure paterno.
Partitur lintris exercitus: Actia pugna,
Te duce, per pueros hoſtili more refertur:
Adverſarius eſt frater; lacus Hadria: donec
Alterutrum velox victoria fronde coronet.
Conſentire ſuis ſtudiis qui crediderit te,
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protenus ut moneam; (ſi quid monitoris eges tu)
Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe videto.
Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem eſt:
Nec retinent patulæ commiſſa fideliter aures;
Et ſemel emiſſum volat inrevocabile verbum.
Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla puerve,
Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici:
Ne dominus, pueri pulchri caræve puellæ
Munere te parvo beet, aut incommodus angat.
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aſpice: ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus: ergo,
Quem ſua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.
At penitus notum ſi tentent crimina, ſerves
Tuteriſque tuo fidenter præſidio: qui
Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid

Ad

your ſelf, yet in the Country, you do not diſdain to amuſe your Thoughts with youthful Diverſions. You divide a little Army of Boys into two Squadrons; each has an equal Number of Veſſels: You command the one, and your Brother the other; the *Lucrine* Lake ſerves you inſtead of the *Adriatick*; here you fight o'er again the Battle at * *Actium*, and never give over, 'till one Side is victorious. This Condeſcenſion to your Brother's Inclinations will gain you Friends, and engage other Men to approve of yours. One more Piece of Advice I am to give you (if there be any Advice that you want) which is, that you be very careful of what you ſay of other Men, and to whom you ſay it. Shun all inquiſitive curious Perſons; they are commonly Tatlers; and a Word once ſpoken can never be recall'd.

IT concerns you alſo to be very cautious whom you recommend; leſt you happen to be put to the Bluſh for the Miſcarriages of others. Shou'd this be your Caſe, (for we are all fallible, and ſometimes recommend unworthy Perſons) as ſoon as you are convinc'd that he is blameable, don't pretend to take his Part that has thus deceiv'd you: But if you are well aſſur'd that he is unjuſtly accus'd, ſave and defend him boldly with all your Intereſt and Protection: For when he ſuffers by the Tongue of

* *Actium*, a Promontory of *Epirus*, now *Capo Figulo*. Near this Place *Auguſtus* overcame *Marc Antony*, built the City *Nicopolis* in Memory of the Victory; inſtituted the *Actian* Games to be ſolemniz'd every five Years, and repair'd the Temple of *Apollo*, new dedicating it to *Mars* and *Neptune*. This Battle was fought A. M. 4024, about 30 Years before *Chriſt*.

Calumny,

Ad te poſt paullo ventura pericula ſentis?
Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet:
Et neglecta ſolent incendia ſumere vires.
Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici:
Expertus metuit. tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorſum te ferat aura.
Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemque jocoſi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remiſſi:
Potores liquidi media de luce Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamvis
Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.
Deme ſupercilio nubem: plerumque modeſtus
Occupat obſcuri ſpeciem, taciturnus acerbi.
Inter cuncta leges & percontabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes:
* *Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet:*

* The Knowledge of Virtue is implanted in our Nature, diſcover'd by our Reaſon, and grows up with it. In many Caſes the Difference between Right and Wrong, Good and Evil is ſo evident, that Men of the meaneſt Capacity perceive it. But notwithſtanding this natural Perception, as there are ſeveral Moral Duties not ſelf-evident, it is abſolutely neceſſary that their Connection with ſimple Truths ſhou'd be explain'd, and made clear by Inſtruction.

Calumny, don't you ſuſpect that the Danger is not far off from you? When your Neighbour's Houſe is ſet on Fire, you run great Riſque of loſing your own; the Flames will ſpread, unleſs ſpeedily extinguiſh'd.

TO attend upon the Great, ſeems pleaſant to thoſe, who know nothing of the Matter; but they who have experienc'd what it is, are afraid of engaging a ſecond Time in ſo doubtful an Employment. While your Ship enjoys a proſperous Gale, be ſure to improve ſo fair an Opportunity, leſt the Wind change, and force you back again into the Port, from whence you ſet ſail.

THEY who are of a gloomy Temper, deteſt a lively and facetious Man; the lively and facetious abhor a dull and gloomy Gravity. The ſlothful Man hates him that is active, and is hated by him; they who drink hard, diſdain the Man that refuſes his Glaſs; in vain you pretend that the Vapours in the Night are very unwholſome, you muſt not be ſo uncomplying.

IN Converſation put on an open and chearful Countenance; generally ſpeaking the Shamefac'd Man paſſes for a Dull one, and the Silent for a Moroſe one.

AMONG other things, do not neglect to read the Philoſophers; learn from the Wiſe the invaluable Secret how to lead an eaſie and contented Life. Let them inſtruct you how to moderate your Deſires, that the Hopes and Fears of things, that can hardly be ſaid to be profitable, may not perplex and diſturb your Felicity. They will inform you, whether Virtue is implanted in our Nature, or attain-

able

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum:
Quid pure tranquillet; honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter & fallentis ſemita vitæ.
Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugoſus frigore pagus;
Quid ſentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc eſt; etiam minus: & mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volunt Dî:
Sit bona librorum & proviſæ frugis in annum
Copia: ne fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.
Sed ſatis eſt orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: animum mihi ego ipſe parabo.

EPISTOLA XIX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

PRISCO ſi credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino;
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus. ut male ſanos,
Adſcripſit

able by Study. They will tell you what it is which leſſens our Cares, and makes a Man in Friendſhip with himſelf: Whether Riches or Honour, or a private Retirement, where Life inſenſibly glides away, is the trueſt Happineſs. When I ſit on the Banks of *Digentia*'s Stream (which ſupplies the Inhabitants of *Mandela* with Water) than which nothing in Nature is more refreſhing; what do you think is the utmoſt of my Wiſhes? All that I deſire, is quietly to poſſeſs the little I have, or even leſs, if Heaven ſo pleaſes; and, for the Time that is yet to come, if any Remainder is yet behind, to live at my own Diſpoſal. Let me have a good Number of the choiceſt Books, and a Year's Proviſion before-hand in my Barns: And may I never be toſs'd too and fro between Hopes and Fears of what is to happen hereafter;—— but I forbear —— it is ſufficient that I aſk of *Jupiter* thoſe Things which he can give, or take away: Let him but grant me Life and Riches; and I will take Care to provide my ſelf with ſuch a Temper, as may make me enjoy his Bleſſings aright.

EPISTLE XIX.

To *Mæcenas.*

Learned MÆCENAS,

IF you believe old *Cratinus*, they who drink nothing but Water, will never make good Poets; the Verſes they write, pleaſe only for a

Adſcripſit Liber Satyris Fauniſque poetas;
Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camenæ.
Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus Homerus.
Ennius ipſe pater numquam niſi potus ad arma
Proſiluit dicenda. Forum putealque Libonis
Mandabo ſiccis, adimam cantare ſeveris.
Hoc ſimul edixi; non ceſſavere poetæ
Nocturno certare mero, putere diurno.
Quid? ſi quis voltu torvo ferus, & pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræſentet moreſque Catonis?
Rupit Iarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua;
Dum ſtudet urbanus, tenditque diſertus haberi.
Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. quod ſi
Pallerem caſu, biberent exſangue cuminum.
O imitatores, ſervum pecus; ut mihi ſæpe
Bilem, ſæpe jocum veſtri movere tumultus!

Libera

Time; they quickly periſh, and are utterly forgotten.

SINCE *Bacchus* thought fit to rank the Poets with the *Fauns and Satyrs*, the Muſes have conſtantly indulg'd themſelves with the Juice of the Grape. Even * *Homer* himſelf, as is evident from his frequent Encomiums upon Wine, was no Starter from it. Old Father † *Ennius* was likewiſe ſenſible of the good Effects of it; he never made an Effort to ſing of Wars before he had warm'd and elevated his Spirits with a Glaſs of good Wine. Let thoſe who drink nothing but Water, mind the Buſineſs of the Law; let them not dare to invoke the Muſes. I had no ſooner ſaid this in Publick, than all the Poets fell to drinking for the Laurel, Day and Night together. What if any one ſhould affect *Cato*'s rugged Air, walk without Shoes, and wear, like him, a little ſcanty Cloak; muſt it therefore follow, that he can imitate his Virtues? *Hiarbitas*, by endeavouring to emulate ‡ *Timagenes* in his Wit and Raillery, quite ruin'd himſelf. A Model that is faulty in ſome Particulars, if thoſe Faults are imitated, is oftentimes of dangerous Conſequence to thoſe who form themſelves by it. If by Chance I ſhould look pale, I'll warrant that the whole Tribe of Poets would immediately drink Cummin, that their Looks might be like mine. Ye Imitators (a ſervile Herd of Men!) how often have ye ſet me a fretting, how often a laughing with your apiſh Affectations?

* See *Book* I. *Sat.* X. † See *Book* I. *Sat.* IV.

‡ *Timagenes*, an Orator of *Alexandria*, was for ſome Time in great Favour with *Auguſtus*, which he fooliſhly loſt, by taking too great a Freedom with the Emperor.

Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps,
Non aliena meo preſſi pede. qui ſibi fidit,
Dux regit examen. Parios ego primus Iambos
Oſtendi Latio; numeros animoſque ſecutus
Archilochi, non res & agentia verba Lycamben.
Ac ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes,
Quod timui mutare modos & carminis artem:
Temperat Archilochi Muſam pede maſcula Sappho;
Temperat Alcæus, ſed rebus & ordine diſpar:
Nec ſocerum quærit, quem verſibus oblinat atris;
Nec ſponſæ laqueum famoſo carmine nectit.
Hunc ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus,
Volgavi fidicen. juvat inmemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculiſque legi, manibuſque teneri.
Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuſcula lector
Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?

I WAS the firſt, who dar'd to tread in unbeaten Paths, where no Man ever ſet Foot before me. He that can juſtly depend upon himſelf, is fit to lead others. I was the firſt who attempted *Iambicks* in the *Latin* Tongue: I endeavour'd at the Numbers and Spirit of * *Archilochus*; but not his bitter Invectives, which coſt *Lycambes* his Life. Nor is the Laurel leſs my Due for not changing his Meaſures. † *Sappho*, whoſe Numbers were as ſublime, as they are ſoft and tender, long before my Time intermix'd 'em with her *Lyricks*; the celebrated ‡ *Alcæus* did the ſame; but his Subject, and the Order and Diſpoſition of his Verſe are different. No Father-in-Law feels the Smart of his Invectives, nor does he force by his Raillery his faithleſs Miſtreſs to hang her ſelf. It is much for my Glory, that I was the firſt who imitated *Alcæus* in *Latin*; and as the thing was before unattempted, I ſhall take a particular Joy and Satisfaction in being read by Men of Quality.

NOW, if you would know the Reaſon, why ſome unjuſt and ungrateful Perſons pretend in Publick to cenſure my Writings, tho' they ſecretly admire them: 'Tis briefly this. I

* See *Book* II. *Sat.* III.

† *Sappho*, a Poeteſs of the Iſle of *Leſbos*; ſhe writ nine Books of *Lyrick* Verſes, and was the Inventreſs of that Kind of Verſe which from her is call'd the *Sapphick*. She was particularly happy in the Sweetneſs of her Verſes, in which are ſome Strokes of Delicacy, which are the fineſt and moſt paſſionate in the World. 'Tis a thouſand Pities, ſays Mr. *Bayle*, that *Anacreon* and *Sappho* did not live together: If they had, they ought to have been Huſband and Wife; that the World might have ſeen what would have been the Effect of two ſuch delicate Souls. According to *Calviſius*, *Sappho* flouriſh'd in the Time of *Nabonaſſar*, A. M. 3341.

‡ *Alcæus*, a *Lyrick* Poet of *Mitylene* in the Iſle of *Leſbos*, Contemporary with *Sappho*.

Non ego ventoſæ plebis ſuffragia venor
Impenſis cenarum, & tritæ munere veſtis:
Non ego nobilium ſcriptorum auditor & ultor,
Grammaticas ambire tribus & pulpita dignor.
Hinc illæ lacrimæ. Spiſſis indigna theatris
Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus,
Si dixi; Rides, ait, & Jovis auribus iſta
Servas: fidis enim manare poetica mella
Te ſolum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti
Formido; &, luctantis acuto ne ſecer ungui,
Diſplicet iſte locus, clamo, & diludia poſco.
Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen, & iram;
Ira truces inimicitias, & funebre bellum.

EPISTOLA XX.

Ad Librum ſuum.

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, ſpectare videris:
Scilicet ut proſtes Soſiorum pumice mundus.

Odiſti

never hunt for popular Applauſe; I diſdain to treat the Mob for their Suffrages, or to purchaſe their Votes with my caſt off Cloaths. I never hear the *Romans* repeat their Verſes, nor do I repeat mine. I don't make my Court to the Grammarians, which is the Cauſe of their Rage againſt me. If I ſay, that I am aſham'd to have my ſorry Lines rehears'd in the Theatre; that 'tis ſetting a Value upon Things that are Trifles; you railly us, ſay they; you reſerve your Poems for none but *Auguſtus*; you fancy your ſelf the beſt Poet of the Age, and vainly imagine that your Numbers alone are Sweet and Harmonious. When they ſay this, I dare not for my Life be ſevere upon them, leſt, being provok'd, they ſhould tear me in Pieces. I only reply, that the Place is not what I like, and therefore deſire that we may not meet; for Contention produces Strife and Paſſion; and Paſſion concludes in War and Deſtruction.

EPISTLE XX.

To his Book.

I FIND, my Book, that you want to be abroad; your Eyes are fix'd on * *Janus* and *Vertumnus*; you long to be neatly bound and gilt, and to lie expos'd in the Bookſellers Shops. A modeſt Child delights to be under the Tuiti-

* Near the Statues of *Janus* and *Vertumnus*, which were plac'd in the *Tuſcan* Street, there were a great many Bookſellers.

Odiſti clavis, & grata ſigilla pudico;
Paucis oſtendi gemis, & communia laudas;
Non ita nutritus. fuge quo deſcendere geſtis:
Non erit emiſſo reditus tibi. Quid miſer egi,
Quid volui? dices; ubi quid te læſerit, & ſcis
In breve te cogi, plenus cum languet amator.
Quod ſi non odio peccantis deſipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deſerit ætas.
Contrectatus ubi manibus ſordeſcere volgi
Cœperis; aut tineas paſces taciturnus inertis,
Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,
Qui male parentem in rupis protruſit aſellum
Iratus. quis enim invitum ſervare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba ſenectus.

Cum

on of his Parents, but you hate to be confin'd; the very Thought of being read only by a few Perſons is grievous to you; you were not bred to appear in Publick, and yet you wiſh for nothing more. Well, my Book, go where you pleaſe; but remember that when you are once ſet out, there is no returning. The Criticks will ſpend their Malice upon you; and then you will repent of what you have done, and bewail your Misfortune. Even your Admirers will in a little Time grow weary of you, roll you up, and lay you aſide. If I am not prejudic'd thro' my Reſentment of this your Folly, I will venture to propheſie that at your firſt Appearance in *Rome*, you will meet with a kind and civil Reception: But when you ſhall fall into the Hands of the Vulgar, and become contemptible; they will throw you aſide for a Prey to the Moths, tranſport you to * *Utica*; or perhaps employ you to a better purpoſe, in covering the Packets which go from hence to † *Lerida*. How ſhall I then laugh at you for not following my Advice? like the Man in the Fable, who when he found that his Aſs in ſpight of all he cou'd do, would fall over the Precipice, e'en puſh'd him over: For, who would take Pains to ſave him that will be ruin'd? I foreſee likewiſe, that it will be your Deſtiny to be thumb'd by ſome old ſtammering Schoolmaſter, who in the Suburbs of the City teaches

* *Utica*, a City of *Africa*, made famous by the Death of *Cato* the Younger, who kill'd himſelf in this Place.

† *Ilerda*, or *Lerida*, a City of *Catalonia* in *Spain*; in the Time of the *Romans* it was the Capital of that Part of *Spain* call'd *Tarraconenſis*.

Cum tibi ſol tepidus pluris admoverit auris;
Me libertino natum patre, & in tenui re,
Majores pennas nido extendiſſe loqueris;
Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas:
Me primis Urbis belli placuiſſe domique;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, ſolibus aptum;
Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
Forte meum ſi quis te percontabitur ævum;
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe Decembris,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

Boys to read. * Whenſoever the exceſſive Heat of the Sun brings you in a large and numerous Audience; be ſure to acquaint them, that, tho' I was the Son of a Slave made free; yet by my Learning I improv'd my Fortunes and advanc'd my Condition. By this Means you will add to my Merit, what you take from my Birth. You may tell 'em further, that I had the good Fortune to pleaſe the greateſt Men in *Rome*, both Generals and Stateſmen; that my Stature was ſmall; that my Hairs were grey before my Time; that I lov'd to warm my ſelf in the Sun; and as for my Temper, that I was ſoon angry and ſoon pleas'd. If they aſk my Age, ſay that I was Four and Forty Years old, when *Lollius* and *Lepidus* were *Conſuls*.

* The Poets recited their Verſes in Porticoes or Temples; and as theſe were cool Places, the hotter the Weather was, the more People flock'd in for Shade, and ſo made the more numerous Audiences. *Juvenal* ſpeaks of *Auguſto recitantes menſe Poëtas*.



Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad Auguſtum*.

CUM tot ſuſtineas & tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
† Legibus emendes; in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux, 5
Poſt

* Whoever has a thorow Taſt of the Wit and Manner of *Horace*, if he only compares this Epiſtle to *Auguſtus* with the ſecret Character of that Prince from *Suetonius*, and other Authors, will eaſily find, what Judgment our Poet made of the *Roman Taſt*, even in the Perſon of this Sovereign and admir'd Prince; whoſe natural Love of Amphitheatrical Spectacles and other Entertainments not agreeable to the Muſes, is here ſufficiently inſinuated.

† This Addreſs of *Horace* is longer by One Third than any



HORACE's EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

To *Auguſtus.*

WHILE You bear alone the Weight of the Empire, while You protect us by the Terror of Your Arms, and make all *Italy* compleatly happy by your excellent Laws and more excellent Example; ſhou'd I not do an irreparable Injury to the Publick, if I ſhou'd take up your Time with a long Epiſtle?

* ROMULUS and † *Bacchus*, ‡ *Caſtor* and *Pollux*,

* *Romulus*, the firſt King and Founder of the City of *Rome*, A.M. 3301, was Brother of *Remus*, and Son of *Rhea-Sylvia*, the Daughter of *Numitor*. He reign'd 37 Years.

† *Bacchus*, the God of Wine, Son of *Jupiter* by *Semele*. See his Hiſtory in the 4th Book of *Diodorus Siculus*.

‡ *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, two Brothers, Sons of *Jupiter* and *Leda*,

Poſt ingentia facta Deorum in templa recepti,
** Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella*
Conponunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore ſuo, † qui prægravat artis
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; & niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit & odit:

any of his Epiſtles, if we except his Art of Poetry; and yet he tells his Prince

——— in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora Cæſar.

What can this mean? He could not but know that this Epiſtle was a very long one; and he cannot be ſuppos'd to have begun it with laying a Blame upon himſelf, which he no where afterwards attempts to take off. I think therefore that theſe Words were meant by the Poet in the way of a Queſtion, and I have accordingly tranſlated them; ſo that now they ſeem rather to be an Apology for the Length of this Epiſtle, than any Accuſation of himſelf. This is a new Solution of the Difficulty; but, if it has Reaſon on its Side, I may ſafely truſt it with a candid Reader.

* *Dum terras hominumque colunt genus* (i. e.) *dum terrarum & humani generis curam habent.*

† *Qui artifices ipſo inferiores meritis ſuis premit.*

Sic

Pollux, who, in Conſideration of their glorious Exploits, were deify'd after their Deceaſe; even theſe, while they were ſpending their Days in doing Good to Mankind, in building Cities, planting Colonies, dividing Lands, and in bringing cruel and deſtructive Wars to a happy Concluſion, complain'd that they did not meet with thoſe Acknowledgments which were due to their Merits.

EVEN * *Hercules* himſelf, who ſlew the *Hydra*, and was born to quell the Monſters of the Earth, found by fatal Experience, after all his Victories, that Envy was not to be conquer'd but by Death.

HE that excells in any Art or Science, will moſt certainly be envy'd by thoſe whom he excells; but when he dies, their Envy dies with him, his Rivals forget their former Hatred, and do Honour to his Memory.

'TIS Your Felicity to be ador'd while living; to You we raiſe Altars, we ſwear by your Divinity, and confeſs that the World has never ſeen, nor will it ever ſee your Equal. But tho' the *Romans* do you Juſtice in preferring you to all the great Commanders, which *Greece* or *Italy* have ever produc'd; yet they do not obſerve the ſame juſt Meaſures in other Matters. They are grown ſuch immoderate Lovers of Antiquity, that they cannot bear with any thing that is modern. They are ſo

Leda, Wife to *Tyndarus*, they follow'd *Jaſon* to *Colchis* for the Conqueſt of the Golden Fleece; where they made themſelves famous by their valiant Actions.

* *Hercules*, Son of *Jupiter* by *Alcmena*; By the Envy of *Juno* he narrowly eſcap'd Death; By her he was made ſubject to *Euryſtheus*, at whoſe Command he perform'd ſeveral extraordinary things; One of which was the killing the *Hydra*, a Monſter with Seven Heads. His Story is at large in *Ovid* and other Poets.

pre-

Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,
Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
** Nil intra est olea, nil extra est in nuce duri.*
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
Psallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos, veteresque referri debet, an inter
Vilis, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

* *Nil intra est olea*, &c. (i. e.) *in oleâ nihil duri est intra.*

Est

prepoſſeſs'd in Favour of the Ancients, that they maintain, that the * Laws of the Twelve Tables, which were collected and enacted by the *Decemviri*; the Treaties of Peace which our Kings concluded with the *Sabins* and *Gabij*; the Rituals of the High-Prieſts; the Books of the † *Sibyls*; and other ancient Poets, are what the Muſes themſelves pronounc'd upon the Top of Mount *Alba*. What if among the *Grecian* Writers the moſt ancient are the beſt, does it follow that the *Latin* muſt be ſo too? They who talk after ſo ridiculous a Manner, may as well perſuade us, that Black is White, and White Black.

I MIGHT as juſtly and truly affirm that we *Romans* are arriv'd at the higheſt Perfection; that we ſing and paint, and perform our Exerciſes much better than the *Grecians*. 'Tis agreed on all Hands that Wine is the better for being old; if it be ſo with Poetry, I ſhall be glad to know what Time is neceſſary to give a Value to a Poem? Is an Author that died a Hundred Years ago to be rank'd among the Ancients, or the Moderns? Is he a good or bad Writer? Some Time muſt be ſettled, or the Diſpute will be

* The Body of the ancient *Roman* Laws was collected by the *Decemviri*, who were created for that Purpoſe, from the *Grecian* Laws, A. U. C. 301. See an Account of 'em in *Livy*'s Hiſtory, *Book* III. *Chap.* xxxiii, and xxxiv, where he calls 'em the *Fons omnis publici privatique juris*. *Tully* in his firſt Book *de Oratore*, prefers them for their Wiſdom to whole Libraries of the Philoſophers.

† *Sibyls*, Ten Heathen Virgins who were famous for their Prophecies. Their Books were a Collection of Oracles, which *Sibylla Cumana* ſold to *Tarquinius Superbus* for 300 Crowns; they were loſt when the Capitol was burnt in *Sylla*'s Time, about 83 Years before Chriſt.

endleſs,

Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poëtas,
An quos & præsens, & postera respuat ætas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paullatim vello, & demo unum, demo & item unum:
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis:
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.
Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus
(Ut critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur,
Quò promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.
Nævius in manibus non est, non mentibus hæret
Pene recens? adeo sanctum est vetus omne poëma.
Ambigitur quotiens uter utro sit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti;

Dicitur

endleſs. *Rom.* The Author that died a hundred Years ago is undoubtedly Ancient, and his Works are valuable. *Hor.* But what if he wants a Month, or a Year of the Time you mention, will you not place him among the Ancients? Shall the preſent and the ſucceeding Age paſs Sentence upon him as vile and contemptible? *Rom.* If a Month or a Year be wanting, I ſhall reckon it as nothing. *Hor.* According to your Conceſſion, like the Man who pluck'd off a Horſe's Tail, Hair by Hair, I firſt take away one Year, then another, afterwards a Third, and ſo on; 'till you your ſelf, who reckon that to be Excellent which is Ancient, and think only thoſe Things to be valuable, which have been conſecrated by Death, ſhall confeſs your Miſtake. *Rom.* * *Ennius*, if you'll believe the Criticks, had both Senſe and Spirit, they look upon him as a ſecond *Homer*. But he did not take Care to juſtify the Truth of *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine, by fully convincing us, that the Soul of that incomparable Poet had its Reſidence in him.

ARE not the Poems even of † *Nævius* in every one's Hands? Nay, are they not got by Heart? So great is the Veneration which they have for Antiquity.

WHEN it is diſputed which of the ancient Poets is the beſt? The Criticks give the Pre-

* See *Book* I. *Sat.* IV.

† *Nævius*, the Author of ſeveral Latin Comedies, the firſt of which was acted at *Rome*, A. U. C. 519; being too *Satyrical*, he incurred the Diſpleaſure of *Metellus*, by whoſe Means he was baniſh'd the City, whence he retir'd to *Utica*, where he died, A. U. C. 551.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro:
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi:
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:

Hos

ference to [a] *Accius* for the *Sublime*, to [b] *Pacuvius* for his Learning. 'Tis agreed that [c] *Afranius* equals [d] *Menander*, and that [e] *Plautus* imitates [f] *Epicharmus* ſo cloſely, that he never loſes him out of Sight: That [g] *Cæcilius* excels in Weight and Matter; [h] *Terentius* in his Manners,

[a] *Accius*, a Tragick Writer, Contemporary with *Pacuvius*. *Quintilian*, *Book* X. *Chap.* I. gives them both this Character. *Tragœdiæ Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clariſſimi gravitate ſententiarum, verborum pondere & auctoritate perſonarum. Cæterùm nitor & ſumma in excolendis operibus manus magis videri poteſt temporibus, quàm ipſis defuiſſe. Virium tamen Accio plus tribuitur; Pacuvium videri doctiorem, qui docti eſſe affectant, volunt.*

[b] *Pacuvius* was Nephew to *Ennius*. We have now ſo little remaining of him, that it is hard to ſay what Advances he made in the *Roman Satire*.

[c] *Afranius*, a *Latin* Poet, who writ ſeveral Comedies in Imitation of *Menander*; he was a Man of Wit and Senſe. *Quintilian* blames him for his ſcandalous Management of Amours. He liv'd, according to *Voſſius*, in the 170th *Olympiad*.

[d] *Menander*, a Comick Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th *Olympiad*, he is ſaid to have written 108 Comedies, which are all loſt, ſome few Fragments excepted. The Criticks prefer him to *Ariſtophanes*, both for his Judgment and Stile; he was the Prince of new Comedy.

[e] *Plautus*, a Comick Poet of *Sarſina* in *Italy*, who, having ſpent all he had on Players Apparel, was fain for his Living to ſerve a Baker in turning a Hand-Mill. He died in the firſt Year of the 149th *Olympiad*. A great Part of his Works is loſt; we have yet remaining 20 of his Comedies; he was an abſolute Maſter of the *Roman* Language, and was very happy in an ingenious and facetious Way of Raillery.

[f] *Epicharmus*, a Poet and *Pythagorean* Philoſopher of *Sicily*, he compoſed ſeveral Comedies much eſteem'd by the Ancients, and ſeveral other Pieces, which *Plato* is ſaid to have converted to his own Uſe.

[g] *Cæcilius*, *(Statius)* a Comick Poet of *Milan*, Contemporary with *Ennius*; he writ ſeveral Comedies, which are all loſt; the Fragments of ſome of them are collected by *Robert Stephens*.

[h] *Terentius*, a Comick Poet, born at *Carthage*, who being a Slave at *Rome* to *Terentius Lucanus*, by his Means got acquainted with *Scipio* and *Lælius*, by whom he was

Hos ediſcit, & hos arto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; habet hos numeratque poëtas
Ad noſtrum tempus Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum volgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si vetères ita miratur laudatque poëtas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis conparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis antique, ſi pleraque dure
Dicere cedit eos, ignave multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem inſector, delendave carmina Lævî

Eſſe

ners, Characters, and Verſification. Theſe are the Poets, whoſe Works the *Romans* learn by Heart; they throng the Theatre, when their Plays are acted; and theſe are the only Poets they approve, from the Times of * *Andronicus* to the Age we live in. *Hor.* The People are ſometimes right in their Judgment, ſometimes in the wrong. If they are ſo infatuated in Favour of the Ancients, as to think that none of the Moderns ſurpaſs them, or can even ſtand in Competition with them, I muſt ſay, they are miſtaken; but if they will allow, that their Poems contain many obſolete Words; that their Expreſſions are mean and low, and their Style uneven; I will readily join with them, they are right in their Judgment.

I WOULD by no Means be thought to take from the Ancients what is juſtly due to them; nor do I condemn old *Lævius*'s Verſes, I know

aſſiſted in writing his Plays. *Eraſmus* tells us, that there is no Author from whom we can better learn the pure *Roman* Stile than from this Poet; and it is further ſaid of him, that the *Romans* thought themſelves in Converſation when they heard his Comedies: He confin'd himſelf in all his Characters within the Bounds of Nature, and that is the Reaſon that he is ſo much admir'd. Dr. *Bentley* in his Eſſay, *De Arte Terentianâ*, remarks upon this Paſſage: *Dubium eſt an temne Metricam Poëta velit an Comicam: utramque opinor: Nam in utráque Noſter, tam verſuum concinnitatis, quam lucidæ rerum diſpoſitionis, primas tenent*, p. 16.

* *Livius Andronicus*, a *Grecian*, who being inſtructed in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theatre, was the firſt that writ a regular Play for the *Roman* Stage. He was made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, who brought him to *Rome*, and made him Tutor to his Children; which Truſt he diſcharg'd ſo well, that *Salinator* gave him his Liberty. Being made a Freeman of *Rome*, he added to his own Name, that of *Livius* his Maſter. His firſt Play was a ſted, A. U. C. 514. All his Writings are loſt.

Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare; sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
Si versus paullo concinnior unus & alter;
Injuste totum ducit venitque poëma.
Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.
Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Inberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam

their Value; my Maſter *Orbilius*, when I was a Boy, took ſuch Care with his Ferula to explain them to me, that they will not eaſily be forgotten: But what I am moſt amaz'd at, is, that they would impoſe them upon us for very correct Poetry.

IF they have ſome proper Words and beautiful Expreſſions; if here and there a Verſe or two be ſmoother than the reſt, it is too much to buy the Poem, and cry it up for the Sake of theſe. There is nothing that ſooner moves my Indignation, than when I hear a Book condemn'd, not for its Dullneſs or Want of Delicacy, but purely becauſe it was lately writ; and that Men are not content with our pardoning the Ancients, unleſs we alſo prefer 'em to the Moderns, and allow 'em a Place in *Apollo*'s Temple. If a Man ſhou'd but doubt whether * *Atta*'s Comedies deſerv'd that Applauſe which they met with on the Theatre; all the old Men wou'd immediately cry out, What Impudence is this! How dare you be ſo bold as to cenſure what the famous † *Æſop*, and the more celebrated *Roſcius*, have ſo often acted with ſo great Applauſe? This they do, either becauſe they think nothing is Good, but that which they have been long us'd to be pleas'd with; or that they think it a Diſgrace to be taught by thoſe who are younger than themſelves; and to acknowledge in their Old Age, that what they learn'd in their Youth is good for nothing.

* *Atta*, a Comick *Latin* Poet, who died ten or twelve Years before *Virgil* was born; *Horace* ridicules the Lameneſs of his Verſes, by alluding to his Name, which ſignifies one that cannot ſtand upon his Feet.

† *Æſop* and *Roſcius* were the moſt celebrated Actors among the *Romans*; *Æſop* excell'd in Tragedy, *Roſcius* in Comedy.

Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, solus volt scire videri,
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
Quod si tam Graiis novitas invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?
Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortuna labier æqua;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum.
Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit:
Suspendit picta voltum mentemque tabella:

Nunc

HE that commends the Poems of the * *Salij*, which were compos'd by *Numa*, and wou'd make us believe that he underſtands them; (tho' neither he nor my ſelf know any thing of them) may pretend if he pleaſes that he only means to do Juſtice to the Ancients; but his real Deſign is againſt the Moderns; he envies their Merit, and does all he can to bring us and our Writings into Diſgrace. Had this Humour prevail'd in *Greece*, had the *Grecians* been ſuch implacable Enemies to every thing that was new, what Books would be extant? What could we read and ſtudy now?

WHEN the Wars, which had long troubled *Greece*, were ended, and Proſperity had introduc'd Luxury among them; their whole Thoughts were employ'd in Diverſions and Amuſements. One while Wreſtling and Horſe-races were the common Entertainment; then Sculpture and Painting by little and little gain'd upon their Affections. After ſome Progreſs in

* *Salij*, an Order of Prieſts inſtituted by *Numa* to preſerve the Brazen Target which fell from Heaven; their great Feaſt was in *March*, at which Time they carry'd their ſacred Charge about the City: They were clad in a ſhort Scarlet Caſſock, having round them a broad Belt claſp'd with Braſs Buckles; on their Heads they wore Copper Helmets: In this manner they went with a nimble Motion, keeping juſt Meaſures with their Feet, and demonſtrating great Strength and Agility by the various and graceful Turns of their Body; they ſung likewiſe as they danc'd, an Old Set of Verſes call'd *Carmen Saliare*, to which our Poet alludes in this Place. It contain'd the Praiſes of the Heathen Deities, *Mars*, *Minerva*, *Juno*, *Janus*, and of *Jupiter Lucetius* (*i. e.*) the Author of the Light. As theſe Deities were celebrated each in his Turn, the Hymns they ſung were call'd *Minervii*, *Junonii*, *Janualii*, after the Name of the Deity who was the Subject of 'em. They were in Being in *Cicero*'s Time; but the *Latin*, according to *Quintilian*, was ſo obſcure, that the *Salij* themſelves could hardly underſtand 'em.

theſe

Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſollemne, recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura:
Scriptos nominibus rectis expendere nummos:
Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cenant, & carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me adfirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum & chartas & ſcrinia poſco.
Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum eſt,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata paſſim.

Hic

theſe two Arts, the Humour chang'd, and nothing but Plays and Muſick pleas'd them; like Children at Nurſe, they were ſoon diſguſted with thoſe very Pleaſures, which but juſt before they ſo paſſionately admir'd; ſo inconſtant are we in our Inclinations and Averſions. Theſe were the Effects of Peace and Proſperity.

FOR a long Time it was the ſettled Practice of the *Romans*, (and they took no ordinary Pleaſure in it) to be early in the Morning up, and at Home to give Advice to their Clients who came to conſult them; to enquire out good Securities for their Money; to hear their Advice who were wiſer than themſelves; to inſtruct Young Men how to improve and manage their Fortunes to the beſt Advantage, and to moderate their Paſſions. But, alas! how ſtrangely are we chang'd from what we were! the Itch of Poetry has tainted all Perſons; Fathers and Sons, Young and Old crown their Temples with Laurel, and affect to write Verſes. Even I my ſelf who have ſo often abjur'd the Name of Poet, am in this Reſpect more Faithleſs than the * *Parthians*; I no ſooner awake, but I immediately call for Pen, Ink and Paper, tho' the Sun be not riſen.

HE that is ignorant of the Art of Navigation, is afraid to take upon him to pilot a Ship; no one dares to preſcribe Medicines to the Sick, but he who has made them his Study. Muſicians and Artiſts apply themſelves to their proper Buſineſs; but Learned and Unlearned, all alike make Pretences to Poetry, and verſify in Abundance.

* The *Parthians* were particularly noted for their Dexterity in ſhooting behind them, as they fled.

Hic error tamen & levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus: versus amat, hoc studet unum:
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet:
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo: vivit siliquis, & pane secundo:
Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poëta figurat:
Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ.
Recte facta refert: orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis: inopem solatur & ægrum.
Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit:
Cælestis implorat aquas, docta prece blandus:
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit:
Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum:

Carmine

THIS is the Folly of the preſent Age; but tho' it be a Folly, it comes attended with ſeveral Virtues. Did you ever know a Poet a covetous Man? His Head is employ'd in making Verſes, and he minds nothing elſe. If you tell him that his Servants are run away, that his Houſe and Goods are deſtroy'd by Fire, he is unconcern'd. He ſcorns to defraud his Boſom-Friend; and is guilty of no unwarrantable Practice againſt the Minor, that is left to his Care. Brown Bread and Peaſe are his daily Food; he is indeed a very bad Soldier, but is nevertheleſs a very profitable Member of the Common-wealth. The good Qualities of a Poet.

IF you will allow, that there is no Member of the Body Politick, ſo mean and contemptible, but what may be ſerviceable to the Publick in ſome Station or other, the Poet is no inconſiderable Perſon. He teaches our Children to ſpeak; he moulds and forms their tender Organs, corrects their Stammering, and inures them to a clear and diſtinct Pronunciation. He diverts them from hearing any thing that is obſcene; he furniſhes their Minds with excellent Precepts; he breaks their Humours, and moderates their Paſſions; he ſings the Actions of their greateſt Heroes, and relates in Verſe ſuch admirable Inſtances of Piety and Virtue, as will be of Uſe to ſucceeding Ages. He comforts the Poor, and relieves the Sick. If it were not for the Poet, what wou'd our young Ones do for Anthems? They offer to the Gods their Petitions in Verſe, and they are not unſucceſsful: In Times of Drought they pray for Rain, and their Prayers are anſwer'd. They cure Diſeaſes, divert Calamities, and crown the Year with Peace and Plenty. In a Word, ſuch is the

Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc invecta licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentis accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

Græcia

the mighty Power of Verſe, that it ſooths the Gods of Heaven and Hell; they confeſs its Charms, and forget their Indignation.

IT was an uſual Practice with the Clowns of old, who liv'd hard and were happy with a little, when their Harveſt was got in, to feaſt themſelves on Holidays; and to give their Spirits that Repoſe, which they ſo long had labour'd to enjoy. They met together with their Wives and Children, the Companions of their Labours; and having firſt ſacrific'd a Sow to *Veſta*, and ador'd *Sylvanus* with a Libation of Milk; they offer'd Wine and Flowers to their *Genius*, who perpetually minds us of the Shortneſs of Life.

FROM hence this Cuſtom of the Clowns in their Turns reproaching one another with defaming Rhimes, which was firſt begun at *Feſcenninum*, ſpread thro' *Italy*; which Practice continu'd for ſeveral Years, and was no leſs innocent than diverting; but at length theſe artleſs ruſtick Jeſts degenerated into downright Railing, and ſeveral Great and Honourable Families were inſolently attack'd with bitter Invectives; who not being willing tamely to paſs over ſuch inhuman Treatment; others alſo who had eſcap'd, intereſting themſelves in ſo publick a Grievance, petition'd for Redreſs. Upon this a Law was preſently enacted, which forbad all Perſons to fall foul upon any Man's Reputation upon Pain of Death. They ſoon mended their Manners for Fear of Puniſhment; they were now conſtrain'd to ſpeak well of others, and to write nothing but what was inſtructive, pleaſing and agreeable, whether they wou'd or not.

GREECE

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artis
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, vestigia ruris. 160
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
Et post Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophocles & Thespis & Æschylos utile ferrent:

Tentavit

GREECE being conquer'd by the Arms of the *Romans*, ſubdu'd its rough and ſavage Conquerors, by introducing among them the Liberal Arts. That barbarous Language, and ill-ſounding Verſe, which was full of Invectives, and had been in Uſe from the Times of * *Saturn*, fell into Decay; and Elegance and Politeneſs ſucceeded in their Place. However, this Change was not ſo perfect, but that ſome Remains of their former Barbarity continu'd amongſt them a conſiderable Time (and we ſtill ſee ſome Footſteps of it); for it was very late before the *Romans* apply'd themſelves to read the *Greek* Authors; it was not 'till after the firſt † *Punic* War, (*Rome* then enjoying a perfect Peace) that they began to inquire into the Excellencies of ‡ *Theſpis*,

* We have no certain Light from Antiquity, by which we can diſcover what this *Numerus Saturnius* was; but we may ſafely conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was a rude and artleſs kind of Poetry, without Feet or Meaſure. The *Romans* had a Cuſtom of reproaching each other in a ſort of tunable hobling Verſe, and they anſwer'd in the ſame kind of groſs Raillery; their Wit and their Muſick being of a Piece. Some are of Opinion, that this *Numerus Saturnius* was the ſame as the *Feſcennine*.

† *Horace* means only the firſt *Punic* War; for between the End of the 1ſt and the 3d, or from the Year of the City 512 to 607, flouriſh'd the moſt eminent Poets, eſpecially Dramatick.

‡ *Theſpis*, a Tragick Poet of *Icaria*, a Town of *Attica* in *Greece*, flouriſh'd *A. M.* 3050. In his Time Tragedy was carry'd on by a Set of Muſicians and Dancers, who ſung Hymns in Praiſe of *Bacchus*: He, that the Dancers might have ſome Reſpite, and the Audience ſome other Diverſion, introduc'd an Actor, who, after every ſecond Song, epeated ſome Diſcourſe upon a Tragical Subject.

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset,
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis & acer;
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat inscitè metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. aspice, Plautus,
Quo pacto partis tutetur amantis ephebi;
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus edacibus in parasitis:

Quam

* *Æſchylus*, and † *Sophocles*. Some among them attempted to tranſlate their ‡ Tragedies, and they found Reaſon to be pleaſed with their own Performances; for the *Romans* are naturally of a lofty Genius, and very fit to write Tragedy; they are very happy in Attempts of this Kind; but this is their Misfortune, that they think it beneath them to make any Corrections.

SOME are of Opinion, that 'tis a very eaſie thing to write a Comedy, becauſe its Characters are low and mean, and are taken from the Vulgar; but let me aſſure them, that nothing in Nature is more difficult; and the Difficulty ariſes from our being ſo very ſevere in our Criticiſms upon it. Conſider how *Plautus* ſucceeded but ill in repreſenting the Follies of a paſſionate Lover, the Characters of a Pimp and of a covetous Father: Obſerve, That *Doſſennus* is very much cenſur'd for his fulſome Deſcription of a guttling Paraſite; how very far his Characters

* *Æſchylus*, an *Athenian* Tragick Poet of *Eleuſis*, Contemporary with *Pindar* in the 63d Olympiad. He writ Sixty Six Plays, was *Victor* in Thirteen, of which Seven only are extant. He had a noble Boldneſs of Expreſſion, his Imaginations were lofty and heroick, but in ſome Places he is daring to Extravagance.

† *Sophocles*, a Tragick Poet, born at *Athens* in the ſecond Year of the 71ſt Olympiad. He writ 123 Tragedies, of which Seven only are extant. He was *Victor* Four and Twenty Times; he added much to the perfecting Tragedy. He was a Perſon of an extraordinary Genius, *Virgil* had a great Eſteem for him.

Sola Sophocleo tua Carmina digna Cothurno. Ecl. viii. v. 10.

He makes in this Verſe a particular Diſtinction between him and all other Tragick Poets.

‡ The moſt conſiderable were *Livius Andronicus*, *Ennius*, *Nævius*, *Pacuvius*, *Accius*, *Cæcilius*, *Plautus*, *Afranius*, *Terence* and *Lucilius*. *Livius Andronicus* preſented his firſt Dramatick Piece A. U. C. 514, a Year before the Birth of *Ennius*.

Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco.
Gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit ac reficit. valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe, etiam audacem, fugat hoc terretque poëtam;
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum equiti quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut pluris aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis:

Essedа

are from being exact. It is but too evident from their negligent Writing, that the only View they both of 'em had, was the getting of Money; and, having gain'd their End, they never gave themſelves any Pain, whether their Comedies pleas'd or not.

NOTHING is more killing to a Poet, who writes for Applauſe, which is always very dubious and uncertain, than to ſee the Spectators ſit cold and unconcern'd when his Play is acting; but if they are attentive, how is he tranſported? So light, ſo ſmall a Matter it is that ſinks or raiſes the Spirits of him who is greedy of Praiſe: If a Man muſt come off Fat or Lean, juſt as his Succeſs is on the Stage, farewel Plays! may I never have any thing to do with the Theatre!

BUT there is another thing which often diſheartens the moſt daring Poets; and that is, that the greateſt Part of the Audience being Perſons of no Diſtinction or Merit, and conſequently very fooliſh and ignorant, will ſometimes in the Middle of an Act call for the Bears or the Gladiators; and are ready to fight the Men of Quality if they offer to oppoſe them. The common People are ſtrangely delighted with ſuch Sights as theſe, nor are the Gentry free from the Infection, who have univerſally forſaken the agreeable and more laſting Pleaſure of the Ear, for that of the Eye, which is vain and tranſitory.

IT frequently happens, that the Play is interrupted for four or five Hours, and nothing is to be ſeen upon the Stage but a Multitude of Horſe and Foot, in the utmoſt Confuſion; after this you ſee a Captive Prince with his Hands behind him; next follow Chariots,

Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
** Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,*
Sive elephas albus volgi converterit ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum.
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ:
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poëta; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

* *Diverſum confuſa genus*, &c. (i. e.) *Panthera camelo confuſa, diverſum tamen ab utroque genus.*

Inritat,

Litters and Carriages; then Veſſels and Cities and Ivory Statues are carried in Triumph. If * *Democritus* were living, he would laugh heartily to ſee the People ſo ſtrangely tranſported at the Sight of a white Elephant, or a ſtrange Beaſt, that is a Leopard and a Camel too; he would ſtare at the Spectators more than the Actors, as moſt likely to give him the greateſt Diverſion. He would ſay, that the Poets were very ill employ'd in writing Comedies for an ignorant Mob; 'tis like telling a Story to a poor deaf Aſs; for how can an Actor poſſibly be heard, when the Theatre rings with the Clamours of the People, and is nothing but Confuſion? Did you but hear the Noiſe they make at the Sight of the *Perſian* embroider'd Habits, with which the Players are gorgeouſly array'd, you would compare it to the Roarings of the Foreſt of *Garganus*, or of the *Tuſcan* Sea. As ſoon as an Actor thus magnificently adorn'd appears upon the Stage, they clap their Hands in Admiration. Has he ſaid any thing? Not a Word. Whence then are theſe Applauſes? 'Tis becauſe the Player is dreſs'd in Purple of *Tarentum.*

BUT leſt you ſhould ſuſpect that I am very ſparing in my Commendations of Plays, becauſe I never pretended to write any, tho' other Poets have ſucceeded that way; let me declare that theſe are my Sentiments on the Matter: That Poet ſeems to be a Maſter in his Profeſſion, who can touch my Paſſions with a meer

* *Democritus*, a Philoſopher called *Abderites*, becauſe he liv'd at *Abdera*; he continually laugh'd at the Weakneſs and Vanity of Men, as deſigning a thouſand ridiculous Things; when he believ'd that all things depended upon meer Chance, and a caſual Concourſe of Atoms. He died in the 104th Olympiad.

Inritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

Verum age & his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris; & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poëtæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
Sollicito damus, aut fesso: cum lædimur, unum
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprendere versum:
Cum loca jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati:
Cum lamentamur non adparere labores
Nostros, & tenui deducta poëmata filo:
Cum speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

Sed

Fable, ſo as to keep 'em in continual Alarms about nothing. Who, like an Enchanter, can fill my Breaſt with Joy and Terror, provoke my Rage, and ſooth me again into Kindneſs and Compaſſion; who can carry me from the Theatre, and place me at * *Thebes* or † *Athens* as he pleaſes.

SUCH Writers as theſe are worthy of your Regard; but, *Mighty Prince*, if you deſire to fill the Library, which you have built in Honour of *Apollo*, with choice good Books; if you deſign to inſpire the Poets with a generous Emulation to aſcend the Height of Mount *Parnaſſus*, whoſe Top is always green and flouriſhing; let not thoſe be neglected, who chooſe rather to ſubmit their Works to the Reader's Cenſure, than hazard the Contempt of an inſolent Spectator.

WE Poets indeed do often injure our ſelves (if I may confeſs a Truth which makes againſt my own Profeſſion) when we preſent you with our Poems at unſeaſonable Times, when you are either weary, or buſie with Affairs of State; when we are angry that a Friend is ſo free as to play the Critick upon one of our Verſes; when without being aſked, we are ever repeating the Verſes which we had rehearſed in Publick; when we complain that thoſe who read our Compoſitions are not ſenſible of the mighty Pains we have taken; and that the Beauty of our Addreſs and Delicacy of Expreſſion are loſt upon them: Laſtly, when we flatter our ſelves, that as ſoon as you hear a Character of our Works, you will immediately ſend for us, give us good Penſions, and command us to go on.

* *Thebes*, a City of *Greece* in *Bœotia*.
† *Athens*, ſee *Book* I. *Sat.* I.

Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, qualis
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poëtæ.
Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilos, incultis qui versibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale nomisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poëma
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellen
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo cuderet æra
Fortis Alexandri voltum simulantia. quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.
At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poëtæ:
Nec magis expressi voltus per aënea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

Clarorum

IT is worth your While to know, *Great Prince*, who is fit to record your Glorious Actions in Peace and in War, and to tranſmit them down to Poſterity in their proper Luſtre; that no mean Poet may ever be honour'd with ſo Noble an Employment. * *Alexander* had ſo great an Eſteem for *Chœrilus*, that he gave him a conſiderable Sum of Money for a very bad Poem. But as Ink, when ſpilt, leaves a Stain behind it, ſo wretched Poems leave a Blemiſh upon thoſe glorious Actions which they attempt to celebrate: The ſame *Alexander*, who paid ſo dear for a fooliſh Poem, made a Law that no other Painter but † *Apelles* ſhould attempt his Picture; and that none but ‡ *Lyſippus* ſhould deſign his Statue. Now if this Prince, who had ſo fine and excellent a Taſte for Painting and Sculpture, was to be conſider'd only as to his Judgment in Poetry, one would ſwear that he was born in the foggy ſtupifying Climate of *Bœotia*. But you, *Auguſtus*, have no Reaſon to be aſham'd of the Choice you have made of *Varius* and *Virgil*, nor of your Grace and Bounty to them. The Statuaries, 'tis confeſs'd, are ſometimes very happy in expreſſing the Lines and Features of their Heroes; but the Poets expreſs their Honourable Actions, they paint their Virtues, and draw the more

* *Alexander*, ſirnamed the *Great*, King of *Macedon*, having conquer'd *Darius* at *Guagamela*, Oct. 1ſt. A. M. 3620, laid the Foundation of the *Grecian* Empire.

† *Apelles*, the Prince of Painters, born at *Cos*, in the 112th Olympiad.

‡ *Lyſippus*, a famous Statuary of *Sicyone*; he was firſt a Lockſmith, which Trade he ſoon quitted to apply himſelf to that of a Statuary. He made ſeveral Statues of *Alexander* the *Great*, and of all his moſt beloved Favourites, which *Metellus* brought along with him to *Rome*, after having ſubdued *Macedonia* to the *Roman* Empire.

charming

Clarorum adparent. nec sermones ego mallem
Repentis per humum, quam res conponere gestas,
Terrarumque situs & flumina dicere, & arcis
Montibus inpositas, & barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque parvum
Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem stulte, quem diligit, urguet;
Præcipue cum se numeris commendat & arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
Nil moror officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus voltu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum scriptore meo capsa porrectus operta
Deferar in vicum vendentem tus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

EPISTOLA

charming Beauties of their Minds to a greater Perfection.

IF my Abilities were equal to my Wiſhes, I would lay aſide this familiar Way of writing, and attempt your Great and Immortal Actions in Immortal Verſe. I wou'd then deſcribe the Nations you have conquer'd; the Rivers you have paſs'd; the Forts you have built on the higheſt Mountains; the barbarous Kings whom you have ſubdu'd; and the Victories you have gain'd throughout the World. I would tell how you ſhut the Temple of *Janus*, and gave Peace to the Univerſe. I would ſing how *Rome* grew formidable to the *Parthians* when you was Emperor; but alas! my Numbers are much too low for ſo great a Subject, nor have I the Vanity to engage in a Work which I am not able to perform. 'Tis the Fault of many a well-meaning Man to be too officious, and to do a Diſſervice where he intended a Favour; and a Poet of all others, ought to be careful not to offend in this Particular; Men being more diſpos'd to learn and remember that which is ridiculous, than that which merits their Praiſe and Commendation. For my Part, I have no Regard for ſuch Services: Nor do I deſire that any one, under Pretence of honouring me, ſhou'd repreſent me in Wax more deform'd than the Original; much leſs would I thank him for writing ill Verſes in my Commendation: I ſhould bluſh at ſuch a Preſent, and be in a terrible Conſternation, leſt in a little Time both my ſelf and Poet ſhould be laid at Length in an open Box, and carry'd to the Street where the *Romans* ſell Incenſe, Perfumes, Pepper, and all ſorts of Ware, which are uſually wrapt up in impertinent Poems.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA II.

Ad Julium Florum.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, & tecum sic agat; HIC &
Candidus, & talos a vertice pulcher ad imos.
Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus herilis:
Literulis Græcis inbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti:
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venalis, qui volt extrudere, merces:
Res urguet me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære:
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, & (ut fit)
In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit.
Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex:

Insequeris

EPISTLE II.

To *Julius Florus.*

Dear FLORUS,

SUPPOSE a Merchant was to ſell you a Boy that was born at * *Tivoli* or *Gabii*, and ſhould thus addreſs you: He is Fair, Beautiful, and of juſt Proportion; to make but one Word with you, give me Fifty Pounds and he is yours; he is a very pretty tractable Boy, and is ſo diligent, that not a Motion of your Eye can eſcape him; he has learnt a little *Greek*, and is fit for every thing; you may mould him as you pleaſe: I cannot ſay much as to his Judgment in Singing, but his Voice is well enough to entertain you at your Meals over a Glaſs of Wine. I know very well that large Commendations are apt to breed Suſpicion in the Buyer; it looks as if a Man wanted to put off his Ware, when he commends it beyond Meaſure: But I have no occaſion to ſell mine; tho' I am poor, yet I owe nothing. No other Merchant would uſe you ſo kindly as I do, nor would I deal thus freely with any but your ſelf. Once indeed he neglected his Duty, and, as it is natural in ſuch Caſes, hid himſelf for Fear of being whipt; if you can pardon this ſmall Omiſſion, take him, or leave him. After this Preamble, the Seller may ſafely take your Money; he told you his Faults, and you were con-

* *Tivoli*, ſee *Book* II. *Sat.* IV.

tented

Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniqua.
Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax?
Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, & multarum divite rerum:
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit & bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cæpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; i pede fauſto,

Grandia

tented to buy him; and yet you purſue this honeſt Merchant, and unjuſtly commence a Suit againſt him.

THIS is juſt my Caſe; when you parted from me laſt, I gave you to underſtand that I was an idle lazy Fellow, and that I hated above all things to write Letters: I took theſe Precautions to prevent your being angry, if you heard not from me; but I find they were to little Purpoſe; all that I can ſay to juſtify my ſelf ſignifies nothing; you likewiſe complain of my Neglect, in not ſending you the Verſes according to my Promiſe.

A SOLDIER that ſerv'd in * *Lucullus*'s Army, who had undergone a great many Hardſhips in getting a little Money, was robb'd, as he ſlept, of all that he had: The Thought of his Loſs made him almoſt diſtracted; like a famiſh'd Wolf, he was mad with himſelf, and no leſs enrag'd againſt the Enemy: In a Word, he attack'd a little Fort, took it Sword in Hand, and found therein a conſiderable Booty. Having made himſelf famous by ſo gallant an Action, he was, as he deſerv'd, very liberally rewarded. Some Time after, his General, having a Mind to be Maſter of another Fort, which he deſign'd to level with the Ground, addreſs'd the ſame Soldier in very moving Terms, ſuch as were capable of inſpiring a Coward with Bravery and Reſolution. "Go, ſaid he, "my Soldier, where your Courage calls you; "go and conquer, and expect a Recompence

* *Lucullus*, a Perſon of great Wealth, Valour and Eloquence; he was choſen Conſul to carry on the War againſt *Mithridates*, whom he ſoon forc'd to abandon his Kingdom, and betake himſelf to his Son-in-Law *Tigranes* King of *Armenia*.

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, Ibit,
Ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paullo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem
Quæ poterunt umquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Tendunt

" great as your Merits." Why do you not go? The Soldier, tho' a Peaſant, made this ſmart Reply; Let him go on the Attack who has loſt his Money.

IT was my Felicity to be educated at *Rome*, where I read *Homer*'s *Iliads*. From thence I went to *Athens*, where I made a farther Improvement, being taught to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong; and in my Converſation with the *Academicks* in their Groves, to enquire after Truth. The Violence of the Times ſoon forc'd me to leave this agreeable Retirement; I was carried away by the Tide of the Civil Wars, raw and unſkill'd in Arms as I was, and was enter'd into that Party which fought againſt *Auguſtus*, but without Succeſs. Our Army being routed at the Battle of * *Philippi*, I betook my ſelf to a ſhameful Flight: My Fortunes were then in a low Condition; my Wings were clipt; I had no Inheritance either in Land or Houſes. Under theſe hard Circumſtances, Poverty, which is always bold and daring, put me upon trying my Faculty in Poetry; but now I am poſſeſs'd of a competent Fortune, it would be an unaccountable Madneſs in me, when I may quietly enjoy my ſelf, to diſturb my Brains with making Verſes. I was formerly of a gay and chearful Temper; Love and Pleaſure were my conſtant Entertainment. But now, what a wonderful Alteration has Time made in me! Age has taken from me all Reliſh of Mirth and Women, Feaſts and Plays; even my Paſſion for the Muſes is almoſt extinct; 'tis

* *Philippi*, a City of *Macedon*; near this Place *Pompey* was defeated by *Cæſar*, A. U. C. 706, and *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were overcome by *Auguſtus* and *Marcus Antonius*, 712.

Tendunt extorquere poëmata. quid faciam vis?
Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis:
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
Præter cetera, me Romæne poëmata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque:
Intervalla vides humane commoda. verum
Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbis,
Rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis & umbra:
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

with no ſmall Difficulty that I preſerve ſome Remainder of it. Be ſo kind as to tell me what I muſt do. But there is another thing which gives me a great Averſion to Poetry; I mean Men's different Taſtes about it. One is for *Lyricks*, another for *Iambicks*, a third is pleas'd with nothing but *Satire*; and how is it poſſible to gratify them all? Here are three Gueſts of different Palates; what muſt I do for your Satisfaction? That which pleaſes him, diſpleaſes you; and that which you like, is equally diſtaſtful to the other two. Beſides all this, how do you think it poſſible for a Man to write Verſes at *Rome*, in the midſt of ſo much Hurry and Buſineſs? One aſks me to be Surety for him; another deſires I would lay aſide Buſineſs, and hear him repeat his Poetry: The one dwells on *Mount Quirinal*, the other on the *Aventine*, a reaſonable Diſtance indeed from each other, and yet both muſt be viſited. You will poſſibly reply, that the Streets are free, and that there I have Liberty enough for Meditation. Yes truly, they are very commodious; here you meet a Builder poſting along with his Mules and Porters; there creaks an Engine; here Carmen and Mourners that attend at Funerals encounter each other; there a mad Dog comes foaming along, or a naſty Sow all over Mire runs gruntling by you, and beſpatters you as ſhe paſſes. Let thoſe make Verſes here that can; the Sons of *Apollo* hate nothing ſo much as a City-Life; like *Bacchus*, the God whom they adore, they love the Fields and Woods and Foreſts, and rejoice to ſleep in cooling Shades. Why then wou'd you have me attempt to write in the midſt of ſo much Noiſe and Clamour? Alas! here is no ſuch thing as Quietneſs. Day

Vis canere, & non tacta ſequi veſtigia vatum.
* *Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,*
Ut ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris & curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, & riſu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis & tempeſtatibus Urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?
Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos verſat furor iſte poëtas?
Carmina conpono, hic elegos, mirabile viſu
Sacratumque novem Muſis opus. Aſpice primum
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus; † vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, & procul audi,

* Ingenium *(i. e.)* ingenioſus.
† Vacuam ædem *(i. e.)* vacantem liberam, apertam Romanis vatibus.

Quid

and Night the Confuſion is the ſame; how then can I hope to tread in the unbeaten Steps of the ancient Poets, and to ſing like them? If at *Athens* (that City, almoſt empty of Inhabitants) it often happens, that a Man, after having ſpent ſeven Years in his Studies, and grown old (as it were) in poring upon Books, appears abroad in the Streets as mute as a Statue, and is made the Jeſt of the common People for it; ſhall I here, in the midſt of the Storms and Tides (as it were) of this crowded City, attempt to tune my Numbers to the *Lyrick* Strain?

THERE were two Brothers at *Rome*, the one a Lawyer, the other a Rhetorician, who continually prais'd each other. The Orator call'd the Lawyer * *Mutius*; the Lawyer, in Return for ſo fine a Compliment, ſaid that the Orator was a ſecond † *Gracchus*. Do not we Poets do the ſame? I write *Odes*; another writes *Elegies*, and we both declare, that they are finiſh'd Pieces, and cannot be equal'd. Obſerve, if you pleaſe, with what Vanity and Confidence we enter into *Apollo*'s Temple, which is always open to the *Roman* Poets; with what an Air of Sufficiency we turn our Eyes from one Side to the other. If you are at Leiſure, come a little nearer and liſten to our

* *Q. Mutius Scævola*, a famous Lawyer and *Roman* Conſul, Governor of *Aſia*; he compos'd many Works, and had the Reputation of an accompliſh'd Orator. *Cicero* calls him the moſt Eloquent of all the Lawyers, and the beſt Lawyer of all the Orators. He was murder'd during the Wars between *Marius* and *Sylla*, A. U. C. 672.

† *Gracchus*, the Son of *Titus Sempronius Gracchus*, by the Celebrated *Cornelia* Daughter of *Scipio*: He was a Perſon of rare Parts and admirable Eloquence.

Quid ferat, & quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, & totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
*Discedo Alcæus * puncto illius: ille meo quis?*
Quis nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus inritabile vatum,
Cum scribo; & supplex populi suffragia capto.
Idem, finitis studiis, & mente recepta,
Obturem patulas inpune legentibus auris.
Ridentur mala qui conponunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, & se venerantur, & ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quicquid scripsere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poëma,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:

* Suffragio.

Audebit

Verſes; and learn why every one lays claim to the Bays. We are nothing but Flattery, like the [a] *Samnite* Gladiators, who will fight a whole Day without being wounded: We mutually praiſe and extol each other 'till our Spirits are exhauſted. He proteſts that I am a ſecond [b] *Alcæus*; in Return to his Civilities, I call him [c] *Callimachus*; and leſt that Appellation ſhould not be ſufficient, I ſay he's [d] *Mimnermus*, a Title extreamly pleaſing to him.

THE Poets are a Sort of People eaſily provok'd; and therefore when I write and deſign to engage the Suffrages of the Multitude, I endure any thing, to keep them in Temper: But now, having bid Adieu to Poetry, and enjoying again the Uſe of my Reaſon, I am fully reſolv'd to liſten no longer to their tedious Repetitions.

NOTHING certainly is more ridiculous than for a Man to write ill Verſes; but Poets for the moſt Part are ſo ſtrangely delighted with their Productions, that they admire and adore them; if you ſay nothing in their Commendation, they themſelves will praiſe them; how wretched ſoever their Poetry be, they, happy Men, are ſatisfied with it.

HE that would write a perfect Poem, muſt act the Critick upon himſelf; he muſt retrench

[a] A Sort of Gladiators, call'd *Samnites*, who fought with Foils inſtead of Swords.

[b] *Alcæus*, ſee *Book* I. *Epiſt.* XIX.

[c] *Callimachus* an excellent *Greek* Poet of *Cyrene*, in great Favour with *Ptolemæus Philadelphus*. He writ many *Hymns*, *Elegies*, and *Epigrams*; ſome of which are now extant, and not many Years ſince publiſh'd by the Learned *Mademoiſelle le Fevre*, with Notes and Remarks full of uſeful and ſolid Learning.

[d] *Horace* prefers him here to *Callimachus* for his fine and florid Stile.

a great

Audebit quæcumque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco: quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.
Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem, ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet nova, quæ genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens, & liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, & torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere, & ringi. fuit haud ignobilis Argus,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro:
Cetera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,

Et

a great many Words, which have neither Strength nor Beauty nor Majeſty in them; tho' they are unwilling to quit their Place, inſiſt on their Right, and plead their Priviledge of being there, that his Study is a kind of Sanctuary to them. He muſt be ſo diſcreet as to revive ſome ſignificant Words us'd heretofore by *Cato* and *Cethegus*, which for many Years have been utterly abandon'd, purely for their Antiquity; nor muſt he neglect thoſe modern Terms, which Cuſtom has introduc'd among us. He muſt be ſtrong, yet clear, and adorn and enrich the *Roman* Language; juſt as a River by its Cryſtal Streams gives Plenty to the Country. He muſt retrench whatever is ſuperfluous; ſmooth and poliſh what appears to be rough; and lay aſide every thing that is flat and inſipid. He muſt ſpare no Pains, and yet appear to be eaſy and natural; like a ſkilful Player, he muſt imitate all Humours; he muſt perſonate the *Satyr*, and then again the *Cyclops*, as Occaſion ſhall require. For my Part, I had rather be accounted a very dull and impertinent Author, provided I am pleas'd with what I write, and am unacquainted with my own Imperfections, than be wiſe at this Rate.

THERE was an eminent Citizen of *Argos*, who wou'd frequently ſit alone in the Theatre, and fancy himſelf preſent at ſome excellent Tragedy, and clap and hum, and expreſs his Satisfaction, as if the Play had been really acted. This one Thing excepted, in all other Matters, he diſcharg'd his Duty like a prudent Man; he was a good Neighbour; a kind Huſband: He was free and liberal in his Entertainments; he would often paſs over his Servants Faults, and not fall into a Paſſion when he found

Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem:
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum:
Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:
Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ;
Narrares medicis. quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
Si volnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius; fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier. audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam: &, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îſdem?
At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,

Viveret

found a Bottle of Wine unſeal'd. In a Word, he had Senſe enough to avoid a Precipice, or paſs by a Well, if he met one in his Way. His Friends and Relations, who ſpar'd for nothing that might do him good, gave him a luſty Doſe of *Hellebore*, which brought him to himſelf: As ſoon as he was ſenſible of his Recovery, O my Friends! ſaid he, what have you done? You have not cur'd, but kill'd me; you have taken away the only Pleaſure of my Life; which by your Remedies is now forc'd from me.

WISDOM conſiſts in laying aſide Trifles, and in leaving to young Men thoſe Diverſions which beſt become their Age and Condition: 'Tis better for a Man to learn the Harmony and Numbers of true Life; to be Regular and Uniform in all his Actions; than to ſpend his Time in unprofitable Amuſements, in compoſing Songs for the *Roman* Lyre. When I am alone, I often make theſe Reflections to my ſelf. If you had ſuch a Thirſt upon you, as could not be allay'd; wou'd not you lay open your Caſe to a Phyſician? And why will you not confeſs, that the more you have, the more you deſire? If any one ſhould recommend ſome Root or Herb for a Wound that you have, and it ſhould give you no Eaſe, you wou'd forbear to apply that Root or Herb to your Wound, becauſe it has prov'd ineffectual. You have heard from the Philoſophers, that when the Gods have given a Man Riches, they take away Folly; and yet you find that your large Poſſeſſions have not made you the wiſer. Why will you liſten to ſuch Deceivers? If Riches could add to your Wiſdom and Prudence; cou'd they diſſipate your Fears, and moderate your Paſſions, you wou'd then have Reaſon to be aſham'd, ſhou'd any

other

Viveret in terris te ſiquis avarior uno.
* *Si proprium eſt, quod quis libra mercatus & ære eſt;*
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus;
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt: & villicus Orbi,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit. das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti. nempe modo iſto
Paullatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper an olim?
Emtor Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi
Emtum cenat olus; quamvis aliter putat: emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat aënum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
† *Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tamquam*
Sit proprium quicquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, & heres
Heredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtis Gætulo murice tinctas,

* To have the Property of any Thing, and to have the ſole Right of uſing and diſpoſing of it, are the ſame Things. Laws indeed have introduc'd a Way of ſpeaking, by which the *Property* and the *Uſufruct* are diſtinguiſh'd; but in Truth the Uſufructuary has a temporary or limited Property, and the Proprietor has a perpetual Uſufruct either at preſent or in Reverſion.

† Vicina refigit jurgia *(i. e.)* litium cauſas inter vicinos tollit.

Sunt

other Man be more covetous than your ſelf. If what we buy and pay for is our own, if it be true, as the Lawyers tell us, that the Uſe of ſome Things gives a Man a Right and Title to them; then the Field from whence you have your Subſiſtence, may be ſaid to be yours; and when *Orbius*'s Bailiff harrows the Clods, which will ſupply you with Corn in Harveſt; he does in effect acknowledge you his Maſter. You pay your Money, and in Exchange you receive Grapes and Wine, Eggs and Pullets; and thus by Degrees you purchaſe that Farm, which was ſold for above two Thouſand Pounds. Pray where is the Difference between your paying for what you have, or living upon what you formerly paid for? He that purchaſed the *Arician* and *Veientian* Fields, buys the Herbs he eats, tho' he will not believe it: He has not ſo much as one poor Faggot to boil his Pot with, but what he pays for; and yet he calls all the Land his own, 'till you come to the Poplar, which ſerves for a Boundary, to prevent Diſputes between him and his Neighbours: As if any thing could properly be call'd our own, which by Sale or Death, by Conſent or Violence, can in an Inſtant change its Maſter, and become another's. The Hope of enjoying any thing for ever, is vain and fruitleſs; Heirs ſucceed Heirs, as one Wave follows cloſe upon another. To what Purpoſe then ſhould we make new Purchaſes? Why ſhould we multiply Farms and Manors, ſince cruel Death, that inexorable Tyrant, (who will not be brib'd with Sums of Gold) mows down both Great and Small alike, without Diſtinction.

THERE are many in the World, who have neither Jewels nor Plate, nor purple Garments; who

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungui
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives & inportunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, voltu mutabilis, albus & ater.
Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. & tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, & quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo

who have neither Pictures nor Marble, nor Ivory Statues; and there are others, who never trouble themſelves about 'em. Whence comes it to paſs, that of the two Brothers in the Play, one ſhall prefer his Eaſe and Pleaſure to * *Herod*'s Eſtate; the other, tho' rich, ſhall toil and moil from Morning to Evening, in improving his Lands and burning the Stubble? This Secret is known to none but our *Genius*, who governs the Star that preſides at our Nativity; he is the God of our human Nature; and lives and dies with us; he changes Himſelf into different Forms, according to our different Circumſtances, He is white or black, happy or unhappy. I will therefore prudently enjoy my ſelf, and take from the little Eſtate I have, what is ſufficient to ſupply my Neceſſities; nor will I be concern'd, what my Heir ſhall ſay of me, when he ſhall find, that I have added nothing to the Bounty of my Friends. Nor will I neglect to obſerve the Difference between a frugal and a covetous Man; between one that is truly liberal, and one that is extravagant. The Difference indeed is very conſiderable; he may be juſtly tax'd with Prodigality, who waſtes his Fortune, and ſquanders away his Money: But he who ſpends it wiſely and freely; who thinks he has enough, and does not toil for more; but ſweetly enjoys himſelf and Friend, and makes as much as he can of Life, (as the School-Boys do of † *Minerva*'s Feſtival, whoſe Duration is ſhort,)

* *Herod*, ſirnam'd the *Great*, Son of *Antipater*, an *Idumæan*, was made by *Antony* Governor of *Judæa*; in which Government, *Antony* being defeated at *Actium*, he was afterwards confirm'd by *Auguſtus* with the Title of *King*.

† *Feſta Quinquatria*, the Feaſts of *Minerva* commenc'd on the 19th of *March*, and ended the 23d; during this

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo;
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris:
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
Non es avarus: abi. quid? cetera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natalis grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior & melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis:
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

ſhort,) is the liberal Man. Let me but be free from ſordid Poverty; it matters not whether I ſail in a little Pinnace, or in a larger Veſſel. My Gales are neither proſperous nor adverſe; if in Strength and Beauty, Wit and Virtue, Fortune and Condition I am excell'd by others; there are thoſe whom I excel.

To be free from Covetouſneſs is no ordinary Perfection; but what is become of your other Vices? Have you ſtifled the Flames of Pride and Ambition? Have you conquer'd your Paſſions? Have you ſurmounted the Fear of Death? Have you acquir'd ſuch a Preſence of Mind, as to laugh at Dreams and Magick Terrors? Are you fearleſs of Monſters, Ghoſts and Prodigies, ſo frequent in *Theſſaly?* Can you ſeriouſly reflect on the Years you have liv'd with Satisfaction? Are you diſpos'd to pardon the Failings of your Friends? Are you leſs paſſionate, are you milder and better as your Years increaſe? What will it avail you to pull out one Thorn, while many more remain behind? Will the taking out that one aſſwage your Pain? If you know not how to act as you ought, give Place to thoſe who are wiſer than your ſelf; you have eat and drank and enjoy'd your Share of the Pleaſures of Life; 'tis high Time to retire, leſt by drinking to Exceſs, you Expoſe your ſelf to the gay young Men; who may indulge their Paſſions with a better Grace.

Solemnity the Boys and Girls pray'd to *Minerva* for Wiſdom and Learning; to this Cuſtom *Juvenal* allùdes, *Sat.* X.

Eloquium & famam Demoſthenis & Ciceronis
Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat.

At the ſame Time the Boys carried their Maſters their Fee, which was called *Minerval.*

HORACE's
ART OF
POETRY
Done into ENGLISH.

Ludentis Speciem dabit, & torquebitur.
Lib. 2. Epiſt. 2. 124.

Q. HORATII ARS POETICA.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? 5
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas: 10
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim:

Sed

HORACE's ART *of* POETRY.

SHOULD a * *Painter* attempt a Medley Piece, with the Head of a Man, and the Neck of a Horſe; ſhould he continue to draw it with various Limbs taken from Beaſts of a different Kind, and cover it with Feathers; or ſhou'd he draw a fine Woman down to the Middle, and then finiſh his Work with a monſtrous Fiſh; wou'd not all that ſaw it contemn the Performance?

BELIEVE me, Gentlemen, that Poem is as ridiculous, whoſe Thoughts and Parts, like ſick Mens Dreams, have no Connexion with, or Relation to each other. If it be ſaid, that Painters and Poets aſſume to themſelves a Privilege of drawing and fancying what they pleaſe; We grant they do ſo. We both mutually give

* We ought to take a great deal of Care, not to fall into the whimſical Deſign of that Painter, who, being to draw the Picture of *Helen*, whom he deſigned to repreſent perfectly beauteous, reſolv'd to give her all the Graces, which he had heard commended in the faireſt Perſons. He chang'd her Lips into Coral, Cheeks into Roſes, Eyes into Suns, and unſkilfully joining them together, made a Figure like this of *Horace*. Mr. *De la Valterie* in his Eſſay of the true and falſe Beauty of ingenious Writings.

Sed non ut placidis coëant inmitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis,
Purpureus, late qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Adſuitur pannus: cum lucus & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare: quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui, currente rota, cur urceus exit?
* *Denique ſit quidvis; ſimplex dumtaxat & unum.*
Maxima pars vatum, pater & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti. brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem lenia nervi
Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia turget:

* Simplicity is the Perfection of every Work, and is an Ornament even to Beauty it ſelf. 'Tis an infallible Proof of the Want of juſt *Integrity* in any Writing, if every ſeveral diſtinct Part fits not its proper Place ſo exactly, that the leaſt Tranſpoſition wou'd be impracticable. Whatever is *Epiſodick*, tho' perhaps it be a *Whole*, and in it ſelf intire, yet being inſerted as a *Part* in a Work of greater Length, it muſt appear only in its due Place; and that alone can be call'd its proper Place, which alone befits it. If there be any Paſſage in the Middle or End, which might have ſtood in the Beginning; or any in the Beginning, which might have ſtood as well in the Middle, or End, there is properly in ſuch a Piece neither Beginning, Middle, nor End.

Serpit

and take this Liberty: But then ſome Regard muſt be had to Nature; the mild and gentle Part of the Creation muſt not be coupled with the ſavage and cruel. Is there any Union between *Birds* and *Serpents*, or can *Lambs* and *Tigers* accord together?

YOU pretend to write an *Epick Poem*, the Beginning is pompous and magnificent, and promiſes much; but you preſently amuſe us, with deſcribing the *Grove* and *Temple* of the Goddeſs *Diana*, a purling *Stream* gliding thro' the Meadows, the *Rhine* and the *Rainbow*, which like purple Patches in an old Coat make a glittering Appearance; but the Misfortune is they are generally miſplac'd. You are happy in drawing a Cypreſs Tree, but what of that? What Relation has a Cypreſs to a Shipwreck? Will not he loſe his Money and Expectations, who ſhall employ you to paint him contending with Storms and Tempeſts, and ſwimming to the Shore on a broken Piece of the ſhatter'd Veſſel? When you ſet out in ſo lofty a Manner, why make you ſo trifling and inſipid a Concluſion? In a Word, let your Subject be what it will, take Care it be * ſimple and entirely the ſame.

WE who ſet up for Poets, are generally deceiv'd in taking the Shadow for the Body, the Appearance of Truth, for Truth it ſelf; by endeavouring to be ſhort, I grow obſcure; by endeavouring to ſmooth and poliſh my Numbers, I deſtroy the Strength and Spirit of †'em. Some,

* *N. B.* Simplicity is the Perfection of every Work, and is an Ornament even to Beauty it ſelf.

† *Longinus*, who next to *Ariſtotle* was the greateſt Critick among the *Greeks*, in his 27th Chapter περὶ ὕψους, has judiciouſly preferr'd the *ſublime Genius that ſometimes errs*,

to

Serpit humi tutus nimium timiduſque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſilvis adpingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
[a] *Æmilium circa ludum faber, unus & unguis*
Exprimet, & mollis imitabitur ære capillos;
[b] *Infelix operis ſumma: quia ponere totum*
Neſciet. hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim; quam naſo vivere pravo,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus; & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
[c] *Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res,*
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
[d] *Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor;*
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat & præſens in tempus omittat.

[a] *Unus & ungues exprimet*, &c. (i. e.) *unus omnium optimè exprimet.*

[b] Thoſe Works which want the Juſtneſs of the Whole, ſhew their Author however curious and exact in Particulars, to be in the main a very Bungler.

[c] *Cui lecta potenter erit res — ſecundum quod poteſt.*

[d] *Macrobius* Lib. 4. commends *Homer* in this Particular; *Homerus vitans in poëmate Hiſtoricorum ſimilitudinem poëticâ diſciplinâ a rerum medio cœpit, & ad initium poſt reverſus eſt.*

In

Some, by affecting a lofty Stile, run into Bombaſt: Others again are ſo wretchedly cautious, that thro' Fear of a Storm they ſervilely creep along the Shore. Others delight in a monſtrous Variety; draw *Boars* in *Seas*, and *Dolphins* in *Woods*. Thus the carefully avoiding ſome Faults, where Judgment is wanting, is oftentimes the Means of falling into greater.

'TIS poſſible that a Statuary may excell all others in graving the Nails, and in imitating the Softneſs and Beauty of the Hair; and yet know not how to finiſh his Work. Were I to compoſe a Poem, I would no more be thought to reſemble this Artiſt, than I would appear in Publick with fine black Eyes and Hair, and a flat or wry Noſe.

POETS muſt be ſure to know themſelves, to underſtand the Strength and Vigour of their Genius, leſt haply they launch beyond their Depth. He that chooſes a Subject proportionable to his Parts, will neither be wanting in Method nor Eloquence.

NOW, if I miſtake not, the Force and Beauty of Method conſiſt, ſometimes in ſaying what was proper to be ſaid, ſometimes in poſtponing a great many Things, which, tho' pertinent to the Subject, may for the preſent be better omitted.

to the indifferent one that makes few Faults, but ſeldom or never riſes to an Excellence. He compares the *firſt* to a Man of large Poſſeſſions, who has not Leiſure to conſider of every ſlight Expence, but is careful of the Main. On the other Side, he likens the *Mediocrity* of *Wit* to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extreme Frugality, but thro' Fear of being Profuſe, never arrives to the Magnificence of Living. This kind of *Genius*, ſays Mr. *Dryden*, writes ſo correctly, that he is neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis,
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat, promiſſi carminis auctor.
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. ſi forte neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia ſumta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; ſi
Græco fonte cadent, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademtum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur adquirere pauca,
Si poſſum, invideor? cum lingua Catonis & Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit. licuit, ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente nota procudere nummum.
**Ut ſilvis foliâ pronos mutantur in annos;*
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque: ſive receptus

* The true Reading of this Place, which hath given room for much Learning and much Conjecture among the Critics, ſeems to be as follows,

Ut ſilvis foliâ prono mutantur in anno,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas.
Et, juvenum ritu, florent, &c.

There are two Similitudes here made uſe of by our Poet: He compares the Decay of Old Words to the Decay of the old Leaves of Trees in the Woods; and he compares the Growth of New Words to the flouriſhing Age of Young Men. By *ſilvis* our Author means *in ſilvis*, and by *pronus annus* the *Autumn*, as *dies prona* in *Statius's Theb.* II. 41. is uſed for the *Evening*, or *Afternoon*. My Verſion is made conformably to this Reading, which I propoſe here.

Terra

IT is moreover required of Poets, that they be very nice and cautious what Words they make uſe of. Happy is he, who, by the Skilfulneſs of his Compoſition, can make a vulgar Word appear a new one: If the Subject you treat of be deep and abſtruſe, ſome Terms may be us'd of your own inventing, ſuch as the ancient Warlike * *Romans* knew nothing of, provided this Liberty be manag'd with Diſcretion. They, generally ſpeaking, ſucceed the beſt, which are deduc'd from the *Grecian Language*; but then their Derivations muſt be eaſie and natural, not forc'd and conſtrain'd. Where is the Juſtice, to condemn thoſe Things in *Virgil* and *Varius*, which we approve in *Plautus* or *Cæcilius?* Why am I envy'd for endeavouring to embelliſh my Native Tongue, when *Cato* and *Ennius*, by the many new Names they have given to Things, have ſo conſiderably enrich'd it? Men ever had, and will always have the Liberty of making new Words, ſuch as are agreeable to the Genius and Taſte of the Age they live in.

AS in Woods the Leaves of Trees are changed in Autumn by the falling off of the old ones; ſo do Old Words periſh with Age; and then New Words are born and flouriſh, with all the Vigour and Life of Young Men. Both we and our Works are ſubject to Fate; if the *Lucrine*

* The ancient *Romans* wore their Gowns after this Manner —— The Lappet of the Gown which us'd to be brought up to the Left Shoulder, being drawn thence, was caſt off in ſuch a Manner upon the Back, as to come round ſhort to the Breaſt, and there faſten in a Knot, which Knot tuck'd up the Gown, and made it ſhorter and ſtraiter.

Lake

Terra Neptunus classis Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; steriliſve palus prius aptaque remis
Vicinas urbis alit, & grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius: mortalia cuncta peribunt;
Ne dum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula: ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.
Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

Hunc

Lake is now made a Harbour and Protection to the *Roman* Navy from the Fury of the North Winds; (a Work ſo ſtupendous, that none but *Cæſar* was able to effect it) if the Fens, where Boats were row'd in former Ages, are now ſo drain'd that they are plow'd and ſow'd, and yield Corn in great Plenty to the neighbouring Cities; if the rapid *Tiber*, which ſo often over-flow'd the Fields and Meadows, now takes a milder and more gentle Courſe; I ſay, if ſuch Changes as theſe happen to ſuch conſiderable Things as Lakes, Fens and Rivers, then all Things muſt periſh, and there are little Hopes that Words ſhould always preſerve their Grace and Beauty. If Cuſtom pleaſes, Cuſtom the abſolute Maſter of Language, the Sovereign Judge and Rule of Speech, many Words that have been long dead, ſhall revive and flouriſh; and many that are now in the higheſt Eſteem, ſhall be buried in Oblivion.

HOMER was the firſt who taught us in *Heroicks* to ſing of Wars, and mighty Generals; to ſing the immortal Deeds of Kings in Numbers as immortal. A complaining Grief was at firſt expreſs'd in unequal Meaſures; but of late this Sort of * Verſe has been us'd to deſcribe the Succeſs of happy Lovers, and the like. We are yet in the Dark who the Perſon was that invented the *Pentameter*; the *Grammarians* maintain warm Conteſts about it, but the Matter is not yet determin'd.

RAGE and Indignation firſt arm'd *Archilochus* with his own *Iambicks*, which were imme-

* *Elegy*, by the Quality of its Name, ſays *Rapin*, is deſtin'd to Complaints, and therefore its Character ſhould be doleful. But afterwards it was us'd in Subjects of Tenderneſs, as in *Love-matters*, and the like.

diately

Hunc ſocci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, & popularis
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.
Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, pueroſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.
Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroque, poëta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo?
Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cena Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decentem.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore.

Et

diately receiv'd upon the Theatre, as being moſt proper both for the *Tragick* and *Comick* Strain. The *Iambick* is peculiarly adapted to * Converſation; in Diſcourſe we naturally run into it; it commands Attention, ſilences the Noiſe of the Pit and Galleries, and, of all others, is moſt fit for Action.

THE *Lyrick Muſe* delights in a lofty elevated Subject; ſhe ſings of Gods and God-like Men; ſhe ſings of Crowns that were won at the *Olympicks*; ſhe deſcribes the pleaſing Joys of Wine, and the more pleaſing Lovers Cares.

IF I know not how to obſerve theſe Rules; if I am ignorant with what kind of Stile, and in what Meaſures this or that Subject ought to be expreſs'd, why am I honour'd with the Name of Poet? Why am I ſaluted as ſuch, when through a fooliſh affected Modeſty I perverſly reſolve to continue ignorant rather than learn of others?

THE Writers of *Comedy* expreſs their *Characters* in an eaſie familiar Converſation-Stile; but the pompous Strain is peculiar to Tragedy. The Feaſt of † *Thyeſtes* diſdains a low and humble Verſe, which is only proper to the *Comick* Muſe. Each Subject muſt be treated in ſuch a Stile as is ſuitable to it; not but that in *Comedy* it is ſometimes neceſſary to uſe a high and elevated Tone; ‡ *Chremes* in a Paſſion foams and rages;

* *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* both obſerve, that it is difficult to ſpeak either *Greek*, or *Latin*, without making *Iambicks*.

† The Hiſtory of *Thyeſtes* eating his own Children, who were murder'd by his Brother *Atreus*, is here put by the Poets for all Sorts of Tragedies; who judiciouſly remarks, it being ſo extremely cruel and barbarous in every Circumſtance, that it muſt be told, not repreſented.

‡ *Non, ſi ex capite ſis meo natus item, ut aiunt Minervam eſſe ex Jove, ea cauſa magis patiar, Clitipho, flagitiis*

Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri
Telephus aut Peleus: cum pauper & exſul uterque
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querela.
Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poëmata; dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani voltus. ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

Telephe,

rages; and ſo likewiſe in *Tragedy*, when the Poets deſcribe the Paſſion of Grief, they uſually lay aſide their ſwelling Words; * *Peleus* or *Telephus* being baniſh'd from his Country, and reduc'd to a poor and indigent Condition, muſt tell his Miſeries in a natural Manner, if he expects that thoſe, who hear his Complaints, ſhou'd be affected with 'em.

NOR is it enough that their Expreſſions be correct, unleſs they be moving; they muſt know how to raiſe and work which Paſſion they pleaſe †. We are apt to imitate the Actions of others; as they laugh, or mourn, ſo do we. If you wou'd therefore have me weep, you muſt weep your ſelf; then, *Telephus*, I ſhall

flagitiis tuis me infamem fieri. Ter. Heauton. *Act.* 5. *Scen.* 4.

* *Longinus* lays this down for a Rule in writing Tragedy, that a Pompous, Lofty, Stately Stile is very improper when we ſeek to move the Pity of others. Nothing is more ridiculous than to endeavour to be eloquent on ſuch an Occaſion. It is a fine Obſervation of *Ariſtotle*'s, that the Opinions, Manners, and Paſſions of Men are obſcur'd by ſounding pompous Phraſes, hard Metaphors, and elaborate Expreſſions.

† As we may obſerve, that one who yawns makes another alſo yawn, and as our ſeeing others laugh, provokes alſo Laughing in us: After the ſame Manner, what Paſſion ſoever we exhibit in our ſelves, the ſame ſteals inſenſibly upon thoſe we ſpeak to; while their Mind, attending to the Words they hear, is not aware of the ſubtle Spirit's Motions, that, by a kind of Contagion, riſe and ſwell in their Hearts. According to which natural Inclination in all Men, the Maſter of Poets, and excellent Obſerver of Mens Humour, ſaid paſſing well,

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt, Primum ipſi tibi.

Sir *Kenelm Digby*, of the *Operations of the Soul*, p. 35.

* *Telephe, vel Peleu, male ſi mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. triſtia mœſtum
Voltum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, laſciva; ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit & angit:
Poſt effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equiteſque patreſque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, Divuſne loquatur an heros;
Maturuſne ſenex, an adhuc florente juventa
Fervidus; & matrona potens, an ſedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Aſſyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

* *Malè ſi mandata loqueris* (i. e.) *ſi malè loqueris partes tibi mandatas.*

Aut

feel the Weight of your Calamities; and be as ſenſible of 'em as if they were my own. But if you act your Part unſkilfully, inſtead of compaſſionating your Misfortunes, I ſhall fall a Sleeping, or Laughing.

OUR Words muſt change with the Subject; in Painting of Sorrow, let our Expreſſions be mournful; in deſcribing of Joy, let 'em be gay and lively: Anger requires a threatning Stile, and what is grave does beſt agree with ſerious Things.

NATURE faſhions the Mind to every Condition, and writes the Change of our Fortunes in our Countenance; it aids, inclines, and excites us to Anger; it tortures, dejects, and brings us even to the Ground with Care and Sorrow; and the Tongue is, as it were, the Soul's Interpreter in expreſſing thoſe Paſſions which we feel within us: If then our Words and Fortunes diſagree, we become a Jeſt to all good Judges.

IT is a Matter of Importance to obſerve the different Characters of the Actors. A * *God* and a *Hero* muſt not ſay the ſame Things; there is a mighty Difference between the Converſation of a *Lady of* † *Quality* and her *Woman*; between an experienc'd Wiſe Old Man and a hot-brain'd Fellow, who is in the Prime and Vigour of his Youth. If a *Merchant*, or *Farmer*, a Native of *Colchos*, or *Aſſyria*, a *Theban*

* It was uſual with the ancient Tragedians to introduce the Gods upon the Stage, as is evident from ſeveral Paſſages in *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

† *Matrona Potens*, a Lady of Quality. The Poet had undoubtedly in View *Euripides*'s *Hippolytus*, where *Phædra* and her Nurſe diſcourſe together, but in a very different Manner.

Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Homereum ſi forte reponis Achillem;
Inpiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.
Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam; ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

Difficile

or an *Argian* appears upon the Stage, let his Diſcourſe be ſuch as becomes his Country, Age and Condition.

IN repreſenting any Perſon, follow the common Report of the World; if you feign a Character, ſay nothing but what is conſiſtent with it.

IF you deſcribe *Achilles*, let his Character be the ſame as *Homer* gives him, when he contends for his beautiful Captive with *Agamemnon:* Paint him Active and Paſſionate, Haughty and Inexorable; let him fancy himſelf above all Laws, and ſwear that his Sword ſhall do him Juſtice. Let [a] *Medea* be cruel and implacable, [b] *Ino* muſt weep, [c] *Ixion* be perfidious, let [d] *Io* be a Wanderer, and let *Oreſtes* appear in the higheſt Diſtraction.

IF you have the Courage to write a Play on a Subject never yet attempted, if the Characters you form are New, take Care they be

[a] *Medea* being ſlighted by *Jaſon*, who eſpouſed *Creuſa*, Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*, was ſo enraged, that ſhe ſlew both Father, Daughter, and the two Children which *Jaſon* had by her.

[b] *Ino* being married to *Athamas*, who had a Son by a former Wife, pretended an Oracle which requir'd him to be offer'd in Sacrifice to *Jupiter*; upon which *Athamas* growing diſtracted, ſlew her eldeſt Son, and had alſo kill'd her, and her other Boy, had ſhe not thrown herſelf into the Sea with the Infant in her Arms; the Lamentations of a Mother on ſuch an Occaſion cannot but be exceeding ſorrowful.

[c] *Ixion* diſſembling his Anger at *Deioneus*'s taking away his Horſes, invited him to an Entertainment, and by a Trap-Door made him to fall down into a Furnace, where he was preſently conſum'd.

[d] *Jupiter* being in Love with *Io*, the better to conceal her from *Juno*, chang'd her into a Cow; but the Goddeſs, perceiving the Cheat, ſent a Gad-Bee, who tormented her to ſuch a Degree, that at laſt ſhe threw herſelf into the Sea.

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130
* *Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi*
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec deſilies imitator in artum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex. 135
Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor Cyclius olim:
FORTUNAM Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes: naſcetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte: 140
DIC MIHI, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt mœnia Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbis.
Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
† *Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat,*
Antiphaten, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Charybdin. 145

* A good Poet, who undertakes to treat of ſome common and known Subject, muſt avoid the following, like a mere Copyiſt or Tranſlator, any preceding Poet or Hiſtorian; but ſo order it, that his Work may become really new and original. As it is with Poetry, ſo is it with Painting.

† Theſe commonly take their Riſe, either from the natural Hiſtory of the Place, or they are *Traditional Stories* of their mighty Progenitors; they are always happy in ſome Air of Probability, and have ſome Foundation in Nature; ſomething in the Mountain, Cavern, or River, which at firſt ſtruck the gazing Mortals who approach'd it, and made 'em conceive ſtrange Notions concerning the Cauſes of the apparent Wonder. *Life of* Homer, *p.* 124.

Uniform, and always the ſame. But I muſt tell you, 'tis difficult to excel in any new Subject; you had better chooſe ſome common Argument contain'd in *Homer*, than depend on any thing of your own Invention, tho' that which you publiſh was never known or mention'd before. But a common Subject, tho' treated of by others, may be eaſily made your own, if you carefully avoid too exact a Tranſlation; if (like ſome ſervile Imitators) you follow not too cloſely your Author's Method with which every one is acquainted; nor put your ſelf under ſuch Reſtraints, by repreſenting every Circumſtance of the Action, as you can't honourably extricate your ſelf, without doing Violence to the Laws of Tragedy. Nor muſt you begin like that impertinent Poet,

* *I ſing* Troy's *Noble War and* Priam's *Fate.*

NOW what is the Iſſue of theſe mighty Pretences? The Mountains are in Labour, and the Product is a fooliſh and ridiculous Mouſe. How much better does *Homer*, that excellent Poet, begin his *Odyſſes?*

Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, ſuch Change of Manners ſaw.

He imitates the Fire, which begins at firſt with a little Smoak, and kindles by Degrees into a glorious Flame; his Beginning is plain and uniform, that he may afterwards the better bring forth his ſhewiſh Miracles; ſuch as his *Antiphates*, his *Scylla*, and his *Charybdis* with the *Cyclops* called *Polyphemus*. He did not like

* This was the Beginning of *Mævius's* Poem on the *Trojan* War, which contain'd the Hiſtory of *Priam*, from the Day of his Birth to the Day of his Death, for which Reaſon *Horace* here calls him *Poëta Cyclius.*

Antimachus,

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum festinat; & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi;
Si fautoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor, maturis dandus & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.
Inberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusq; & amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa

Antimachus, who, in his Poem on the Return of *Diomed*, began his Adventures from the Death of *Meleager*; nor does he begin the *Trojan War* with *Leda*'s Eggs, but haſtens on to the principal Action, and makes his Audience to paſs over every Thing that precedes it, with which he ſuppoſes 'em already acquainted. He chooſes no *Epiſodes* but what will beautify and embelliſh his Poem, and judiciouſly rejects what is incapable of Improvement. In a Word, his Fictions are ſo ingenious, Truth and Falſhood are ſo aptly mix'd and blended together, that all the Parts are entirely of a Piece, and conſpire in a pleaſing and graceful Uniformity.

IF Poets would have the Spectators ſtay the Play out, 'till the Curtain is let down, and the Actor takes his Leave of them with a *Plaudite*, let them hear what I and every Auditor expect.

THE *Manners* of every particular Age muſt be carefully obſerv'd, and ſuch a Character given as is ſuitable to the Young and the Old.

A CHILD that can but juſt ſpeak and walk, delights to play among his Equals; he is ſoon angry, and as ſoon pleas'd; and is ſeldom of the ſame Mind an Hour together.

A RAW wild Youth, being newly freed from his Tutor's Care, is mighty fond of Dogs and Horſes; Hunting and Racing are his Delight; he is prone to Vice, impatient of Reproof; he is proud, careleſs, extravagant, loving and inconſtant.

ARRIV'D at Manhood he has different Inclinations; now he bends his Mind to improve his Fortune, to cultivate the Friendſhip of the Great and Powerful, and preſerve a clear and unſpotted Reputation; he is very careful not to do any thing of which hereafter he may have Cauſe to repent,

Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet
uti;
Vel quod res omnis timide gelideque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe lentus, iners, paviduſque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, caſtigator cenſorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt: ne forte ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur:
Segnius inritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens:
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;

Aut

WHAT a Multitude of Evils attend old Age? In the Decline of Life, how careful are we to heap up Money, which we dare not touch or make uſe of on the moſt preſſing Occaſions? An Old Man is generally cold and timorous in all his Undertakings; he is ſlow to Hope, full of Delays, and afraid of what may happen; he is moroſe, and full of Complaints; he is always commending the happy Times when he was a Young Man; and is ever cenſuring and finding Fault with the preſent Generation.

AS we grow up, Time brings along with it many Advantages, which forſake us, when Life declines. A Boy muſt not have the Ambition of a Man, nor a Man the Cares and Infirmities of Age. Regard muſt be had to that which is eſſential to every Character, nor muſt any thing be ſaid but what is proper to it.

IN every Play ſome Things are acted, ſome related. The former have much the Advantage of the latter; the Things which we hear affect us leſs than the Things we * ſee, which make the ſtronger Impreſſion on our Minds, becauſe the Spectator repreſents 'em to himſelf; but notwithſtanding this Advantage, there are ſeveral Things which are better related than acted on the Stage. *Medea* muſt not murder her innocent Children, nor *Atreus* prepare his inhuman Feaſt, in the Preſence of the Audience. How ſhocking wou'd ſuch a Spectacle be? It is alſo

* Human Nature (ſays *Garth*, in his Dedication of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, to her Royal Highneſs) is always more affected with what it ſees, than what it hears of; and as thoſe Ideas, which enter by the Eye, find the ſureſt Paſſage to the Heart, ſo the more the Object, whatever it be, ſeems deſirable to the One, the longer it continues in the other.

ridiculous

Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcumque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci volt, & ſpectata reponi.
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.
Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat apte.
Ille bonis faveatque & conſilietur amice,
Et regat iratos, & amet pacare tumentis:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco juncta, tubæque

Æmula;

ridiculous to ſee *Progne* chang'd into a Swallow, *Cadmus* into a Serpent. I hate to ſee ſuch Things upon the *Stage*, they are Idle and Romantick.

*IF you expect that your Play ſhould pleaſe the Town, it muſt conſiſt of Five Acts, neither more nor leſs.

LET not a God be brought upon the Stage, but upon a great and extraordinary Occaſion, an Occaſion worthy of Him; and in one Scene never let four Actors diſcourſe together.

THE †*Chorus* ſupplies the Place of an Actor, the Part he plays is as conſiderable as the reſt; nothing muſt be ſung between the Acts but what conduces to the bringing on the Plot, or is eſſential to it. 'Tis the Buſineſs of the *Chorus* to declare himſelf in Favour of Virtue and its Adherents, and to give 'em Advice; to calm the Paſſionate, and ſooth 'em into Temper; to favour the Innocent; to commend Sobriety, Temperance, Juſtice, and the Pleaſures which flow from Peace and Tranquillity; to keep the Secrets committed to his Truſt, and to pray and beſeech the immortal Gods to change the preſent Courſe of Things, to pull down the Proud, and to exalt the Meek and Humble.

WHEN the Stage was in its Infancy, the Muſick was different from what it is now; the

* Mr. *Dryden* tells us, that 'tis a Queſtion whether the firſt *Roman Drama's* were divided into Acts; and that it is very probable that they were not admitted into Comedy 'till the *Chorus* was ſilenc'd.

† The *Chorus*, according to *Hedelin*, was a Company of Actors repreſenting thoſe Perſons who either were, or were ſuppoſed to be preſent, where the Buſineſs was ſaid to be tranſacted; at firſt it was nothing elſe but a Company of Muſicians, ſinging and dancing in Honour of *Bacchus*, but was afterwards regulated by *Theſpis*, who is generally honour'd with the Title of the firſt Tragedian.

Æmula; ſed tenuis ſimplexque foramine pauco,
Aſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis conplere ſedilia flatu.
Quo ſane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus
Et frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Laxior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis inpune diebus;
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps;
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, & divina futuri,
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.

Carmine

Pipe then in Uſe was plain and ſimple, it did not conſiſt of ſeveral Parts joyn'd together and adorn'd with Mountain Braſs, a kind of Metal which was held in great Eſteem, nor did it Rival the Trumpet. Its Sound was low and weak, and its Holes were few; this at that Time was fitted to the *Chorus*, and was loud enough to be heard all over the Theatre; which at that Time was not ſo large and ſpacious as now; then you might eaſily have counted the Audience, its Number was ſo ſmall, and it was a frugal, a chaſte, and a modeſt one.

BUT as our Anceſtors grew famous for their Conqueſts, which oblig'd 'em to extend the narrow Bounds of the City, and make the Walls wider; the *Romans* began, eſpecially on Feſtivals, to give themſelves a Looſe to Luxury and Intemperance, nor were they afraid of being puniſh'd for it; then it was that Muſick and Poetry grew more licentious. For what elſe could be expected from a Multitude of idle illiterate Villagers being made Citizens, than that Vice and Ignorance ſhould corrupt their former Simplicity of Manners? Hence it came to paſs that thoſe who play'd on the Flute, added to the ancient Muſick a particular Geſture, and a Luxury which appeared in their ſweeping the Theatre with long Trains to their Gowns. And hence too, thoſe who play'd on the Harp, added new Notes to that Inſtrument, which before was grave and ſolemn: The Stile of their Tragedies ran haſtily into a falſe and ſwelling Eloquence; and the Moral Sentences of the Plays, which were wont to contain good Advice upon Points of Importance, or to give their Judgment upon Things future, were expreſs'd with ſuch an affected Obſcurity, that they might have paſſed for Oraculous Anſwers deliver'd at *Delphos*.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtis Satyros nudavit, & aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
Inlecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator functuſque ſacris, & potus, & exlex.
Verum ita riſores, ita commendare dicacis
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere ſeria ludo;
Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas.
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
Effutire levis indigna Tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paullum pudibunda protervis.

Non

THE Poets who firſt attempted Tragedy, (when a vile Goat was the ſole Reward of thoſe who writ beſt) in a very little Time brought naked Satyrs on the Stage, who made Jeſts on each other, but ſtill the Majeſty of Tragedy was preſerv'd. This they did to pleaſe the lawleſs drunken Mob, when they came from ſacrificing; theſe antick Geſtures and pleaſing Novelties, being the only Means to make 'em ſit ſtill while the Play was acting. But then theſe merry jeſting Satyrs muſt be judiciouſly introduc'd, and the Tranſition from what is ſerious to Farce ſo artfully manag'd, that if a God or Hero tread the Stage, the ſame Perſon who before was gorgeouſly array'd in Tiſſue or Purple, muſt not afterwards ſo demean his Character, as to talk like a Mechanick: Nor, to avoid ſuch poor Expreſſions, muſt he ſoar aloft beyond the Clouds, and ſpeak nothing but Bombaſt.

THIS Kind of *Tragedy* diſdains whatever is trifling and indecent; its *Satyrs* are different from other *Satyrs* who are generally debauch'd; like a Woman of Character, who, tho' ſhe does not make Dancing her Profeſſion, will nevertheleſs not ſcruple to comply with ſo Religious a Rite upon a ſolemn * Occaſion.

WERE I to write a † Satirical Piece, I wou'd

* It was uſual for Ladies of the firſt Quality to walk or dance round the Altars in a grave majeſtic Manner, during the Time that the Prieſts were offering Sacrifice, with a Torch in their Hands. Thus *Virgil* repreſents *Dido*, *Æneid.* IV. ver. 62.

——*Ante ora Deum pingues ſpatiatur ad aras.*

† The Satire here mention'd was a Kind of Poem between Tragedy and Comedy; it was neither ſo grave

* *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum*
Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo:
Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interſit, Davuſne loquatur & audax
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni.
† *Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar: ut ſibi quivis*
Speret idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem. tantum ſeries junctura pollet:
Tantum de medio ſumtis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenſes,
‡ *Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus umquam,*
Aut inmunda crepent ignominioſaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res;
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

* Dominantia nomina *(i. e.)* præſenti uſu invaleſcentia.

† In all the Works of Art and Ingenuity, *Simplicity* and *Nature* are chiefly to be ſought; there is a *natural* and *ſimple* Manner which *conceals* and *covers Art*; this is the moſt truly artful and of the genteeleſt, trueſt, and beſt ſtudied Taſte.

‡ Juvenentur, — juvenili more laſciviant.

Syllaba

wou'd not chooſe to have none but vulgar and plain Words; nor would I affect to make the Stile of it ſo different from that of Tragedy, but that I wou'd take Care to obſerve a Difference between the Character of *Silenus* the Governor and faithful Companion of *Bacchus*, and that of a *Davus* and *Pythias*, the one a cunning Servant, and the other a confident Waiting-Woman, who fool'd honeſt *Simo* out of his Money. No, I would chooſe a known and common Subject, which I would diſpoſe in ſo natural a Manner, that every one who reads it may preſently think he can write the ſame; but when he ſhall dare to try the Experiment, he will find it a Work of mighty Difficulty; he will find to his Sorrow, that all his Toil and Sweat and Labour were vain and fruitleſs. So great is the Force of Method and Connexion, that 'tis almoſt incredible, how they beautify a mean and ordinary Subject.

As Satyrs are ſuppos'd to be bred in the Woods, let 'em talk like Satyrs, not like Citizens of *Rome*. Verſes that have Tenderneſs and Paſſion, how well ſoever they may be receiv'd from the Gay and Young, are very ridiculous when ſpoke by them; and as I would not have 'em appear polite, ſo neither muſt their Words be immodeſt or obſcene: Perſons of Condition will take Offence at ſuch Liberties; and tho' they may poſſibly pleaſe the Rabble, yet ſure I am that they will never be approv'd of by Men of Quality.

and ſublime as the one, nor ſo low as the other. It was invented by *Pritinas*, who, as *Horace* obſerves, liv'd ſome Time after *Theſpis*. Vid. p. 373. None of theſe Pieces are now preſerv'd, but the *Cyclops of Euripides*. The *Fabulæ Atellanæ* were writ by *Romans* in Imitation of 'em.

Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta vocatur Iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam Trimetris adcreſcere juſſit
Nomen Iambeis, cum ſenos redderet ictus
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paullo graviorque veniret ad auris,
Spondeos ſtabilis in jura paterna recepit
Commodus & patiens; non ut de ſede ſecunda
Cederet aut quarta ſocialiter. hic & in Accî
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni.
In ſcenam miſſus cum magno pondere verſus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt inmodulata poëmata judex:
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poëtis.
Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter? an omnis
Viſuros peccata putem mea, tutus & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,

Non

AN *Iambick* conſiſts of a ſhort and long Syllable, ſix of which make a pure *Iambick*; but tho' they ſtrike the Ear ſix ſeveral Times, yet by Reaſon of their Swiftneſs, they make but three Meaſures, and are therefore call'd *Trimeters*. It is not long ſince the *Iambicks* were contented to admit the *Spondees* into their Society, that the Majeſtick Gravity of the one might temper and allay the Rapidity of the other. This Aſſociation was made upon Condition, that the *Iambicks* ſhould always maintain their Right to the ſecond and fourth Places. But *Plautus* and * *Ennius*, notwithſtanding their Numbers are ſo much admir'd, have very rarely obſerv'd this Rule of keeping the *Iambicks* in the ſecond and fourth Place: Tho' the loading the Verſe with too many *Spondees* is a certain Argument either of the Poet's Ignorance of the Rules of Art, or of his Negligence and Over-haſtineſs in Compoſing.

THERE are very few who are Judges of the Beauty and Harmony of Numbers; the *Romans* are too kind and indulgent to the Poets. What then? ſhall I write in a looſe and rambling Manner, and obſerve no Rules? Or ſhall I not rather imagine, that every One will ſee my Miſtakes? And on this Account ſo cautiouſly ſecure my ſelf, as not to ſtand in need of that Pardon for Faults which I might hope for? I avoid the committing any Errors, but is this the Way to raiſe a Reputation?

* The Metres of *Ennius*, *Cæcilius*, *Plautus* and *Terence*, are very mean and not to be followed, they writing in an Age when all Kind of *Poetry* among the *Latins* was very imperfect; which being obſerv'd by *Virgil* and *Horace*, they, by imitating *Homer*, *Euripides*, and others, brought *Poetry* to as great Perfection in *Latin*, as it is in the *Greek*. Our *Poet* therefore in this Place, *propter Carmen Iambicum*, recommends young Students to their Imitation.

* *Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna.
At veſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere ſales; nimium patienter utroſque,
(Non dicam ſtulte,) mirati: ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus & aure.
Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camenæ
Dicitur & plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis
Qui canerent agerentque, peruncti fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylos & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno:
Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia, non ſine multa
Laude: ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi: lex eſt accepta: choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poëtæ:
Nec minimum meruere decus. veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta,

* The *Greek* Nation, as it is *Original* to us, in Reſpect to the polite *Arts* and *Sciences*, ſo it was in Reality Original to itſelf; for whether the *Egyptians*, *Phenicians*, *Thracians* or *Barbarians* of any Kind, may have hit formerly on this or that particular Invention, either in Agriculture, Building, Navigation, or Letters; 'tis evident beyond all doubt, that the *Arts* and *Sciences* were form'd in *Greece* itſelf. 'Twas there that *Muſick*, *Poetry*, *Sculpture*, *Painting*, *Architecture* and the Reſt, came to receive ſome kind of Shape, and be diſtinguiſh'd into their ſeveral Orders and Degrees. Whatever flouriſh'd, or was rais'd to any real Perfection in the Kind, was by Means of *Greece* alone, and in the Hands of that ſole polite, moſt civiliz'd, and accompliſh'd Nation.

If you wou'd excel in Writing well, read over carefully the *Greek Originals*, read them Day and Night.

YOUR Anceſtors were ſtrangely in Love with *Plautus*; they prais'd his Wit, and admir'd his Numbers; but if you and I know how to diſtinguiſh Wit from Punning, or have any Judgment in Verſification, we cannot but wonder at their Indulgence. I will not affirm that this Admiration was the Effect of their Stupidity.

THESPIS is ſaid to have invented Tragedy, a new Kind of Poetry, which before his Time was unknown to the *Grecians*; it is ſaid too that he carried the Players about in a Cart, and taught 'em to ſing, and daub their Faces with the Lees of Wine.

AFTER him came *Æſchylus*, who built a little Theatre, and brought in the Uſe of the Maſk *, and the decent long flowing Veſt; he was the firſt who taught the Actors to dreſs, ſpeak and move gracefully.

NEXT follow'd the old Comedy, which was receiv'd with great Applauſe; but it degenerated by Degrees, 'till at laſt it grew ſo licentious and abuſive, that the Magiſtrates were forc'd to make a Law to ſuppreſs it. Thus the Chorus, having loſt its Power of ſlandering honeſt Men, in a ſcandalous Manner ſilenc'd it ſelf.

THE *Roman* Poets have left nothing unattempted; but in this Particular they deſerve our Praiſe, that diſdaining to borrow from the *Grecian* Store, they found at Home fit Subjects for

* The *Perſona* of the *Ancients* was not like ours, which conceals the Face only; it came over the whole Head, and had always a Peruque faſten'd on it, ſuch as was ſuitable to the Perſon whom they were to repreſent.

their

Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas.
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium; ſi non offenderet unum-
Quemque poëtarum limæ labor & mora. vos, ô
Pompilius ſanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coërcuit, atque
Præfectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miſera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone poëtas
Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam: ſecreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque poëtæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile numquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit. ô ego lævus,
Qui purgo bilem ſub verni temporis horam!

Non

their Muſe, both in their * Tragedies and Comedies. Would they but be perſwaded to correct, refine and poliſh their Numbers, the *Romans* wou'd be no leſs famous for their Poetry, than they are for their Victories.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Piſos*, the worthy Offſpring of the Glorious † *Numa*, reject thoſe Verſes that are made in Haſte; which have neither been often perus'd nor corrected; which want both Care and Time and Study to bring 'em to Perfection.

IT was *Democritus*'s Opinion, that Nature contributed more than Art to the making of a Poet; in Conſequence of which, he eſteem'd none truly ſuch, but thoſe only who had a Tincture of Madneſs in 'em. Upon this, a great many are ſo intoxicated as to renounce all Cleanlineſs and Converſation, and to affect Retirement; they imagine themſelves eſtabliſh'd Poets, if they never go to *Licinus* the Barber to have their Heads ſhav'd; whoſe frantick Lunacy no *Hellebore* can cure. What a Fool am I, to phyſick every Spring for the Choler which I am ſubject to! Were it not for this, none wou'd

* The *Drama's* preſented at *Rome* were divided in general into *Palliata* and *Togata*, the firſt were *Grecian*, the ſecond *Roman*; the *Comedies* properly *Roman* were of ſeveral Sorts; the *Togata* were acted by Perſons of the lower Rank, the *Prætextata* by Perſons of Quality, ſuch as had the Liberty of wearing the *Prætexta*, or purple Gown; this laſt has ſo near a Reſemblance of the *Grecian* Tragedy, that I thought it proper to tranſlate it ſo by way of Diſtinction.

† *Numa Pompilius* was ſecond King of the *Romans*, who had ſo great an Opinion of his Virtue, that they immediately choſe him to ſucceed *Romulus*, A. U. C. 40. *Rimer* ſays, that 'till this King's Time the *Romans* had very little either of *Religion* or *Poetry* among 'em. 'Tis probable that for this Reaſon the Poet takes Notice that the *Piſos* were deſcended from him.

Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verum
Nil tanti eſt. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.
Munus & officium, nil ſcribens ipſe docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poëtam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ;
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis;
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hoſpes;
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis; ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & vivas hinc ducere voces.
* *Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque rectè*
Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
† *Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo*
Muſa loqui, propter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem

* The Poet muſt borrow ſo much from the Philoſopher, as to be Maſter of the *common Topicks* of Morality. He muſt at leaſt be ſpeciouſly honeſt, and in all Appearance a Friend to Virtue thro'out his Play. The Good and Wiſe will abate him nothing of this kind, and the People, tho' corrupt, are, in the Main, beſt ſatisfied with this Conduct.

† Rotundus *(i. e.)* perfectus.

Diſcunt

have excell'd me in the Art of Poetry. But the Honour is not worth the Pains; I had rather teach others how to be Poets, than be one my ſelf. As the Whetſtone ſerves to ſharpen the Razors, tho' it cannot cut, ſo, without Writing, I may dictate to others how they ought to write, how they may furniſh themſelves with Matter; I may tell what forms and improves a Poet; what is becoming, what not; what are Faults, what Excellencies.

GOOD Senſe is the Source of Writing well; in *Socrates*'s *Morals* you'll be ſure to find it; and when once the Matter is duly prepar'd, Words will naturally come after.

HE who knows the Duties of Civil Life, what we owe to our Country, Parents, Brethren, Friends and Strangers; who knows how Judges, Senators and Generals ought to act in their ſeveral Employments, is beſt able to give ſuch Thoughts and Behaviour to every Character, as are moſt proper and agreeable to it. Every wiſe, judicious Poet ſhould cloſely and narrowly conſider and examine the different Manners and Inclinations of Mankind, that the Copies he draws may be according to Nature. In a Play, where there are ſome common Places well touch'd up, and ſome Moral Sentences that are Juſt, tho' the Fable has no Manner of Beauty, tho' Strength and Art are both wanting, yet it ſhall divert and pleaſe an Audience more than trifling Verſes that have Numbers, but no Senſe in them.

THE *Greeks* had all the Graces of Eloquence, they were Witty and Polite, and ſo that they could obtain Fame in this Way, they had no other Ambition; but as for Us, our Youth are bred up in a different Manner, they learn

Diſcunt in partis centum diducere. Dicas,
Filius Albini, ſi de quidcunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſuperet? poterat dixiſſe, Triens. Eu!
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. an, hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî
Cum ſemel inbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & levi ſervanda cupreſſo?
Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ;
Aut ſimul & jocunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
[Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.]
Ficta voluptatis cauſſa ſint proxima veris:
Ne, quodcumque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi;
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Ramnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic & mare tranſit,
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus:

Nam

Arithmetical, not Poetical Numbers. Tell me *Albinus*, take one Ounce from Five, what remains? Why don't you anſwer? The Boy replies, The $\frac{1}{3}$ of a Pound. Oh the fine Child! He knows how, I'll warrant, to keep what he has; but if to the Five you add one Ounce, what then is the Number? The Boy anſwers, Six. When once their Minds are tainted with ſuch mean and ignoble Ideas, can any Thing that is Great, Generous and Noble be expected from them? Can Verſes writ by Perſons thus educated, lay Claim to Immortality?

POETS ſhould either pleaſe or inſtruct, or rather both. Let the Rules you lay down be ſhort and clear; ſuch Precepts are ſooner comprehended and more eaſily retain'd. If your Deſign be only to pleaſe, let your Fictions put on a Face of Truth, let 'em reſemble it as much as poſſible; never pretend to impoſe upon our Faith, or to bring a Child alive upon the Stage, which has been murder'd and devour'd by Canibals. Old Men like none but Moral Plays, and if too grave, they diſpleaſe the Young; but that * Poet can never fail of Succeſs, whoſe Pieces are ſo agreeably compos'd, that they pleaſe and inſtruct at the ſame Time. The Bookſellers Shops will be crowded with Cuſtomers for ſuch excellent Poems, they will paſs the Seas with Admiration, and beſtow an eternal Fame upon their Authors.

YET there are Faults which in pure good Nature we ought to paſs over; a String may

* The ſimple and unchangeable Beauty of Virtue is not always ſure to reach our Souls. 'Tis not enough that we are ſhewn the Truth; ſhe muſt be repreſented to us under ſuch Colours as may make her lovely and deſirable.

jar,

Nam neque chorda ſonum reddit, quem volt manus
& mens;
Poſcentique gravem perſæpe remittit acutum:
Nec ſemper feriet, quodcumque minabitur, arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo eſt?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
Quamvis eſt monitus, venia caret; ut citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui ſemper oberrat eadem:
Sic mihi qui multum ceſſat, fit Chœrilos ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum riſu miror; & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
Ut pictura, poëſis: erit quæ, ſi propius ſtes,
Te capiat magis; & quædam, ſi longius abſtes:
Hæc amat obſcurum; volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit ſemel; hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis; hoc tibi dictum

jar, tho' the Inſtrument be touch'd by a Maſter in Muſick; the moſt expert Archer cannot always hit the White: If therefore a Poem be elegantly writ, if there are a thouſand Beauties in it, if the Deſign, Thought, Conduct and Expreſſions be ſuch as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry, 'tis unmanly to ſnarl at a few ſlight Faults, which thro' Negligence have been committed, Faults for which the Frailty of our Nature is a juſt Excuſe. What Faults then are they which ought not to be pardon'd? As an *Amanuenſis*, who commits the ſame Error, tho' often told of it, is without Excuſe; or, as a Muſician expoſes himſelf to the Laughter of the Company, who is always out at the ſame Note, yet is always playing it: So it is with Poets, he who is guilty of many Abſurdities, is to me another *Chœrilus*. If by Chance a bright Thought or two fall from him, I naturally admire 'em, tho' I deſpiſe him; but when *Homer*, the excellent *Homer*, is faulty, it grieves me to the Heart, tho' in a long *Heroick Poem*, Errors of little or no Importance ought to paſs uncenſur'd.

POETRY and Painting have ſo near and cloſe a Reſemblance to each other, that in Effect they are both the ſame. There are ſome Pictures which pleaſe at a Diſtance; others, the nearer you look upon 'em, delight the more. Some love the Shade, others again appear beſt in the Light, and challenge the ſharpeſt and moſt piercing Eye of the ſkilfulleſt Artiſt; juſt ſo it is with Poems, ſome pleaſe for a Time, ſome always pleaſe.

BUT, Noble *Piſo*, tho' your Father's Precepts and your own Experience have made you wiſe,

Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi: conſultus juris, & actor
Cauſſarum mediocris; abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſallæ, nec ſcit quantum Caſcellius Aulus;
Sed tamen in pretio eſt: mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cena ſine iſtis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paullum ſummo deceſſit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:
Indoctuſque pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit;
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant inpune coronæ:
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?
Liber & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices facieſve Minervâ:
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens. ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Mæcî deſcendat judicis auris,
Et patris, & noſtras; nonumque prematur in annum,

Membranis

yet give me Leave to communicate to you this ſingle Reflection, which highly deſerves a Place in your Remembrance. A Mediocrity is allowable in ſome Profeſſions; a Counſellor, or a Lawyer, tho' he has neither *Meſſala*'s Eloquence, nor has read half ſo much as the learned *Caſcellius*, may nevertheleſs be in great Eſteem. But neither Gods, nor Men, nor * Columns will admit of it in Poetry. For as bad Muſick, or Perfumes not well ſcented, take off from the Grace and Delicacy of a Feaſt, offend the Gueſts, and might more diſcreetly have been ſpar'd; ſo Poetry, whoſe End is to pleaſe and delight, muſt ſtand or fall according to this Rule, If it is not ſublimely good, 'tis ſcandalouſly ill.

HE who has never inur'd himſelf to the Sports and Exerciſes which are perform'd in the *Campus Martius*, who neither knows how to toſs the Ball, manage the Hoop, or play at Quoits, wiſely refrains from making a Party at any of thoſe Paſtimes for Fear of being hiſs'd and laugh'd at by the Mob. But every bold pretending Fool, tho' at the ſame Time he knows nothing of the Matter, lays Claim to Poetry. He may poſſibly reply, I am free, well born, have a good Eſtate, my Reputation is fair and unſpotted, what have you, or any one to ſay againſt my writing Verſes? But, Learned *Piſo*, you have a true and diſcerning Judgment, you know which Way your Talent lies, and underſtand your ſelf better than to act againſt Nature; but if ever it ſhould be your Fate to write, let *Mecius*, or your Father, examine your Productions, or let me peruſe 'em; be ſure not to let 'em ſee the Light 'till Time and Care have

* The Advertiſements of Books juſt publiſh'd were paſted upon Columns.

Membranis intus positis. delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.
Silvestris homines sacer interpresque Deorum
* *Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;*
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigris rabidosque leones.
† *Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,*
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes,

* *Orpheus*, a famous Legislator, better known as a Poet. He writ his Laws in Verse to allure Men to learn 'em, and when learnt, to retain 'em. And for this Reason he is said to soften the *Thracians* by the Force of his Harmony.

† The celebrated *Amphion*, who fortified *Thebes*, is call'd the Inventor of Musick, I mean in *Greece*, for it was from the lesser *Asia* that the *Grecians* brought their regular Musick. He is allow'd the Honour of first framing a Lyre, and he certainly employ'd both his Melody and persuasive Strains to induce the wild Inhabitants to wall their Town, and live orderly.

ripen'd 'em to Perfection; while they lie in your Study you may correct and alter 'em as you pleaſe, but when once publiſh'd, they can never be recall'd.

ORPHEUS, the firſt inſpir'd Poet, diſſuaded Men from Rage and Cruelty, civiliz'd their Manners, and taught 'em to live friendly and ſociably together. Hence it is feign'd, that by the Charms and Power of his Numbers the Lions and Tigers chang'd their Nature, and laid aſide their Savageneſs. *Amphion* too is ſaid to have built the Walls of *Thebes* by the Power of his Muſick; the Sounds of his Lyre were ſo perſwaſive, that the Stones inanimate danc'd to his Numbers, and moved as he directed 'em.

IN former Ages Poets were the only Inſtructors of the World; they were the firſt who taught Mankind to diſtinguiſh between publick and private Good, between Things that were ſacred, and thoſe that were ordain'd for Civil Uſe. They inſtituted Marriage, forbad all lawleſs and promiſcuous Love; they taught their Fellow-Creatures to build Cities, and enacted wiſe and uſeful Laws. By this Means both Poetry and Poets were in great Eſteem.

THE next that appear'd were *Homer* and **Tyrtæus*, who by their bold and martial Numbers inſpir'd their Countrymen with a Noble Ardour, and urg'd 'em on to warlike Atchievements. The ſacred Oracles and the Secrets of Nature were reveal'd in Verſe. Some by their

* *Tyrtæus*, a Poet and Muſician of *Athens*, ſome ſay of *Miletum*, was choſen by the Advice of the Oracle to be General of the *Lacedemonians* in their War againſt the *Meſſenians*. This *Tyrtæus* ſo animated the Soldiers with ſome Verſes he made on that Occaſion, that the *Lacedemonians*, tho' before worſted in ſeveral Encounters, won the Day.

Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid poſſit video ingenium: alterius
ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice.
Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; ſudavit & alſit;
Abſtinuit Venere & Baccho. qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Nec ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies: mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſane neſcire fateri.
Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas;
Adſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fenore nummis.
Si vero eſt, unctum qui recte ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere artis
Litibus inplicitum; mirabor, ſi ſciet inter-
Noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donâris, ſeu quid donare voles cui;

Nolito

Muſe have gain'd the Love and Favour of Kings, and Poetry had a Part in all the Plays and Shows that were invented to refreſh the Mind when wearied with Buſineſs; then bluſh not, *Piſo*, to make your Court to *Apollo* and the *Muſes*.

'TIS a common Queſtion, whether Art or Nature makes a Poet. I am of Opinion that neither Art without Nature, nor Nature without Art can effect the Thing, they mutually ſtand in Need of each others Aſſiſtance, and their Succeſs depends on the good Intelligence they have with each other.

HE who is ambitious of winning the Prize at the *Olympick* Games, muſt inure himſelf betimes to Toil and Labour; he muſt accuſtom himſelf to Heat and Cold, and renounce the Joys of Wine and Love. Was ever Muſician diſtinguiſh'd for his playing well upon the *Flute*, who had not firſt learn'd the Grounds of his Art under ſome wiſe and able Maſter? Nor is it enough for a Man to ſay, I write admirable Verſes: A Plague take the hindmoſt: It would be ſhameful for me to be left behind, and own that I know nothing of an Art which yet I never learned.

A POET of Condition, who has a large Eſtate, and Money at Command, takes oftentimes as much Pains to provide himſelf Flatterers, as a Crier does to bring People together to a Sale of Goods. Moreover, if he's diſpos'd to make Entertainments, to be Surety for his poor and indigent Friends, and to employ his Intereſt in their Behalf when in Diſtreſs; I ſhall greatly wonder if ſuch a Man is ſo happy as to diſtinguiſh a Friend from a Flatterer.

NEVER read your Verſes before any Perſon whom either by ſome kind Preſent or Promiſe

Nolito ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, recte;
Palleſcet; ſuper his etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem; ſaliet; tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: ſic
Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urguere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitia dignus. ſi carmina condes,
Numquam te fallant animi ſub volpe latentes.
Quintilio ſi quid recitares, Corrige ſodes
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. melius te poſſe negares,
Bis terque expertum fruſtra? delere jubebat,
Et male formatos incudi reddere verſus.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles;
Nil ultra verbi, aut operæ inſumebat inanis,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertis,
Culpabit duros, incomtis adlinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſignum; ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;

Arguet

you have engag'd to be your Friend; he will cry aloud in the Fulneſs of his Joy, How fine, how excellent is this! He will ſeem to ſwoon at every Line, Tears will ſtand in his Eyes for Pleaſure, he will dance, and ſtrike his Foot upon the Ground. As they who are hir'd to mourn at Funerals, wring their Hands, and make much greater Lamentations than thoſe who truly and inwardly mourn; ſo a Flatterer affects to appear more mov'd than a ſincere well-meaning Friend.

THEY ſay that Kings, before they honour any Perſon with their Friendſhip, uſe to try and prove and examine him throughly, and to unmaſk, as it were, his Soul, by plying him briſkly with full Bowls of Wine. If ever you write, be ſure to take Care that no deſigning Flatterers deceive you.

WERE you to conſult *Quintilius Varus*, he wou'd impartially tell you your Faults; he wou'd frankly ſay, this and this Verſe muſt be corrected: If you anſwer'd you cou'd not, that you had often endeavour'd to do ſo, but without Succeſs; he would then adviſe you to blot 'em out, and go to the Forge again with your clumſy, ill-faſhion'd Verſes. But if he finds you proud and obſtinate, more diſpos'd to defend and juſtify your Faults than to correct 'em, without making more Words, he would leave you to admire your beloved Self, and to adore your favourite Poems without Fear of a Rival.

AN honeſt ſincere impartial Friend, if your Lines want Spirit, or if your Numbers are unharmonious, will boldly and frankly tell you of it: He will blot out thoſe Verſes that are rough and unpoliſh'd, lop off all ſuperfluous Beauties; this he'll ſay is obſcure, and wants

Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: non dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, io cives: non sit qui tollere curet.
Si curet quis opem ferre, & demittere funem;
Quî scis, an prudens huc se projecerit, atque
Servari nolit? dicam: Siculique poëtæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi

Dum

to be ſet in a clearer Light: He will ſhew you that this is ambiguouſly expreſſed, and that muſt be quite alter'd: In ſhort he will act the Part of an * *Ariſtarchus*, and criticiſe upon every Syllable, nor fear to loſe your Friendſhip for Trifles: They are indeed Trifles, but may prove of ſerious Conſequence to you, when once by their Means you are made ridiculous.

A ſenſeleſs Poet in a raging Fit is generally more dreaded by all wiſe Men than one that is frantick, or is infected with the Plague, Leproſy or Jaundice; he is follow'd indeed by Boys and Fools who make him their Diverſion. While he is mouthing his lofty Verſes, and Strolling about, if by Chance (as it ſometimes happens to a Bird-catcher when he is thinking on nothing but his Black-birds) he falls into a Well or a Ditch, he might cry 'till his Heart ak'd before any one wou'd offer to help him out. Shou'd any compaſſionate charitable Perſon throw down a Rope and endeavour to aſſiſt him, ſome wou'd poſſibly ſay, How know you that he did not fall in on Purpoſe, and that he does not deſire to continue there? I will tell you how a Poet of *Sicily* died. *Empedocles*, that the People might take him for a God,

* *Ariſtarchus* of *Samos*, a Critick of great Reputation, Contemporary with *Callimachus* and *Crates*. He commented on moſt of the *Greek* Poets; publiſh'd a correct Edition of *Homer*, reſtored ſome Verſes to their former Reading, rejected others as not being genuine, writ nine Books of Animadverſions upon him, and took ſo much Care to make this Performance juſt and accurate, that Antiquity was ſo prepoſſeſs'd in his Favour upon this Account, that every candid and judicious Critick was call'd *Ariſtarchus*, and the contrary a *Zoilus*, one who much about the ſame Time, writ a fooliſh ill-natur'd injudicious Criticiſm againſt *Homer*. He flouriſh'd under *Ptolemy Philometor*, who made him *Præceptor* to his Son *Euergetes*, in 158th *Olympiad*, A. U. C. 606.

leapt

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit. sit jus liceatque perire poëtis.
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit jam,
Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis adparet, cur versus factitet; utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

FINIS.

leapt into *Ætna*'s burning Flames in cold Blood, and with great Deliberation. Let Poets deſtroy themſelves, if they pleaſe; 'tis as great an Injury to ſave a Man againſt his Will, as it is to murder him; beſides, he has done ſo more than once; cou'd you take him out alive, he wou'd not be like other Men, he wou'd ſtill be ambitious of dying in a remarkable Way. And you don't know for what Crime he is puniſh'd, when this Spirit of Poetry poſſeſſes him; whether it be for his having defil'd his Father's Monument, or his having ſacrilegiouſly remov'd the Bounds of ſome conſecrated Place; but ſo it is, that like a furious Bear broke looſe from his Den, this eternal Rhimer puts all he meets to Flight, whether Learned or Unlearned, without any Diſtinction. If he ſeizes on any one, like Leaches who never quit their Hold 'till they are ready to burſt with Blood, without the leaſt Compaſſion or Remorſe, he reads him to Death with his nauſeous Repetitions.

FINIS.

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